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The Outlook

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With Six Illustrations

Mr. Moody and Northfield

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With Nine Illustrations

The Higher Life of St. Louis

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With Twenty-five Illustrations

The Institutional Church

By Rufus R. Wilson

With Eleven Illustrations

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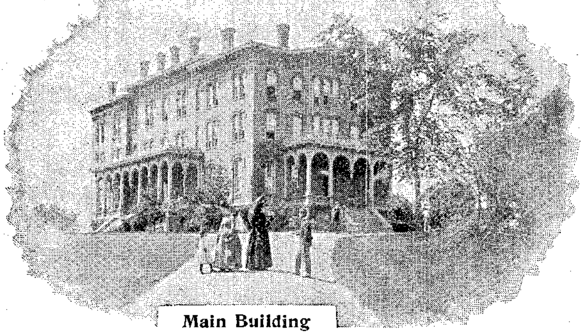

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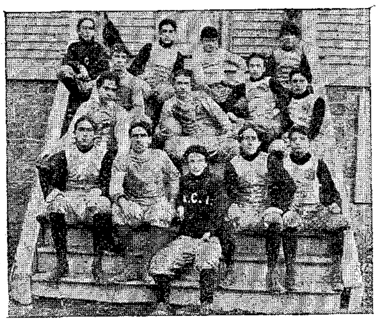

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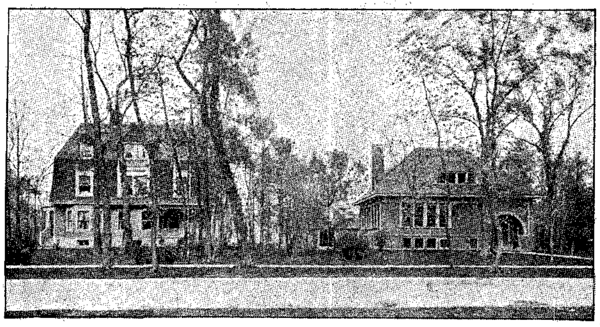

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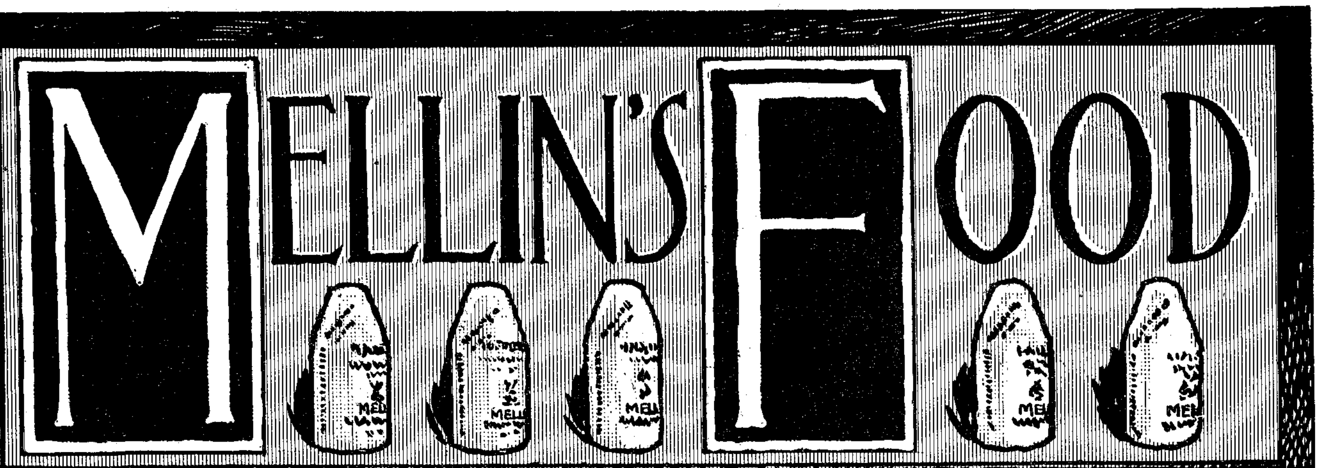

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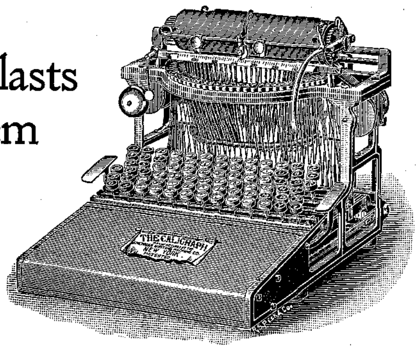

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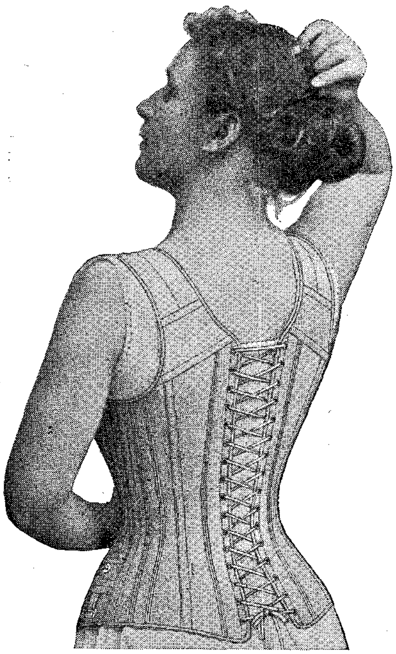

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 29 August, 1896 Number 9

THE delivery of an address by the Lord Chief Justice of England before the American Bar Association would be, whatever subject might be chosen, an event of strong interest to the public as well as to the legal profession. In choosing as his topic "International Arbitration" Lord Russell made his address of last week of the highest possible importance; no public utterance of the year—not even the most noted political speech—has been more widely published and more fully discussed. The paper was admirably written, was expressed with clearness and precision, and was beyond criticism in spirit and temper. Lord Russell, in fact, did not confine himself to the subject announced, but covered in a broad way the entire origin, history, and nature of international law, with special reference to the part taken by this country in its development. He dwelt with courteous emphasis on the statement that "to the United States—to its judges, writers, and statesmen—we largely owe the existing rules which relate to a state of peace and which affect the rights and obligations of powers which during a state of war are themselves at peace," and recalled the fact that this country has been engaged in thirty-two out of the sixty successful cases of arbitration since the close of the War of 1812. As a historical survey Lord Russell's paper leaves nothing to be desired. It would be well worth reading if it were only for its splendid definition of civilization: "It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread—good though those things be. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice." Its expression of the belief that no possible calamity could be greater than strife between the two great English-speaking races was equally welcome and forcible. When, however, Lord Russell approached the future of international arbitration, he disappointed many of his hearers. If not pessimistic, he was at least over-cautious. Like the Hon. E. J. Phelps in a recent review article, Lord Russell seems to labor under the idea that those who favor forward steps are expecting an immediate millennium. The difficulties he finds are not insuperable; the friends of international arbitration do not ignore them, but seek to obviate them. Whether a court be permanent or formed for each occasion; whether the nations form an international army to enforce its decrees or rely on moral force and the knowledge that coercion is always possible (and what else now maintains the "balance of power" in Europe?); whether the definition of "national honor" as a cause for war is possible or not—at all events there is ample evidence that the scope of international arbitration is easily capable of wide enlargement, and that immediately; that the road to this end is the one to follow; and that mutual concession and good will among the nations can find a way, or make one.

* * *

Mr. John Morley's article in the current "Nineteenth Century" is the fullest and ablest response yet made to Lord Salisbury's request for light on the trend of public opinion as to the settlement of the Venezuelan question, and as to a permanent method of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Morley treats both the less and the greater questions lucidly, acutely, and forcibly. How he feels about the latter is shown in the words, "To leave it alone would, in the opinion of the present writer, be nothing short of a great disaster to one of the greatest causes now moving the Western world." His analysis of the correspondence convinces him that there is no serious difficulty in shaping the functions and constitution of a tribunal. The real difficulty, he thinks, is in framing an exception clause—in specifying, that is, matters not subject to arbitration. But even this he thinks "not beyond the expert skill of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney." Mr. Morley gives full force to Mr. Olney's claim that an arbitration without an award is no arbitration at all, and is clearly of the opinion that there need be little practical trouble with questions of "national honor" and territorial claims. Speculative claims as to territory are not likely to appear between these two countries; real questions, like that now existing about Alaska, are precisely the best ones for arbitration. Neither nation is at all likely to assail the "integrity or national honor" of the other. Mr. Morley warmly commends the temper shown at the Washington Conference last spring. He believes in an effective, workable plan; "to insist upon a plan which shall make a miscarriage of justice impossible is equivalent to throwing up the task." Lord Salisbury will find in Mr. Morley's article strong approval from a political opponent for what has been done, and urgent advice not to let a deadlock occur when the possibilities are so great and success so near at hand.

* * *

With regard to the Venezuelan matter, Mr. Morley fears that a miscarriage of a settlement is still possible. He calls the whole subject in dispute a petty question, adding, "It will be ridiculous or criminal if it ever becomes more than a petty question," and "A quarrel with America on the question of arbitrating a boundary-line that has been in active and lively dispute at intermittent periods for more than half a century has been viewed from the first with the deepest incredulity and abhorrence." The correspondence indicates that the great difficulty is as to the districts settled under a claim of right by British colonists. Mr. Olney's position that if the British title were defective these colonists must look to Great

Britain for redress if injured, and that if the question of title cannot be arbitrated there is nothing to arbitrate, is really impregnable. Mr. Morley does not say so, but he evidently thinks so. He points out, however, that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney are really coming close to agreement by concession. The first says (we quote Mr. Morley's summary): "I will not promise to accept the line which the arbitrators may find to be the true boundary, if it should prove to hand over to Venezuela lands in the occupation of British subjects. But I shall feel myself bound not to disregard any recommendations which the arbitrators may make as to these occupied lands, and which seem to be 'calculated to satisfy the equitable rights of the parties.'" Mr. Olney says: "Let the arbitrators draw the true boundary on the historic and legal merits of the case; if the arbitrators find British subjects in occupation of what, on the merits of the case, is established as Venezuelan territory, such weight and effect shall still be given to this occupation as international law and the equities of the particular matter may seem to require." With mutual desire for a settlement, parties who are as close as this should be able to come to a settlement. That Lord Salisbury should invite comment and advice upon a diplomatic correspondence not yet closed is not merely a novelty in international affairs, it is an indication of an appeal to reason and common sense in place of the old reliance on national selfishness and political intrigue; that his invitation should have elicited such a reply as Mr. Morley's is alone enough to have vindicated the wisdom of his unusual course.

✽

In a recent interview with the correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, indicated the policy of the new Liberal Government with regard to the United States. His statement, which was doubtless meant to be authoritative, referred to several questions which have caused friction between this country and its northern neighbor for some time; such as closer trade relations, fisheries, the coasting trade of the lakes, the alien labor law, and the bonding privilege. The question of deep waterways was also mentioned. All these matters should, to quote Mr. Laurier's words, "be taken up together and dealt with in a broad, serious, and comprehensive spirit, on one anvil." As regards trade relations, he is prepared to make an arrangement with the United States for the free exchange of such natural products and manufactured articles as could be agreed upon. This goes further than the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which was abrogated at the close of the Civil War. With regard to fisheries, Mr. Laurier favors an arrangement resembling that effected under the Treaty of 1854 and the Washington Treaty of 1871, whereby the ports and inshore waters of both countries were made free to the fishermen of both on equal terms, and the markets for the fish of both countries also made equally free. The question of deep waterways is now acquiring great importance in the Dominion, and those who favor the scheme are making vigorous efforts for its practical recognition by the Government. Mr. Laurier expresses the hope that the United States and Canadian Commissioners who are now considering the question will report a practicable plan whereby the twenty-foot channel which is now open for vessels between Buffalo and the head of Lake Superior will be continued to the Atlantic seaboard. He favors the joint participation of the United States and Canada in this great work, as well as a joint control of the waterway system when completed—a control, however, which must in no way compromise the sovereignty of Canada over its own territory. These are questions of great and far-reaching importance; that of the waterways is especially so. Its chief benefit would be the lessening of transportation charges to the farmer of the Canadian Northwest and to the farmers of our Western and Northwestern States, and it would result in increasing the profit from their grain. Mr. Laurier may, we think, rest assured that his friendly policy and straightforward declarations will be met by the United States Government in a conciliatory spirit, and we cannot doubt that more cordial political relations between the two countries will be thereby inaugurated.

✽

The vexatious and protracted Manitoba school question is at last nearing settlement. Three Ministers of the Manitoba Government have recently conferred with the authorities at Ottawa, and an agreement is stated to have been arrived at between the Provincial and Dominion authorities. It has not been published, but there is a general impression, against which no contradictory evidence has been given, as to its main features. In the first place, Manitoba will not recede from the position already taken on the main point—the abolition of separate schools as a part of the educational system. Second, the Dominion Government, in accordance with promises before the election, has definitely abandoned the policy of coercion, and will proceed to act in a conciliatory manner regarding the details of the proposed settlement. The question thus becomes one of compromise between Manitoba and the separate school party. The main terms of the compromise are as follows: The Provincial Government, while declining to re-establish separate schools, offers to allow religious instruction in any school at a certain time each school-day of the week, and these religious exercises may be ordered by the Board of Trustees or introduced by petition of the ratepayers. One or more denominations are allowed to agree upon a form of religious exercises, and the offer includes an agreement to pass legislation compelling school boards to employ one Roman Catholic teacher for every fifty Roman Catholic children, and one Protestant teacher for every fifty Protestant children. Another concession is that, in districts in which French is the language of the children, teachers must employ the bi-lingual system of teaching French and English. The fact that the above terms are substantially the same as were offered by the Manitoba Commissioners some time ago is a strong presumption that they will afford a basis of final settlement now. They will secure a large share of Roman Catholic control over the children of Roman Catholic parents. The clause referring to petition by the ratepayers will secure the appointment of a Catholic teacher whenever the proper conditions are complied with. Already in the Canadian press there is a disposition to regard the school question as removed from federal politics.

✽

The German Reichstag has passed a sensible law restricting essentially gambling operations upon stock exchanges. The new law forbids stocks and bonds of corporations to be listed on the exchanges until the corporations have published at least one year's profit and loss account. Government officials are to require from the companies in question a full statement of their financial condition, for which the directors of these companies are to be held personally responsible. If this statement proves to contain falsehoods, or to have omitted important facts and thus misled investors as to the value of the stock, the directors are made liable for any losses incurred by the buyers. Such an act as this will not only prevent the robbery of the investing public by the promoters of companies whose affairs will not bear investigation, but it will also prevent the directors of companies whose property has a real value from possessing so great an advantage over outside investors. Such companies as most of the American Trusts, for example, would be required to submit a sworn statement of assets and liabilities, profits or losses, and the public would have practically the same opportunity as the directors of estimating the real value of the stock. It would be impossible for directors to force the market value up by declaring unearned dividends and then to force it down by passing earned dividends, profiting both by the rise and the fall at the expense of the general public. In short, it would make purchases of stock exchange securities partake less of the nature of gambling and more of the nature of investment. Such a measure will certainly appeal to all those who have supported the American bills to prevent gambling upon the exchanges, and it is to be hoped that in the future the protection of the investor as well as the protection of producers will form a part of the legislation against the illegitimate operations on our exchanges.

⁂

On Wednesday evening of last week, at the Madison Square Garden, Mr. Bourke Cockran replied to the speech delivered by Mr. Bryan in the same hall the week before. There was an immense audience present, and the speech was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Cockran took the position that the vital issue in this campaign was the effect of the free coinage of silver upon the wages of labor. He declared that the free coinage of silver meant a fifty-cent dollar. The value of gold, he said, would not be lessened; all the governments in the world could not affect its value. The value of silver would not be raised; the silver mine-owner would "get cheated with the rest." The coined silver dollar would merely have the present value of silver bullion; the price of products would double, and the laborers would be the sufferers. In reply to Mr. Bryan's argument that the laborers would receive more employment under rising prices than under falling prices, Mr. Cockran said that this was merely another way of saying, "If the laborer is willing to have his wages cut down, he will get more work." Mr. Cockran maintained that wages would not rise as rapidly as prices, and therefore the laborer's real return would be lessened. In reply to the argument of the free-coinage advocates that it was the creditor class they wished to reach, Mr. Cockran declared that the laboring class was the principal creditor class. "The laborer," he said, "is always a creditor for at least one day's work." The bankers, he declared, were not creditors, for, despite their capital and surplus, they must keep in reserve twenty-five per cent. of the money lent them by their depositors. The laborers were the great creditors; their wages were the first mortgage upon the earnings of every corporation and every individual employer. "This proposal of the Populists is an attempt to enlist the farmer in a conspiracy to reduce the wages paid to labor." The men back of it in the West and South, he said, were the "professional farmers who want to pay low wages, and the unreconciled slaveholders who would like to pay no wages." The laborers, he said, were benefited by falling prices, and the men who supported the gold standard and falling prices were the men who supported an increase in labor's share of the product of industry.

⁂

Mr. Bryan delivered a second political speech in the town of Tivoli, N. Y., on Saturday of last week. In the main it was a criticism of the position of his opponents. He declared that they were divided upon every point, and had no remedy to offer for the evils of our present financial condition. They were divided, he said, as to whether the gold standard was a good thing which the country ought to retain, or a bad thing which the country was to get rid of through an international agreement. They were divided as to whether the free coinage of silver should be denounced because it doubled the value of silver to the mine-owner, or because it would not raise the value of silver at all, and simply lower the value of a dollar to fifty cents. They were similarly divided upon the question of falling prices. One speaker declared that there had been no fall in prices, and the next speaker that it was the greatest blessing in the world to have prices fall. In reply to the criticism that the advocates of free coinage were similarly inconsistent in declaring that their policy would furnish relief to the debtors and at the same time maintain silver dollars at par with gold dollars, Mr. Bryan said that the free coinage of silver would lessen the demand for gold as well as increase the demand for silver, and that it would bring relief to the debtors through an increase in the currency. The fundamental principle governing the currency, he said, was as simple and clear as the fundamental principle governing irrigation. In irrigation it was simply that water flowed down hill; in currency it was simply that the value of money, like the value of everything else, depended upon the law of supply and demand. If there is a relative increase in the supply of the currency, its value falls and prices rise; if there is a relative decrease in the supply of currency, its value rises and prices fall. Every voter, he said, was able to determine whether he would be benefited by the policy which meant higher prices and cheaper money, or one that meant lower prices and dearer money.

⁂

Mr. McKinley the same day delivered at Canton a speech somewhat longer than usual to a visiting delegation of twelve hundred voters from Pennsylvania. He said that there were two issues in the campaign. One was a return to the tariff policy under which the Nation prospered, and the other was the avoidance of the financial policy proposed by the party responsible for the tariff policy under which the Nation is now suffering. The wing of the Democratic party which controlled the Chicago Convention, he said, "is just as much in favor of free trade as the wing of the Democratic party in control of the Administration." "Most of those prominent in that Convention were conspicuous leaders in the assault upon our industries and labor made by the Fifty-third Congress. They are devoted to this un-American and destructive policy, and were chiefly instrumental in putting upon the statute-books tariff legislation which has destroyed American manufacturing, checked our foreign trade, and reduced the demand for the labor of the American workman." This wing of the Democratic party, he continued, having "cut wages in two," now wants to "cut in two the money in which wages are paid." "The other wing of the Democratic party," he said, "is patriotically standing for the public honor, and is opposed to free silver, because it believes that such a policy would disturb existing values and contract the currency of the country by depriving us of the use of gold and putting us upon a silver basis." "What we want," Mr. McKinley declared, "is business activity and confidence. With business confidence restored, money will be invested in private and public enterprise, and when so invested labor will be well rewarded, and the toil of the husbandman will be fully requited. Without confidence money will be hoarded and the wheels of industry stopped, and what that means many of the men before me know. . . . We cannot restore confidence by a proposition to debase the currency of the Government and scale down public and private obligations."

◆

Secretary Hoke Smith, of the Department of the Interior, has resigned from the Cabinet, and ex-Governor David R. Francis, of Missouri, has been appointed his successor. Ex-Governor Francis has long been the leader of the gold wing of the Democratic party in Missouri. Secretary Smith's resignation is due to his decision to give Mr. Bryan his active support during the approaching campaign. The most interesting political convention of the week is that which assembles in New York the day we go to press. The supporters of Mr. Platt have an overwhelming majority, and most of these supporters are urging that Mr. Platt shall himself accept the nomination for Governor. Thus far, however, Mr. Platt has persisted in declining the honor. "I do not want to be Governor," Mr. Murat Halstead reports him to have said, "but to be just a plain, simple boss." In some of the doubtful States West and South—for example, West Virginia and North Carolina—the Populists and Democrats have failed to effect a fusion. Senator Squire, of Washington, hitherto a Republican and now a candidate for re-election, has declared in favor of Bryan. Nevertheless the Republicans claim that they will carry all the Pacific States, and point to the fact that hardly more than one Republican paper out of a hundred has joined the free-silver bolters. Senator Mitchell, of Wisconsin, who was a gold Democrat up to the time of the Chicago Convention, has declared his allegiance to the candidate and platform adopted by the majority of his party. The Hon. E. J. Phelps, of Vermont, our Minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, has written a long and earnest letter against the support of Mr. Bryan. He declares that he will support Mr. McKinley. "I am not a Republican," he says, "and I never shall be. But in the throes of a deadly malady I cannot afford to reject the only physician who is in a situation to help me, because his political opinions are different from mine, or even because I think there are better physicians than he, if they could only be had in time." Dr. Otto Arendt, the German bimetallist, whose opinion against independent free coinage of silver by the United States we quoted a few weeks ago, announces that in view of present political conditions his attitude has changed. He still believes that international agreement is the safe and true way of restoring silver to its former place in the currency and restoring prices to a normal level; but he believes that under present conditions the triumph of the free-coinage party in the United States offers the surest road to such an agreement.

◆

By an interesting coincidence, hardly had Dr. Nansen arrived in Norway from his Arctic adventures, which we outlined last week, when the news was received that his vessel, the Fram (which he left embedded in Polar ice in order to make with one companion a dash toward the North Pole), had arrived at a fishing village on the North Cape. Captain Sverdrup and all on board were well. After Nansen left the vessel, the Fram drifted north and west as he had predicted, and in July last had reached the very high latitude of 85° 57′, which is only about twenty miles short of the latitude attained by Nansen himself, and is very far in advance of that reached by any previous explorer. Nansen's "highest North," by the way, was 86° 14′—not 83° as by a slip of the pen we stated last week. Since July 10 the Fram has been working southward, and it took her but a month to reach open water. All indications show that the approach toward the Pole from Franz Josef Land is the most likely to meet with success, and there is fair reason to hope that Mr. Jackson, who is now in Franz Josef Land, may next year go beyond Nansen's "furthest North." The Fram stopped at Danes Island, on the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, on her way back, and her crew found M. Andrée there. He has since returned to Norway, having abandoned his plan of crossing the Polar regions in a balloon this year on account of adverse winds.

◆

Judge Simonton, of the United States Circuit Court in South Carolina, who became prominent by his decision against the Dispensary Law of that State, has recently granted an injunction more remarkable than any of those that have attracted so much attention during the past few years. At the request of a small road in the hands of a receiver, he has issued a temporary injunction forbidding the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway Company from making contemplated reductions in freight rates, and directing them to restore their rates to a former schedule. The power to issue such an injunction is said to be found in the Inter-State Commerce Law. This law, it will be remembered, was adopted by Congress against the protests of the railway companies in order to secure competitive rates for their patrons. That it should be used to prevent competitive rates is a singular anomaly.

The Church of England in Parliament

Since the English Church in Ireland was disestablished, in 1868, there has not been a session in which the concerns of the Church of England were more before Parliament than they are in the one just prorogued to meet again on October 31. The principal matters affecting the Church are: the parish schools, the sale of benefices, the marriage of divorced persons, and Lord Salisbury's appointment of bishops.

But for the need of further help for the parish schools from the Imperial Treasury, the Education Bill—a Government measure, and the most contentious English measure of the last thirty years—would never have been introduced. The bill was as much in the interest of the Church of England as though it had been drawn up for discussion in convocation. All its more important changes were directly in the interest of the Church. The Benefices Bill is a private member's measure, for which the Government takes no responsibility, and on which its supporters are free to vote as they choose. It was introduced by Lord Cranborne, the elder son of the Premier, who is even more zealous in his advocacy of the interests of the Church than his father. The Cranborne Bill, however, unlike the Education Bill, seeks to give no new constitutional advantages or privileges to the Church, and it involves no subsidies from the Imperial Treasury. Its aim is to put an end to frequently recurring scandals, by imposing new conditions on the transfer of what is known as the right to make presentations.

The majority of English Church livings—rectories, vicarages, and perpetual curacies—are private property, and oftentimes go with the landed estates out of which the ecclesiastical parishes are formed. Some English landlords have as many as nine or ten of these livings in their gift. What is meant by "in their gift" is that, when a living becomes vacant, the lord of the manor has the nomination in his hands. He presents to a living, and the new incumbent, having proved himself satisfactory to the bishop of the diocese, is formally admitted. Once admitted, he is in possession for life; and the lord of the manor, or whoever the patron may be, has nothing more to do with the living until the next vacancy occurs. When ecclesiastical patronage is attached to estates in the possession of Roman Catholics, the owners lose their rights to presentation. It is invested for the time being in one or other of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The great landowners, as a rule, exercise these peculiar rights in connection with the Established Church with care and discretion, and usually with satisfaction to the bishops. There is seldom a scandal in connection with these presentations. Scandal arises in connection with livings in the gift of needy people, who, when a living seems likely to become vacant, turn the right to the next presentation into cash. In connection with livings in such hands there has long existed a regular trade. There are numerous agencies in London which make a specialty of advowsons, and when these agencies have a living on hand they advertise it, in just the same way as estate agents advertise houses and lands. These advertisements can be seen any day in the columns of the "Times" or the "Standard." The expert advertisement-writers of New York could not produce more attractive advertisements than some of those emanating from the brokers in Church livings. The advertisements usually make a central point of the advanced age of the present incumbent. This, of course, is a most important fact for a purchaser; for no one desires to invest money in a living when he may have to wait twenty years before he can present to it. A living is not a marketable property unless the incumbent is advanced in life, and the vacancy may be expected at an early date. The advertisements also describe the character of the Church service, whether it is High or Low.

High Church livings are in greatest demand, and it is always important for a prospective rector or vicar to know the character in this respect of the parish to which he is going. If the incumbent he is to replace has been a Low Churchman, the church wardens will be Low Churchmen too. They stay on after the old incumbent is gone, and may give trouble to a new incumbent of High Church tendencies. The age of the incumbent and the character of the service having been stated, there usually comes in these advertisements of advowsons for sale a glowing description of the parish and the surrounding country. The society of the neighborhood comes in for some notice, and oftentimes stress is laid on the fact that the fishing in the neighborhood is good, and that a pack of hounds meets a few miles away. Occasionally emphasis is laid on the fact that there are no Dissenters in the parish—no Wesleyans, Congregationalists, or Baptists; and that there is no school board.

For years past, sincere and earnest Churchmen have been shocked at the open manner in which the brokerage and auctioneering of Church livings have been carried on. The Cranborne Bill is one of several efforts which have been made to regulate and check the sales. It is not possible to stop entirely the sale of advowsons. They are as much private property as houses or land. But the new law will throw some obstacles in the way of bargains like those common in the past, and will give additional powers to the bishops in dealing with cases where advowsons have been corruptly sold.

The transfer of an advowson with immediate possession is to be prevented by requiring a year's interval to elapse between the acquisition and exercise of a right of patronage. If a vacancy occur within this period, the right to present to the living lapses to the Crown. This is a vital alteration in the law, as it sets up an element of risk which will not be lightly faced by a man who is making the investment solely with a view to the settlement of a son or a son-in-law. Another clause in the bill prevents advowsons from being conveyed to the wife of a clergyman, or to trustees in behalf of a clergyman. This does away with a common method adopted by clergymen of acquiring livings. The new powers conferred on the bishops give them authority to demand detailed information as to the previous history of a clergyman who has been presented to a living; and in case a presentee has not been in orders for two years, or for any other well-established reason is unfitted for the work, the bishop may refuse to induct him into the living. Further powers are conferred on the bishops of dealing with incumbents who, either through infirmity or disloyalty to work, neglect their parochial duties. This clause gave rise to much contention in and out of Parliament, as there is no fund from which an infirm clergyman of the Church of England can be superannuated.

The bill bearing upon the marriage of divorced persons had its origin in the House of Lords. Its author, Lord Halifax, the President of the Church Union, wishes to relieve clergymen of the duty of marrying persons who have obtained divorces in the civil courts.

The other question concerning the Church, now before Parliament, comes up in a singular way. The two divisions of the Established Church are represented by two outside organizations which concern themselves with matters of Church policy and of Church defense, each from its own particular point of view. One of these is the Church Association; the other is the Church Union. The Church Association is composed of Evangelical Churchmen, of adherents of the Church of England who are opposed to the sacerdotalism of the High Church party in the Anglican communion represented by the Church Union. It was the Church Association which in 1889 instituted the abortive prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln. It lodged allegations of illegal ritualistic practices against the Bishop, and promoted the trial at Lambeth Palace, which occupied the attention of the English Churchmen for more than a year. Since then little has been heard of the Church Association until recently, when it was announced that the Association was about to petition Parliament in regard to Lord Salisbury's appointments to the ecclesiastical bench.

The grievance of the Association is that out of the thirty-four bishops in England, only five are Evangelical Churchmen. The others are ritualists. Lord Salisbury, the Association complains, has appointed sixteen bishops, thirteen of whom are of the High Church party, and hostile, as the Church Association contends, to the good of the Church as a whole. The members of the Association are anxious that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the way in which Lord Salisbury has bestowed ecclesiastical patronage. Their petition to Parliament is to that end. Little direct result will accrue from the petition. Royal Commissions are appointed at the instance of the Government, and no one anticipates that Lord Salisbury will sanction a Royal Commission charged with the task of reporting upon the way in which he has discharged the most delicate duty of an English Premier. There can be no debate in Parliament on the petition. All that can be done with it is for the member who presents it to demand that its prayer be read from the table by the Clerk. In this way the Church Association will get on the record in the Journal of the House, in the Hansard Reports, and in all the newspapers, its protest against the manner in which the ritualistic party is being allowed to dominate the Church. But to the majority of observant English people this domination is nothing new. One has only to go into rural England and into suburban

London to note the all-pervading activity and the aggressiveness of the section of the Anglican Church against which the Church Association for the last forty years has been waging unsuccessful warfare in Easter vestry meetings, on the lecture platform, in the law courts, and occasionally in Parliament.

The Commonwealth

IV.—The Engineer

The secret of modern civilization lies in the fact that God is doing our drudgery for us. Work which used to be done by muscles is now done by machinery. Man is relieved from mere muscular toil that he may think—and by thinking may grow less an animal, more a man. This marks the difference between the Indian paddling his canoe down the river or across the lake, and the American carried over the same waters in the steamboat; between the Puritan maiden with her own arm turning the spinning-wheel, and the modern factory in which a thousand wheels are turned by steam or water. It is true that laborers have sometimes bitterly resisted the introduction of machinery, because they thought it would deprive them of the chance of earning their daily bread; but there is no doubt that machinery has multiplied the demand for labor. A thousand men are employed by the railroad to one employed by the old stage-coach, and the telegraph and telephone have created a new class of workers, before unknown. It is true that Ruskin complains bitterly of machinery because it reduces man to a machine; but there is no doubt that the general effect of machinery has been to raise the intellectual standard of labor as well as to increase the demand for it. The laborer of to-day has to work more with his brain, to be more intelligent, than the workman of an analogous grade in the eighteenth century. Thus machinery has rendered a double service in the development of the race: it has increased the demand for work and the compensation for it, and so has enriched the common people; and it has demanded a higher degree of intelligence, and so has educated the common people.

This is the work of the engineer and inventor. He is enabling us to harness nature to our industries and compel her to do our drudgery for us; rather, he is enabling us to understand and accept her silent offer to put herself and her illimitable strength at our service. Thus he is putting a lever under the race and slowly elevating it. He is emancipating humanity from drudgery and setting it free for intellectual endeavor and so for intellectual development. He is preparing the way for the author, the school-teacher, and the preacher. He is widening their constituency. He is making possible cheap books, cheap newspapers, and cheap periodicals Not an unmixed benefit, the reader will say. That is true. Few benefits are unmixed with evil; few evils are unmixed with good. But these are the early steps in an education the future of which will be worthier. Who can estimate what Watt and Stephenson, Morse and Edison, Ericsson and Bell, have done for the improvement, not only of the material conditions of life, but of intellectual and spiritual life itself?

The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, and the telephone have annihilated distances, and so have brought men together. They have prepared for the realization of a brotherhood which before seemed an impossible ideal. The fleet of steamships crossing the Atlantic Ocean unite England and America by invisible bonds, which make war far more difficult than it was a century ago. The iron railways across the continent bring San Francisco nearer to New York than Washington was to Boston in Colonial days. But for the railroad and the telegraph the union of the States would be impossible. With them the danger of separation from misunderstanding and mutual ignorance is almost wholly overcome. And this is but a single and familiar illustration of the service rendered to the Commonwealth by the inventor and the engineer. The steam-engine quickens human activities and enhances human energies, the telegraph condenses speech, the factory compels companionship in labor, the railroad and steamboat conduce to the mobility of the race and so to the erasure of provincialism, the printing-press distributes information. The engineer and inventor are promoters of wealth-distribution, of human leisure, of intellectual development, of industrial co-operation, of universal brotherhood. The importance of their share in building up the Republic of God on the earth is beyond all measurement.

The Art of Living

The law of opposites under which men live is very strikingly brought out in the endeavor to secure a sound and intelligent adjustment to one's time; a relation intimate and vital, and at the same time deliberately and judicially assumed. To be detached in thought, feeling, or action from the age in which one lives is to cut the ties that bind the individual to society, and through which he is very largely nourished and educated. To live deeply and really through every form of expression and in every relationship is so essential to the complete unfolding of the personality that he who falls below the full measure of his capacity for experience and for expression falls below the full measure of his possible growth. Life is not, as some men of detached moods or purely critical temper have assumed, a spectacle of which the secret can be mastered without sharing in the movement; it is rather a drama, the splendor of whose expression and the depth of whose meaning are revealed to those alone who share in the action. To stand aside from the vital movement and study life in a purely critical spirit is to miss the deeper education which is involved in the vital process, and to lose the fundamental revelation which is slowly and painfully disclosed to those whose minds and hearts are open to receive it. No one can understand love who has not loved and been loved; no one can comprehend sorrow who has not had the companionship of sorrow. The experiment has been made in many forms, but no one has yet been nourished by the fruit of the tree of knowledge who has eaten of that fruit alone. In the art of living, as in all the arts which illustrate and enrich living, the amateur and the dilettante have no real position; they never attain to that mastery of knowledge or of execution which alone gives reality to a man's life or work. Mastery in any art comes to those only who give themselves without reservation or stint to their task; mastery in the supreme art of living is within reach of those only who live completely in every faculty and relation.

To stand in the closest and most vital relation to one's time is, therefore, the first condition of comprehending one's age and getting from it what it has to give. But while a man must be in and with his time in the most vital sense, he must not be wholly of it. To get the vital enrichment which flows from identification with one's age, and at the same time to get the detachment which enables one to see his time in true relation to all time, is one of the problems which require the highest wisdom for solution. It is easy to become entirely absorbed in one's age, or it is easy to detach one's self from it, and study it in a cold and critical temper; but to get its warmth and vitality and escape its narrowing and limiting influence is so difficult that comparatively few men succeed in striking the balance between two divergent tendencies.

A man gets power and knowledge from his time in the degree in which he suffers it to enlarge and vitalize him; he loses power and knowledge in the degree in which he suffers it to limit his vision and confine his interests. The Time Spirit is the greatest of our teachers so long as it is the interpreter of the Eternal Spirit; it is the most fallible and misleading of teachers when it attempts to speak for itself. The visible and material things by which we are surrounded are of immense helpfulness so long as they symbolize invisible and spiritual things; they become stones of stumbling and rocks of offense when they are detached from the spiritual order and set apart in an order of their own. The age in which we live affords no concrete illustration of the vital processes in society and means of contact with that society, but it is comprehensible and educative in the exact degree in which we understand its relation to other times. The impression which the day makes upon us needs to be tested by the impression which we receive from the year; the judgment of a decade must be corrected by the judgment of the century. The present hour is subtly illusive; it fills the whole stage, to the exclusion of the past and the present; it appears to stand alone, detached from all that went before or is to follow; it seems to be the historic moment, the one reality amid fleeting shadows. As a matter of fact, it is a logical product of the past, bound to it by ties so elusive that we cannot trace them, and so innumerable and tenacious that we cannot sever them; it is but a fragment of a whole immeasurably greater than itself; its character is so completely determined by the past that the most radical changes we can make in it are essentially superficial; for it is the future, not the present, which is in our hands. To get even a glimpse of the character and meaning of our own time, we must, therefore, see it in relation to all time; to master it in any sense we must set it in its true historical relations. That which to the uneducated mind seems portentous is lightly regarded by the mind which sees the apparently isolated event in a true historic perspective; while the occurrence or condition which is barely noticed by the untrained, seen in the same perspective, becomes tragic in its prophecy of change and suffering. History is full of corrections for the mistaken judgments of the hour; and from the hate or adoration of contemporaries the wise man turns to the clear-sighted and inexorable judgment of posterity. In the far-seeing vision of a trained intelligence the hour is never detached from the day, or the day from the year; and the year is always held in its place in the century.

Now, the man of culture has pre-eminently the gift of living deeply in his own age, and at the same time seeing it in relation to all ages. It has no illusion for him; it cannot deceive him with its passionate acceptance or its equally passionate rejection. He sees the crown shining above the cross; he hears the long thunders of applause breaking in upon execrations which they will finally silence: he foresees the harvest in the seed that lies barely covered on the surface; and, afar off, his ear notes the final crash of that which at the moment seems to carry with it the assurance of eternal duration. Such a man secures the vitality of his time, but he escapes its limitation of vision by seeing it clearly and seeing it whole; he corrects the teaching of the Time Spirit by constant reference to the teaching of the Eternal Spirit imparted in the long training and the wide revelation of history. The day is beautiful and significant or ominous and tragic to him as it discloses its relation to the good or the evil of the years that are gone. And these vital associations, these deep historic connections, are brought to light with peculiar clearness in literature. Beyond all other means of enfranchisement, the book liberates a man from imprisonment within the narrow limits of his own time; it makes him free of all times. He lives in all periods, under all forms of government, in all social conditions; the mind of antiquity, of mediævalism, of the Renaissance, is as open to him as the mind of his own day, and so he is able to look upon human life in its entirety.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Dear Outlook: I have already contributed to the Vacation Fund what I thought I could afford, but your statement in The Outlook of this week as to your lack of funds leads me to write you this note.

I will send to the Fund between the 20th and 25th of this month $10 in addition to my first contribution. I cannot conveniently send the money now, and I judged from what you said that it might suit you to be able to reckon on this trifle, which I heartily wish were a thousand times more.

Yours sincerely, M. N. P.

The above letter shows the value of a living, active interest as clearly as it can be shown. There is anxiety lest the income to The Outlook Vacation Fund should not meet the demands of the present season. Many girls have been promised a vacation, and if the money does not come to The Outlook these girls must be disappointed. The receipt of one hundred such letters as the above, each guaranteeing $10, would provide for every girl who has been promised a vacation this year. The Outlook hopes that there will be no diminution in the weekly amounts received until after the 15th of September. An average income for the season of $500 a week will enable The Outlook to provide the New York Working-Girls' Vacation Society with the funds it needs.

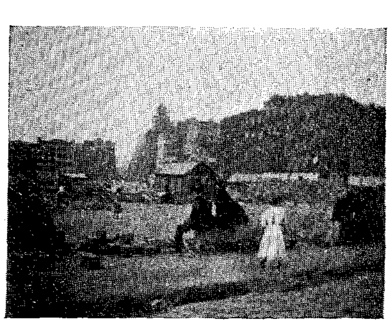
THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$4,069 32
A Friend	1 00
F. J. H., Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va	5 00
B. B., Norwich, Conn	2 00
A. B. and A. B., Stockbridge, Mass	13 00
B. M., Narragansett Pier, R. I	25 00
Lake Placid	50 00
J. W. N., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
Miss S. E. W., Holden	5 00
Mrs. A. W. C., Piermont, N. Y	10 00
M. E. C., Foo Chow, China	4 00
The Adirondacks	20 00
L. P. M., Zanesville, O	10 00
A Friend, North Stonington, Conn	10 00
A Friend of the Working-Girl	2 00
Two Friends, W. R	5 00
W., Norwich, Vt	2 00
Three Friends	6 00
Cotocheset Christian Endeavor Society (second contribution)	25 00
Friends at Nazareth, Pa	2 00
M. S. W., Upper Montclair, N. J	2 00
J. M. S., Chicago, Ill	20 00
G., Fremont, O.	10 00
A Friend, Providence, R. I	2 00
Mrs. J. W. F., Homer, N. Y	5 00
J. B., New York, N. Y	10 00
Anonymous, Hartford, Conn	5 00
"In His Name," Moorhead, Minn	2 00
Honesdale	1 00
L. H., Buffalo, N. Y,	10 00
M. E. P., Cambridge, Mass	2 00
G. H. B., South Norwalk, Conn	1 00
M. C. L., Chicago, Ill	5 00
From a Friend, Gardiner	5 00
H. H., Canastota, N. Y	5 00
A Friend	1 50
Friends, Windsor, Conn	15 00
Scatterers of Sunshine	2 00
Teachers of G. S. No. 50	8 00
R. B. S.	1 00
A Friend, Bristol, R. I.	3 00
H. and G., Buffalo, N. Y	10 00
A. [illegible]. T., Glyndon, Mass.	5 00
F. L., Buffalo, N. Y	2 25
R. T., New York, N. Y	2 00
Two Sisters, I. H. N	22 00
M. H. H., New Haven, Conn	18 00
J. A. M., I. H. N.	1 00
A Friend, Fall River, Mass.	1 00
Miss C. B., Philadelphia, Pa	2 00
A Friend, Franconia, N. H.	5 00
J. L. F., Baldwinsville, N. Y	4 78
M. P. F. B., Brunswick, Me.	10 00
Another Worker, Oak Park, Ill	5 00
E. S. C., Hamilton	5 00
Mrs. C. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
M. J. H., Portland, Me.	2 00
Detroit Friend of the Cause.	2 00
Mrs. M. R. E., Burlington, Vt	10 00
T. J. W.	25 00
A Little Mite	1 00
Worcester	10 00
L. and R	25 00
C. M., New York City.	25 00
C. S., Alhambra, Cal	1 00
Mrs. J. P. W., Norwalk, Conn	5 00
X., Fairfield, Conn	10 00
C. C., Council Bluffs, Iowa	25 00
For My Soldier Boy	5 00
I. M. T., Meriden, N. H.	5 00
Total	$4,635·85

The Spectator on the East Side

The Spectator was reminded very forcibly the other day of the indignation which patriotic New Yorkers felt at the Federal census-takers of 1890, who did their work in New York City during the summer months, and made out the population to be very much less than was anticipated. "Why," said one of the Spectator's friends at that time, "more than half of the people of this town are out of it by the first of July, and what's the use of taking a census then? Count over the people you know and see how many of them, and especially of their wives and children, are left. I tell you it's only hard-working people, like you and me and the East Siders, that are left; and the East Siders are all at Coney Island on Sundays and holidays." The Spectator recalled this as he strolled about the lower East Side on his last holiday, which he had determined to use in seeing something of this supposedly deserted "other half" of the city. He wished that his friend could have been with him. It is a peculiarity of comfortable optimism that it doesn't go out of its way to see uncomfortable facts. The average New Yorker knows only by hearsay of the East Side. He may indeed occasionally get over into that section, but he confines his attention and his presence to the avenues of travel, and if he should perchance turn into one of the side streets he quickly recognizes the fact that he is in a disagreeable locality, and one where he may attract attention because of his good clothes, and may even rub up against unpleasant shoulders, and he jumps aboard a car and gets away from the place of contamination as soon as possible. This is particularly true of the family of the prosperous New Yorker, who are still less likely to see the East Side in summer, being more happily employed in woods and fields and on hotel piazzas if they go out of town, or in any event finding "slumming" a decadent and doubtful pleasure.

In the Jewish Quarter



Mulberry Bend, from the Five Points

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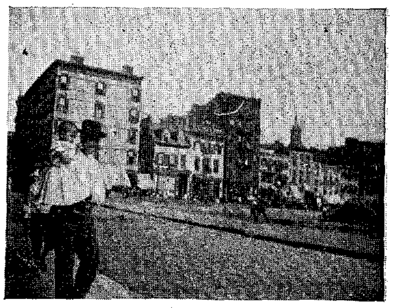
For the benefit of comfortable optimism the Spectator took along his kodak that holiday afternoon. He is new to the kodak—he places himself in subordination to the instrument here, as is proper in these days of illustrated journalism—and will not say how many of his snap shots were failures, nor does he expect the amateur to view his work with a critic's eye. But the first view will show how far the Spectator's friend was correct in saying that the East Side is at Coney Island on a holiday. A good deal of it is indeed there; but still the impression made upon the Spectator as he walked through the streets was of "a great multitude, which no man can number." There is scarcely ever any thinning out of the East Side's teeming street population; it may be that the houses themselves are less populous on a holiday, though one can scarce look at any row of windows in a five-story tenement without seeing women's and children's faces through the fire-escapes and the plants and boxes and various household stuff that encumber them.

On the Street in His Nightgown

* * *

There is indeed one point—perhaps the Spectator may be pardoned for saying Five Points—which shows a notable diminution of New York's population on this hot day. The neighborhood of the Five Points long ago lost the large criminal population which in bygone years gave it its bad pre-eminence as a haunt of wickedness, but until recently it was one of the most thickly populated sections of the great city. "Mulberry Bend," with its swarms of rookeries and rear tenements, was but a stone's throw from the Five Points, and it was crowded to suffocation with the lowest class of Italians, more expressively known in New York street parlance as "dagoes." Now the Bend is no more, except to history. It is being transformed, by the slow degrees which still characterize certain branches of the city's work, into a public park. The tenements have been razed, the cellars filled up, and the ground leveled. Though the hawkers that used to render the street impassable still abound, with their jargon of cries that are more unintelligible even than those of their American congeners, there is breathing-space all around now. The shopkeepers really seem to be uncomfortable with the open sky before them, and the stranger need no longer fear the wiles of the "puller-in" along the adjacent Baxter Street. The stupendous change in the Bend has made the "old clothes man" lose his bearings and his heart for fitting out the passer-by with a complete outfit of garments "cheaper than you could steal 'em, and shust inside."



Mulberry Bend, from Bayard Street

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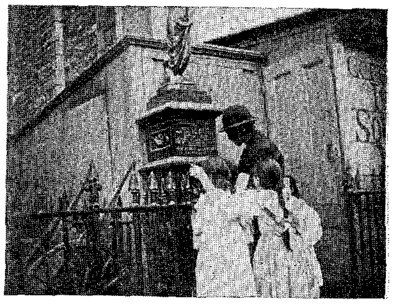
Going north on Mulberry Street, however, we seem to find all of the "Bend's" crowded-out population. It is a peculiarity of the streets in the Italian quarter that they are bisected by several business thoroughfares, such as Canal and Grand Streets. The steps of the large buildings on these streets adjacent to the slums form the summer resorts of the tired mothers, driven by the heat from their tenement quarters around the corner. Swarthy, poorly dressed, without head-covering, they are usually far from pretty, but they are not all so poor as one might think, to judge from the heavy gold earrings and chains that they frequently wear. However else they may differ from their more fortunate sisters, they are like them in their love for their babies, and, as in the picture of the young Madonna shown herewith, though the mother be bonnetless, the baby's head is often carefully protected with a pretty cap.

An East Side Summer Resort

* * *

Babyhood ceases quickly, however, on the East Side, and the "bambino" soon learns to walk alone, or more often in the charge of a baby slightly larger than itself. The Spectator wishes he could show a picture of the two little tots who were playing around a street basin used for watering horses, and who greeted him with a bright smile in answer to his cheerful inquiry, "Having a good time, little ones?" though they evidently did not understand the words; or the little lad carrying two babies across the street, one under each arm, apparently afraid to leave either alone. The fountains are surrounded by children, who furtively dip their hands and splash in the cooling fluid when the policeman or the "white angels" of the Street-Cleaning Department are not about. The drinking fountains that dispense warm Croton without money and without price to him who cannot afford the price of a glass of two-cent soda next door are numerously patronized, by the children particularly; while the free ice-water fountain in "Paradise Park" (Five Points) does a bargain-counter business on this summer holiday.



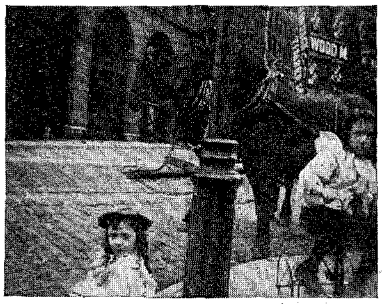
A King's Daughters' Drinking Fountain

* * *

"Rosalina! Rosalina!" the Spectator hears in a childish treble, and sees little five-year-old calling to two-year-old to hasten after three-year-old. They have a tin cart with a string, and are going down

A "Little Father"

through Leonard Street to play on the steps of the gray old Tombs in the late afternoon when the stones are cool. Sometimes the mother follows them with the one-year-old, sitting there on the broad, low steps to nurse her baby and gossip with a neighbor who has joined her in their "outing." And sometimes it is a "little father" who is sent out with the baby to find a cool place where the little one can have a nap. Down on the steps of the Criminal Courts building the Spectator saw the "little father" shown in the picture—a bronzed little fellow he was, coatless and hatless and shoeless, but with a good head and an honest face, and such a warm, warm heart! As the Spectator approached he said to himself, "Now I'll ask the little chap to let me take a picture of baby Tessa, and I'll call it 'A Good Boy and a Good Girl.'" But just as the Spectator came near, the affectionate brother, without noticing his approach, bent over and kissed the lips of the little sleeping sister. The Spectator said nothing, took his picture without attracting any notice, and passed reverently on. Warm hearts and true there are in humble tenements and beneath ragged shirts. God bless the little father and the sleeping baby! says the Spectator for his readers.



Little Lord Fauntleroys of the East Side

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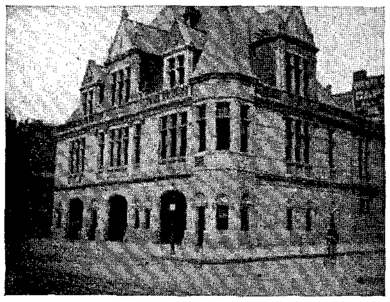
Not all East Siders are poor, though. There are silks and diamonds aplenty there. For the East Side is a large district, and the Spectator has taken the reader through only a few streets. Even in the "Bend" there are wealthy bankers and ticket-brokers, to say nothing of prosperous padrones and saloon-keepers. Not far from Roosevelt Street the Spectator came across a couple of veritable "Little Lord Fauntleroys," with ruffles, curls, clean faces, and—that priceless possession of an East Side boy—a bicycle. The Spectator looked around for the stern old Earl when he discovered these boys, but they seemed to be at large in the streets without a keeper, and apparently enjoying themselves in spite of the curls and the cleanliness. On the next block he found some ragged small boys seated astride an iron fence-rail in front of one of the business buildings. "Hey, Misteh! see me ride my bicycle!" said one of them as the Spectator came up. And as the Spectator walked on he wondered whether the aristocracy of the East Side knows how its own other half lives!



An East Side Fire-Engine House

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Public buildings, parks, pavements, and fountains on the East Side all tell the story of the new interest which is being taken in the "nether world" by the rulers of democracy. It is true that one cannot entirely approve of the expenditure of large sums of money upon buildings of a negative usefulness, such as fire-engine houses, when those positive shapers of character, the school-houses, are overcrowded, inconvenient, and often utterly lacking in architectural distinction. To say this, however, is only to exercise a New Yorker's birthright of criticism of the powers that be—a birthright which is, indeed, freely exercised even among the supposedly patient toilers of the East Side. The Spectator was watching with much amusement the gambols of a horde of street gamins around a large fountain in a public square in the Hebrew quarter, when a man by his side said, "That's a great place to put a fountain!" Thinking he meant approval of the idea, the Spectator responded sympathetically. But he found that the citizen was strongly opposed to having the fountain in that place. "You see," he said, "it has car-tracks on all sides of it, and we drivers always has to be on the lookout for the kids, or they'll get run over as they scatter when the police comes. Then the big kids are always duckin' the little fellers, and that makes trouble for their mothers. And at night, when the pressure's on the water, it runs all over the street and makes a muss." The Spectator had been looking with unrestrained satisfaction at the enjoyment of the boys, one of whom had taken his shirt off and given himself a free bath, amid the howls of his mates, but he saw now that nothing good comes without its possible evil. Just then there was a warning cry as a policeman hove in sight, a sudden scattering of the crowd of mischief-makers, and when the policeman came to the fountain the square was almost deserted. Reaching down into the fountain's basin, the policeman dragged out a very small boy who had hoped to escape notice, set him on the pavement, gave him a single spank, and started him off! Truly it seemed that benevolence might mean one thing to the boys and another to the adults of the East Side. But, as the day was extremely hot and the Croton keeps fairly cool to the touch, the Spectator's sympathies as he went home were, on the whole, with the boys—as they always are.

Some English Notes

The selling of academic degrees purporting to come from American colleges is still a trade in England, despite all the exposures of its fraudulency. The following letter has been received by a clergyman there. I copy from the original, *verbatim:*

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY, U. S. A.

7 Westwick Gardens, W. Kensington Park,
London, 24 Mar., 1896.

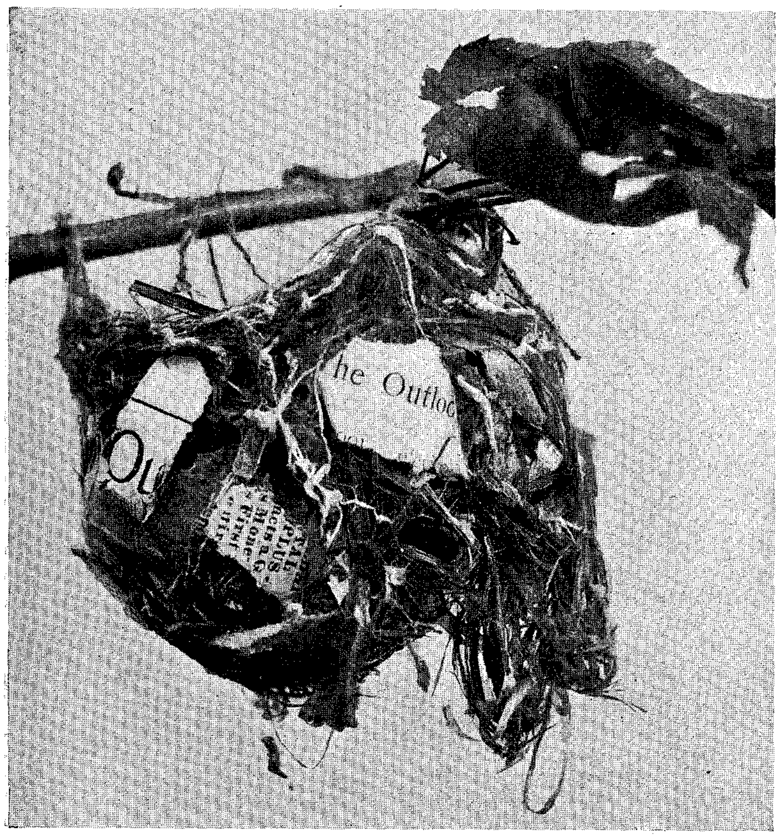
Rev'd Sir: As you are about to change your sphere of duty to the vicinity of ——, I wish to state that, as the Representative of a distinguished and fully chartered University in the U. S. A., I shall be very pleased, in recognition of your great Learning, ability, and Piety to promote you to a Degree and Title of Doctor or Bachelor in any order for which you are evidently eligible. Many Ministers of Denominational Churches have received these nominations with the greatest satisfaction. Perfect confidence is requested and given. I shall be pleased to hear from you. I remain, Rev'd Sir,

Yours faithfully,
C. J. SAYERS, LL.D.

Rev. —— ——.

This precious bit of imposture is accompanied by a printed circular purporting to be the opinion of Flavel S. Thomas, M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Medicine and Surgery, U. S. A., and to be taken from the Boston "Herald," on "The Current Value of University Degrees," both in a professional and a pecuniary view, together with several other recommendations of the goods thus offered for sale. It would be interesting to know whether this traffic is attempted anywhere else than among British investors, with whom too many doubtful American "securities" have been marketed.

Americans who have wondered at the persistency with which the antique style of railroad car maintains itself in England will be interested in the remark of the London "Standard" that nothing acceptable has yet been devised "to make an English railway carriage as safe as an American car, always excepting the risk of being 'stuck up' ["held up" is meant] by a party of armed bandits." This confession is elicited by a recent event which has attracted much remark in England—a ferocious assault on a woman by a man occupying the same compartment on the London and Brighton Railway. Railway carriages in England, being divided up into four or five close compartments, give opportunity for such crimes, and means of signaling to those in charge of the train are not always within reach. The gravity of the situation appears in the fact that the London Board of Trade has addressed the Railway Companies' Association a letter upon the subject, declaring that "the evil assumes in the public mind the proportions of a serious social scandal." The companies are urged to consider what means can be adopted to abate the evil. It is a curious fact that the matter has been discussed since 1864 without result, except to prove the inadequacy of the means that would seem most simple and effective, viz., to reserve certain compartments for ladies only. It is a fact that many ladies decline to use these, on account of the number of mothers with small children whom they find in them. The only remedy which seems to be acknowledged as effective is the adoption of the American style of car in place of the present old-fashioned coach, but the expense of the change is an objection. It appears, moreover, that men now feel themselves at risk in these closed compartments quite as much as women, and strongly object to being alone in them with any unknown female passenger. Men thus circumstanced have had criminal charges falsely brought against them, to their unspeakable misery. Aware of this, a cautious man who finds himself left by his fellow-travelers as the solitary companion of a strange woman prefers to vacate his place for one where there is more company. In view of this state of things, the adoption by some American companies of the English term "coach" as a designation for our totally different style of vehicle is a curious anomaly, and savors strongly of "Anglomania." J. M. W.



A Bird Subscriber to The Outlook

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In these days of sharp competition between rival newspaper publishers to increase their circulation, the wide earth has been scoured to secure new readers for enterprising journals, but The Outlook is the first periodical that has soared above sublunary things, and, by its calm and intelligent discussion of public questions, and especially by the space which it has given to outdoor topics and natural history, has attracted the attention of the inhabitants of the air.

In proof of this statement, which needs no sworn affidavit of your publisher, I inclose a photograph, taken at Twilight Park, in the Catskills, of a nest belonging to a red-eyed vireo—sometimes called the preacher-bird, and, therefore, as a mother, of course, interested in the trend of religious thought and in theological discussion. This bird is in the habit of suspending its nest from the branch of a tree, a custom not common to most birds, while, whenever practicable, it employs newspaper scraps as part material for the structure.

The present nest hung low from a tree, about ten feet above a much-frequented roadway, close to Ledge End Inn, yet the mother bird showed little alarm at the traffic passing directly below her house, which commanded a magnificent and expansive view. The nest was discovered by Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, who has spent several seasons in Twilight Park, where her outdoor classes in bird-study have been exceedingly popular with young and old alike. During the present season she has made observations of no less than fifty-five varieties of birds in and around the Park, and within an hour and a half, on the Fourth of July, she counted twenty-one varieties from the porch of Cosy Cabin—my own abiding-place, which has been made musical with the song-birds, no doubt partly attracted by the presence of my wife's Java sparrow in his cage on the piazza, and also by that past-master in bird-lore, John Burroughs, who was a welcome guest at Cosy Cabin on the day in question.

Since the Park was established, in 1887, no one has been allowed to shoot or injure any living thing within its borders, and this, no doubt, will account for the number of birds, squirrels, chipmunks, porcupines, raccoons, and other creatures, who have grown wonderfully tame, the birds nesting under piazza roofs and flying with food to their young across groups of a dozen people without fear, while the chipmunks are so domesticated that they will eat out of your hand, and in one cottage, whose owner is a vegetarian, and who largely subsists on nuts, they climb on the table after every meal and help themselves to the family store.

But to return to our preacher-bird. After watching the progress of the family growth until the nestlings had grown strong enough to fly, Mrs. Donnelly took possession of the nest, and found, as shown in the photograph, that it was largely constructed of extracts from a last year's number of The Outlook. The date of the issue cannot be seen, but on the under side of the largest scrap are advertisements of two boarding-schools, showing that the mother bird had evidently been deeply concerned in the future of her young as well as in their immediate nurture.

The nest is beautifully constructed of strips of the bark of the yellow birch, and it is a work of art in every respect. The red-eyed vireo is a beautiful songster, and John Burroughs praises its melodious efforts in "Wake Robin" and his other writings.

I am sure that you will be glad to number it among your subscribers, and I trust that you will not miss the opportunity of increasing the circle of your bird readers in Twilight Park, where The Outlook is always a welcome guest.

CHARLES F. WINGATE.

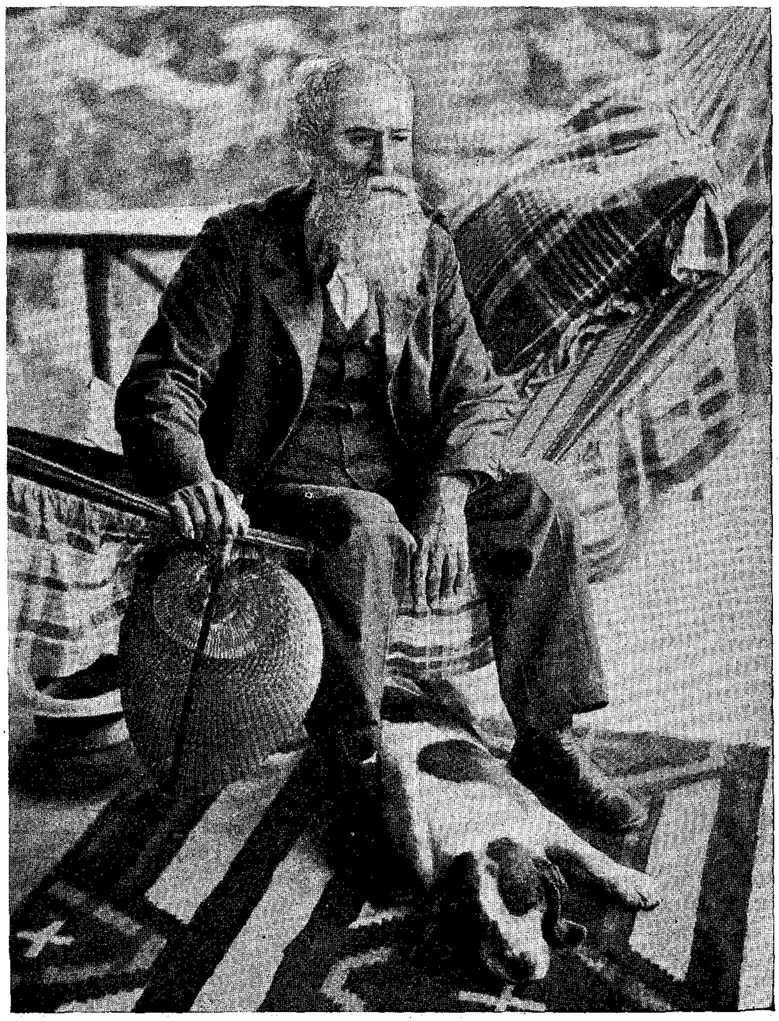
Twilight Park in the Catskills.

◆

What the Birds Say

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush, say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

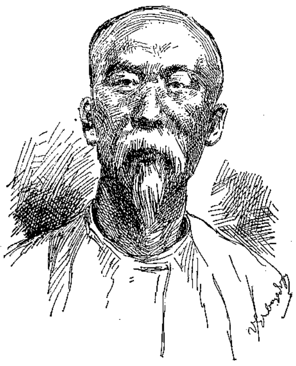
—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*



JOHN BURROUGHS WATCHING THE BIRDS

Li Hung Chang and General Grant

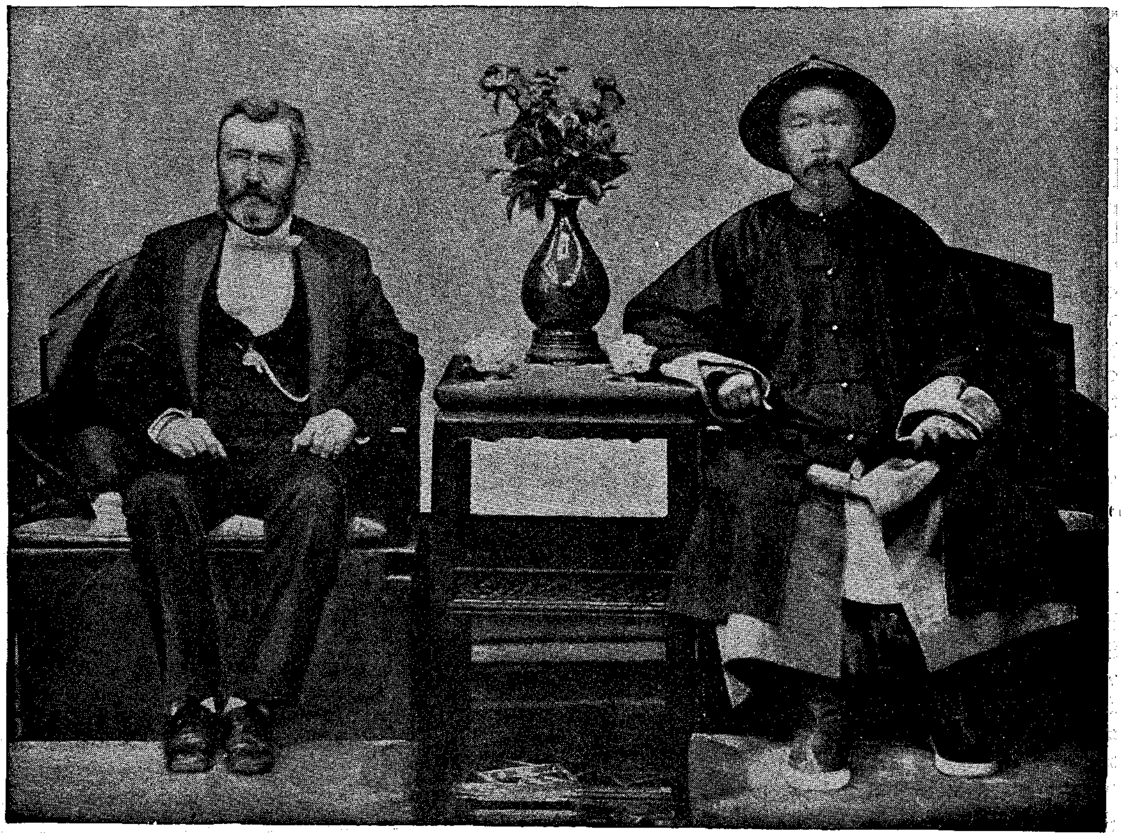
By Frederick D. Grant



Li Hung Chang

The visit to the United States of his Highness Li Hung Chang, following his European trip, recalls agreeably to my mind my visit to China in company with my father, General Grant, during the late spring and summer of 1879. It was during this most interesting visit that I made the personal acquaintance of the great Viceroy, as he was General Grant's devoted friend and most hospitable host throughout our stay in China generally, and especially in Tientsin. His Highness seemed to feel that he and General Grant were kindred in spirit and mind. He said as much several times to my father. Li Hung Chang took the greatest pleasure in having his photograph taken with my father's, on various occasions; the collecting of these photographs became, in fact, quite a fad of his. During one of our visits he was heard—in making some comparisons—to say, "General Grant and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history."

The Viceroy is a superb-looking man, immensely tall. In stature he towered over all of us. He has a massive head and a strong, intellectual face, keen, glittering eyes, and his presence is that of a great prince, accustomed to the homage of his fellow-man. He seemed to have the greatest interest and earnest curiosity in meeting my father, whom he received with marked honors and Oriental courtesy. Li Hung Chang's personality grew upon me, and every time I saw him I was more and more impressed with his greatness.



GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG[1]

At Canton, Mr. Holcombe, our Acting Minister to China, brought us the news that the Chinese authorities at Pekin had given orders that General Grant should be received with unusual distinction. On reaching Canton we passed the "Bogue" forts which guarded that great city, and as the Ashuelot was seen approaching with the flag at the fore, which indicated that General Grant was aboard, all the Chinese gunboats fired salutes, which our vessel returned. We reached the Canton dock about 9 o'clock P.M., May 5, where we were received by the American and foreign residents, and were escorted by the American Consul, Mr. Lincoln, to his house. On the following day General Grant and party paid their formal visit to the Viceroy, Liu Kun, at the viceregal palace, the Viceroy having sent sedan-chairs for our conveyance. He had notified Mr. Lincoln that when General Grant came to visit him he wished to order that all the houses of the city be closed and the streets vacated, saying that this was the custom when the Emperor of China passed through a city, and of course it should be done for General Grant. My father immediately said, upon hearing this, that he would feel greatly indebted if such an order would not be issued, as he especially desired to see the people of the country. Therefore it was announced to the people of Canton that the distinguished "foreigner" was coming to do honor to the Viceroy, and that they must do honor to him and his party. Our procession to the viceregal palace was a stately affair. The streets were lined with troops. General Grant went first, in the Viceroy's huge green sedan-chair, which was surmounted by a silver globe, borne by eight coolies, and surrounded by a guard of soldiers who cleared the streets before us. The people filled all available spaces, looking with apparent wonder upon the "foreigner," whom they saluted by clasping their hands in front of their faces in a supplicating attitude. When we left our chairs and entered the court of the palace, the Viceroy was awaiting us at the door, with his court and officials. He received General Grant in a manner which appeared to us reverential. With the Viceroy was the "Tartar General," who is co-equal in rank. Each province of China has a dual head—a Chinese Viceroy, managing the civil affairs, and a Tartar General, commanding independently the troops, and being responsible to the Government at Pekin.

This visit of General Grant was returned on the following day, first by the Tartar General, and then by the Viceroy, each coming in formal state, preceded by trumpeters who announced their arrival, attended by court officials and surrounded by soldiers. Most of General Grant's time in Canton was occupied by these *serious* formalities and ceremonies. The next day the Viceroy entertained General Grant at dinner. This affair was marvelously and curiously grand, seventy courses being served, each one of which was a revelation to us foreigners. The great features of the feast were "bird's-nest soup," "shark's fins," and

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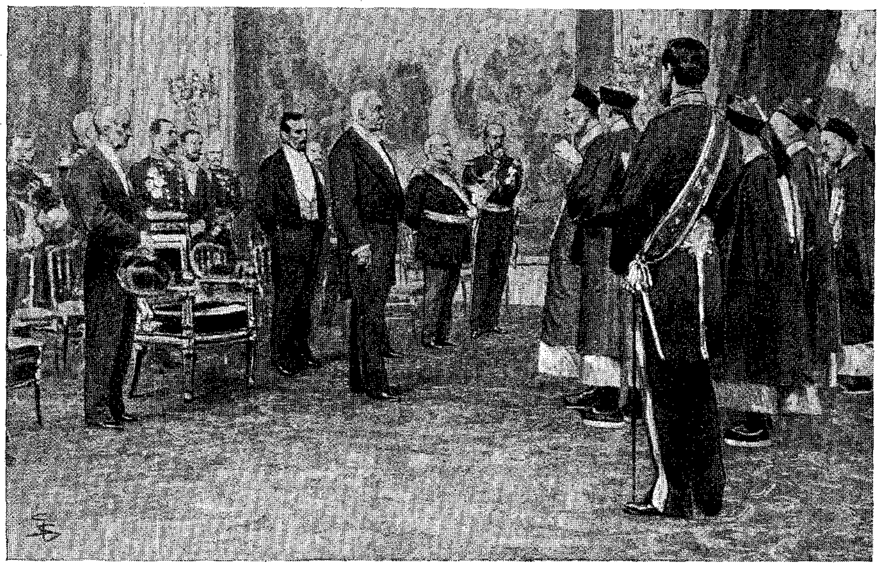
[1] We are indebted to the courtesy of the "Review of Reviews" for permission to reproduce this picture, as well as the two portraits of Li Hung Chang on pages 370 and 371.

"eggs which had been buried in the earth for forty years." It was most agreeable to us that cigars were passed freely during the dinner, and as our party had finished dining long before all the courses were served, we sat contentedly smoking, and looking upon the repast with wonder and admiration. The Viceroy apologized to General Grant for not having invited Mrs. Grant to dine, and explained that it was against Chinese etiquette for ladies to be asked to a banquet. He made amends to my mother, however, by sending to her at the Consulate the same courses which were being served to us at the palace.

Leaving Canton on May 9, we returned to Hongkong, stopping on the way at Macao, the last of the Portuguese possessions in the Far East. At Hongkong a great banquet was given by the Governor to General Grant, and two days later, May 12, our party sailed on the Ashuelot for a cruise along the coast of China. The first port that we reached was Swatow, where, after the usual ceremony of salutes, we went ashore and made a tour of the city. The Governor of Swatow presented himself to General Grant, reporting that he was ordered by his Government to pay him every possible honor, and that, as it was the usual custom to bring offerings to distinguished visitors, he had brought *a live sheep, six live chickens, six ducks, and four hams* for General Grant, deeming food to be the most useful and acceptable gift. My father accepted the presents with proper thanks, but immediately upon the departure of the Governor he gave all these *useful* souvenirs to the attendants of our party.

Amidst the firing of cannon we left Swatow, and landed next at Amoy, on the Island of Heamun, at the mouth of the Dragon River—an old Portuguese open port, where we were received with a warm welcome, and we left that evening for Shanghai.



RECEPTION OF LI HUNG CHANG BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

From "L'Illustration"

As we came abreast of the Woosung Forts, the Chinese from each fort fired a "Presidential" salute of twenty-one guns to my father. This was much remarked, as the Chinese salute is of only three guns, even for their Emperor, all persons receiving the same salute, irrespective of rank; but they departed from this custom as an especial honor to General Grant. As we approached the city of Shanghai, the spectacle was a grand one. There were acres of people assembled along the river. I estimated them to be 500,000 in numbers. All ships of war and merchantmen anchored in the harbor "dressed ship" and saluted. The Ashuelot's barge was made ready, and our party pulled ashore at 3 o'clock P.M., amid salvos of artillery. We soon reached the landing, which was carpeted with red cloth, a mark of royal distinction, and proceeded under escort to a large building which had been prepared for General Grant's reception. This building was crowded with the families of the most distinguished residents of Shanghai, and the Chinese Governor, with his retinue of officials, awaited my father. Addresses of welcome were here delivered. From this reception, escorted by a guard of honor, General Grant was taken to the United States Consulate, where the escort was reviewed.

We started on the morning of the 24th of May for the north of China, with the anticipation of meeting the famous Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, at Tientsin. As our ship entered the Peiho River, amid the firing of cannon and the waving of flags, we saw a yacht, carrying the Viceroy's flag, steaming towards us. The yacht came alongside of the Ashuelot, and two Mandarins came on board, bringing the Viceroy's card. Immediately General Grant left the cabin and went to the gangway, with the United States Consul, Judge Denny, and orders were given to prepare the ship for the reception of the Viceroy. In a few moments Li Hung Chang passed over the side of the Ashuelot, and was greeted by General Grant, amid the roar and smoke of the American guns saluting him, and the cheers of the sailors who had manned the yards of the vessels. After this reception, General Grant conducted the Viceroy to the upper deck, where they sat in conversation. This high compliment paid to General Grant by the Viceroy, in coming to meet him before he landed at Tientsin, surprised us all, but we were informed that when the programme of General Grant's reception was brought before the Viceroy he had declared, "I wish to be the first Chinaman to welcome General Grant into my Province."

I have already described the personal appearance of the Viceroy. My father esteemed him as one of the greatest of men. Li Hung Chang is the Viceroy of Pichili, the most important Province of China, as it contains within its boundary the city of Pekin, which is the capital of the Empire, and the open seaport of Tientsin. The Viceroy of this Province has jurisdiction over the population amidst which the Emperor lives, and protects his royal person and residence. Li Hung Chang is the chief of the War Office, and commander of the eastern armies of China. He is especially charged with the coast defenses, and is "Grand Secretary of State," by virtue of which latter office much of the diplomatic intercourse of China with foreign countries is placed in his hands. He is a nobleman, with the rank of "a thousand generations;" high or low rank in China being decided upon according to the number of generations of nobility. Li Hung Chang achieved his greatest fame during the Taeping rebellion in the early '60's, when he, a Chinaman, espoused the cause of the Tartar dynasty. Since that time he has been regarded as the guardian of the throne, and every honor has been thrust upon him, with great responsibilities and power.

After a short conversation with General Grant, the Viceroy inspected the Ashuelot, and seemed to be greatly interested in the large deck-gun with which the boat was armed. Soon after this inspection he returned to his own yacht, being saluted as he retired from our ship.

The Ashuelot continued up the Peiho River, and landed near the foreign settlement of Tientsin, where General and Mrs. Grant were conducted to the house of Judge Denny, the United States Consul. This landing was attended with the same ceremonies with which General Grant had been received since his arrival in China.

On the following day General Grant returned the Viceroy's visit at the viceregal palace, which was located at the opposite side of the city of Tientsin from the Consulate, and was on the Peiho River. The Viceroy's yacht had been sent to convey my father up the river to the palace, and he took with him, as an escort, a naval guard from the Ashuelot. Starting at the designated hour, amid shouts and cheers from all sides, our party proceeded up the river, through the city, the Chinese junks lining up on either side of the river, and all available spaces on the boats and on the banks of the river being crowded with people. The entire population of Tientsin seemed to be out to view the procession. When we arrived at the palace, a regiment of the Viceroy's troops was in line, and "presented arms" to General Grant, as he passed in the Viceroy's large yellow-lined state chair, borne by eight men; and when he reached the palace door, the Viceroy, with his court and mandarins, came forward to welcome him. The Viceroy received General Grant with, as it seemed, enthusiastic pleasure and interest, and escorted him through his palace into the audience-chamber, where they both took seats and remained conversing for some time, with the usual accompaniment of "tea."

Every day during our stay in Tientsin there was some great state function arranged in honor of General Grant, at each of which the Viceroy was present, and during each entertainment he had a photograph made of himself and my father together, occasionally honoring the rest of the company by including them in the picture.

On the second day of our visit in Tientsin the great ceremonial banquet was given to General Grant by the Viceroy, in a large temple. This was a most wonderful entertainment, and when the dinner was ended a speech was read, on behalf of the Viceroy, "welcoming General Grant to Tientsin," and expressing the "honor and happiness which the Viceroy felt in receiving him there," etc., etc. During the reading of this speech and my father's reply the Viceroy and his guests remained standing. When it was finished, General Grant answered at length, expressing thanks to the Viceroy for his welcome and for the special consideration he had received at his hands, and complimenting Li Hung Chang upon his great services to China, and all that he had accomplished for his country, etc.

During this dinner the great delicacy, "eggs preserved for forty years," was served. The Viceroy, on seeing General Grant allow this course to pass him, was disappointed, and with gracious manner turned and took up one of the eggs from his own plate with his chopsticks and placed it between my father's lips. It was quickly swallowed, with the assistance of a glass of sherry!

We made an entertaining tour through Tientsin, of which city the marked feature was the massive wall which surrounds it. After several days we left for Pekin, saying *au revoir* to our great and hospitable host, the Viceroy Li Hung Chang. We chose the easiest route to Pekin, which was by the Peiho River as far as Tung Chow, a distance of about one hundred and forty-eight miles, thence across country for twelve miles to Pekin. This trip up the Peiho River, which our party made in a fleet of eight vessels, was quite an interesting experience to us, and gave us a more thorough insight into the actual civilization of China than we could obtain during all the rest of our journey in that country. General Grant was met at Tung Chow by the officials, Mandarins with red and blue button, who had been sent from Pekin by Prince Kung, the Prince Regent, to escort him and his party to the Imperial Capital.

Pekin is situated on a large plain, and its towers and walls loomed up before us when we were still a great distance away from the city. We soon reached its great eastern gate, where our escort, which had preceded us, had assembled and was awaiting us. We also found there a concourse of people, among whom were other Mandarins of Prince Kung's court, who had been sent by the Regent with his welcome to General Grant, to receive him into the Imperial City. We entered through the gate, and within the walls found another military escort composed of Tartars, who wore a different uniform from that worn by our guard from Tung Chow. I understood that these were the Imperial Guards. General Grant entered the imperial sedan-chair, which was a massive yellow affair, sent for his use by the Prince Regent, and, with the United States officials, and accompanied by these Chinese guards, he and his party proceeded through Pekin. The streets had been cleared and all the dwellings closed along the route, as would have been the case if the Emperor were entering the city.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND LI HUNG CHANG

From "L'Illustration"

The American residents of Pekin, most of whom were missionaries, came in a body to the Legation to welcome my father, and a few hours later, on the afternoon of our arrival, the members of the Chinese Cabinet, accompanied by the Tartar and Chinese Governors of Pekin, presented themselves in state to pay their respects to the "distinguished foreigner." At the same time the first Secretary of the

TAKEN AT TIENTSIN, JULY 18, 1895, AFTER LI HUNG CHANG'S RETURN FROM JAPAN

Under the left eye is seen the bullet-mark made by the shot of his would-be assassin

Cabinet presented the Prince Regent's card, with messages of welcome from his Imperial Highness to General Grant, who returned his thanks to the Prince. This reception was ceremonious, though of short duration, and was attended by the serving of refreshments and "tea," after which these Mandarins, who were among the highest and most distinguished personages of the Empire, made their adieus and retired.

The Emperor was a delicate child, seven years old; consequently General Grant did not request an audience with him, which the Chinese probably considered most gracious on the part of the "foreigner" to whom they were according imperial honors. They call their Emperor the "Son of Heaven," regarding him as a sacred being, and feared that a precedent would be established which could be taken advantage of—foreign ambassadors might also demand audiences. General Grant might have properly requested the audience, as he had been at the head of a great nation, and had himself accredited representatives to other nations. The Chinese have always contended that their Emperor would receive the "rulers of nations," but not their diplomatic "agents."

The day after our arrival General Grant called upon Prince Kung at the "Yamen," where, at the door, we found the Regent, with the Cabinet and his court officials, waiting. He saluted my father in a ceremonious and courtly manner, and all of our party were presented to him. I remember that when he spoke to me he asked me about the uniform I wore—that of a lieutenant-colonel—inquiring my age, and what family I had. When I replied that I had a little daughter named Julia, the Prince *condoled* with me, and said, "What a pity!" which exclamation I, a happy young father, thought most shocking. Some one, however, explained to me that "in China girls are not counted of importance to human happiness." My natural desire was to argue the question with the Prince, but etiquette forbade. I suppose that he would have congratulated me afterwards if I had announced to him the birth of my son, Ulysses.

Prince Kung was a most interesting personage, I thought. He was in reality the Emperor of China, and master of four hundred millions of human beings. He was the brother of an emperor and the uncle of an emperor, and was, for the latter, acting as Regent. In presence he was most distinguished, with a finely shaped head and noble physique, being much lighter in complexion than any Chinaman whom we had met. His costume was simple, and his rank designated by the yellow in his apparel and by a yellow silk knot on his hat. His manner was impressive and courtly. After receiving General Grant, the Prince conducted him into an apartment of the palace where a great repast was served in a stately manner, and where they conversed for some time. In the beginning of their discourse the Prince talked to my father in a very ceremonious and complimentary manner, observing his guest closely at the same time; but gradually he became more and more intent and interested in the conversation, and finally threw off all reserve, and, apparently having decided that his guest was worthy of all confidence, he talked to him as a trusted friend and adviser. This gradual change of manner to warmth from that of formal ceremony was most noticeable to all present. During this interview Prince Kung confided to my father that he had received a letter from Li Hung Chang recommending that he should consult General Grant and seek his assistance as an arbitrator between China and Japan upon the question of the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands, land recently occupied by Japan, though the Prince of these Islands had always paid tribute to and recognized the supremacy of China. This seizure on the part of Japan was considered outrageous by the Chinese authorities, and war was threatened between the two Empires. The quiet interest and open candor of General Grant's manner encouraged Prince Kung to become confiding, and after talking some time upon the subject the Prince said that he would like to discuss the question more in detail later. Having partaken of tea, our call came to an end, and we said *au revoir*, leaving to make a visit to the Tunguon College, which was under the direction of Dr. Martin, an American.

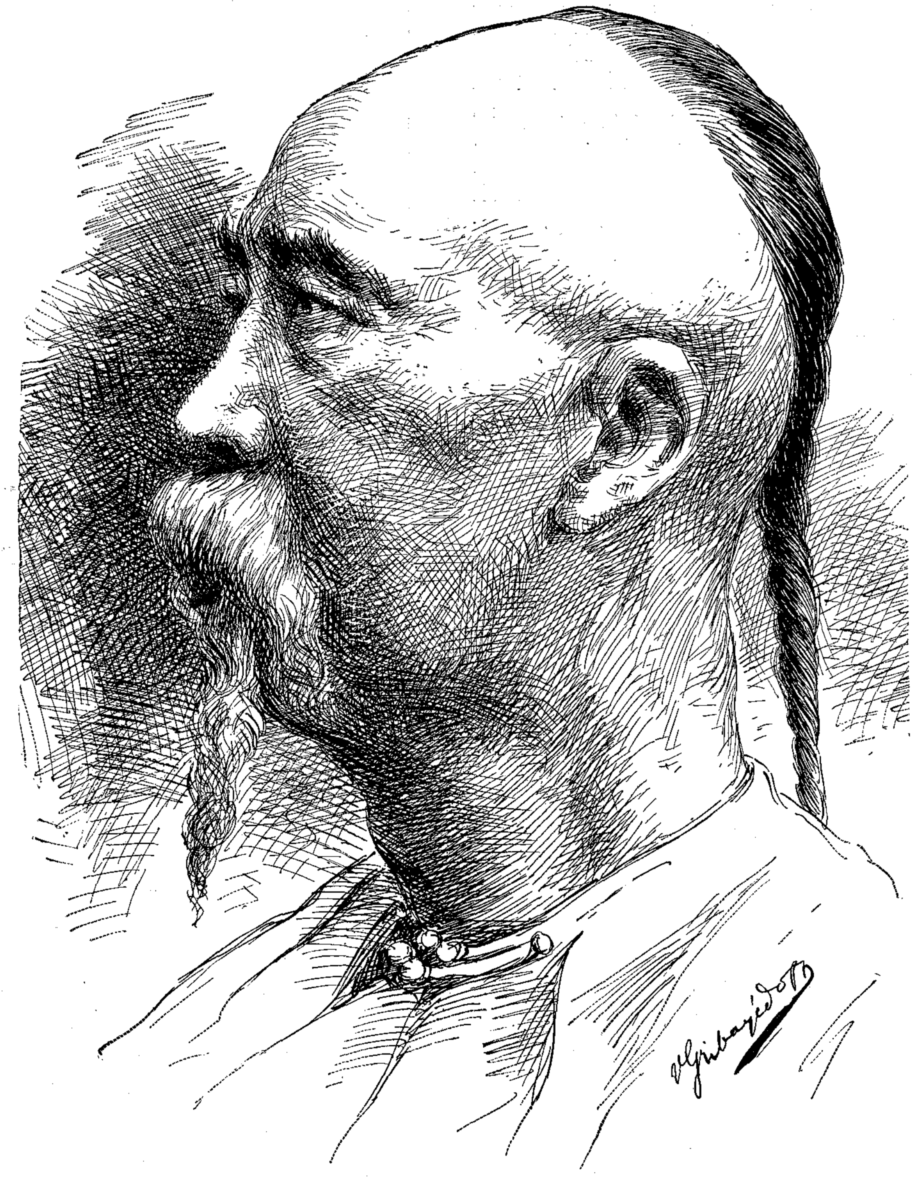
On the next day Prince Kung came to the Legation to return promptly the call of General Grant, being accompanied by the Under-Secretary of State. After the usual formalities of greeting, the Prince sat down to converse with General Grant further upon the Loochoo question. He spoke with animation and earnestness, repeating the request that my father would arbitrate upon the trouble between China and Japan. He did not fail to mention how "highly esteemed General Grant was by the Chinese," and how the latter "appreciated all the just and kind consideration which they had received during his administrations." General Grant explained that he was simply a private citizen, and traveling for pleasure, having no longer power in the Government, and that he could not, therefore, enforce any decision that might be reached; he, however, expressed great interest in all that the Prince had said to him, and replied frankly that he looked upon war as such a calamity to a country that any sacrifice short of a national humiliation should be made to avoid it, and added that war between China and Japan would cause boundless misfortune.

General Grant agreed to inform himself fully upon the question and lay the matter before the Japanese authorities, and hoped that he could make such suggestions as to bring about an adjustment of the question in a way to avert the calamity of a war. Prince Kung, whose manner had seemed very earnest and overwrought during the interview, became satisfied and pleased with my father's calm and friendly consideration, for which he thanked him repeatedly and took his leave.

Upon General Grant's return to Tientsin, the Viceroy Li Hung Chang secured several long conferences with him upon the same question of the Loochoo Islands, and later, when we reached Japan, General Grant talked upon the subject with the Japanese authorities, and the matter was adjusted through his efforts and suggestions, without the two countries being involved in the horrors of war, much to the satisfaction of both nations. General Grant later received formally the warm thanks of China and of Japan for his friendly intercession.

The Regent, Prince Kung, and the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, discussed with General Grant many state questions besides that of the Loochoo Islands, the most important one being that which referred to the development of the resources of the Empire. These two statesmen, as well as the Cabinet of China, seemed forcibly struck and amazed with the disinterested reply of General Grant upon this subject. He told them that the developments and improvements of the Empire, to be permanent and not a drain upon their nation, must be accomplished by the Chinese people themselves, without granting charters to aliens, who would use foreign money and open the way for foreign Governments to interfere with the internal affairs of China. This unselfish advice from General Grant won for him their admiration and implicit faith. It was the first time that a foreigner had ever suggested or acknowledged to the Chinese a possibility that railroads, factories, etc., etc., could be built and operated in China except under the guidance and control of foreign nations. Attention may be called here to the fact that at the present time the Chinese are beginning to construct railroads, telegraph lines, and factories, which are owned and operated by themselves.

Our stay in Pekin quickly drew to a close, after numerous forms and ceremonies of state, and when we had visited all the places of interest in the city. We returned to Tientsin in our little fleet, reaching there on the early morning of June 12, and General Grant had not yet breakfasted before he received a message that the Viceroy was on his way to call upon him. He received Li Hung Chang as he stepped from his chair, and welcomed him into the Consulate, where sweets and tea were served, and the two Generals conversed together in the most animated manner for several hours. During this conversation, and all others which General Grant had with the Viceroy in Tientsin, the questions of the Loochoo Islands and of Chinese internal improvement were discussed at length.


LI HUNG CHANG

When we were in Tientsin the second time, we saw the Viceroy every day, as before, and he was most hospitable and attentive to my father. Many grand functions and entertainments were given for our party, at all of which Li Hung Chang was present. The most interesting and novel of these affairs was an entertainment given by the wife of the Viceroy to my mother, Mrs. Grant. Madam Li, of course, had not been present at any of the other festivities, as she lives in absolute seclusion, and it is difficult for foreigners to understand what a radical step and overthrowing of Chinese customs and etiquette this was in the distinguished lady to give an evening entertainment to Mrs. Grant. No foreign lady had ever been received before in the home of a Viceroy or other great Chinese, nor even seen Madam Li. There was much excitement and talk over this affair among the foreign colony, as well as among the Chinese, and my mother has told me that the entertainment was most interesting and delightful. Mrs. Grant, with the other foreign ladies who accompanied her, went to the palace in sedan chairs, and was received at the door by Madam Li. During the evening, when refreshments were being served, the Viceroy himself came to the door to look on the scene of his wife's entertainment, which was an entirely new and novel affair to him. No other gentleman, of course, was admitted to Madam Li's salon.

Our last visit, as our first one, to Tientsin was most interesting, and I shall ever cherish the pleasantest memories of the days passed there, and of the kind friends who entertained us, among the latter the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, being always the most prominent. Our stay in Tientsin ended with Madam Li's entertainment for my mother. The following morning, with our party on board, the Ashuelot steamed down the Peiho River, amidst the booming of cannon and the waving of flags, until we had passed the Waku forts. Lying at anchor some distance out at sea was the United States frigate Richmond, which awaited General Grant and his party to convey them to Japan. Near by was the Viceroy's yacht, surrounded by a fleet of Chinese gunboats. The Viceroy had preceded us to the open sea, having declared that he would bid farewell to General Grant on the extreme boundary of his dominions. Immediately after we had boarded the Richmond, the Viceroy's yacht steamed forward, stopping about two hundred yards from our vessel. The barge of the Richmond was sent to the yacht to bring Li Hung Chang and his high officials for his last visit to General Grant. This final meeting of the two Generals was impressive, and I regret that no picture was made of that memorable scene. As the Viceroy came on our ship he was received by General Grant, surrounded by officers in full uniform, while the sailors manned the yards, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired. The two friends clasped hands, and showed great regret that the time had come for them to part, perhaps never to meet again. They remained together in conversation a long time, and the Viceroy's manner was that of perfect confidence and almost affection. Finally, and reluctantly, Li Hung Chang said farewell and returned to his yacht. With all the ships dressed, flags floating on the breeze, yards manned, and amidst the roar of cannon from the Richmond, Ashuelot, and Chinese fleet, our vessel turned her bow and sailed into the open sea. General Grant had parted from his friend the Viceroy Li Hung Chang—forever.

The Higher Life of St. Louis

By the Rev. John Snyder

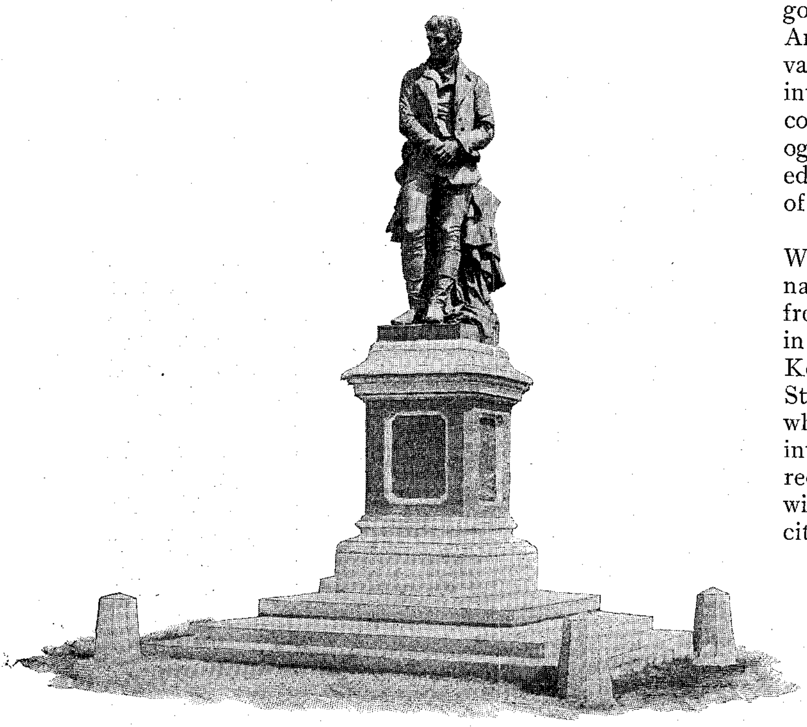
Church of the Messiah, St. Louis

ONE Sunday morning Mr. Beecher arose in the pulpit and said, in substance: "I hold in my hand the notice of a bazaar to be held by the ladies of the church. I refuse to read it as it is written. The notice says, 'for the sale of useful and ornamental articles.' I don't like the distinction. All *useful* articles should be ornamental; all really *ornamental* articles are useful." So, in the same spirit, I might justly say that it is hard to draw a straight line between the higher life and the lower life of a great city. The simplest material things may really contribute to the former; while things that are meant to be moral and spiritual in nature may stand as obstructions in the way of a city's better growth. Colonel Waring's "white angels" furnish a perpetual object-lesson to the great metropolis of what the humblest untrained toil may do to advance the best interests of a great city.

> Who sweeps a room as by God's law
> Makes that and the action fine.

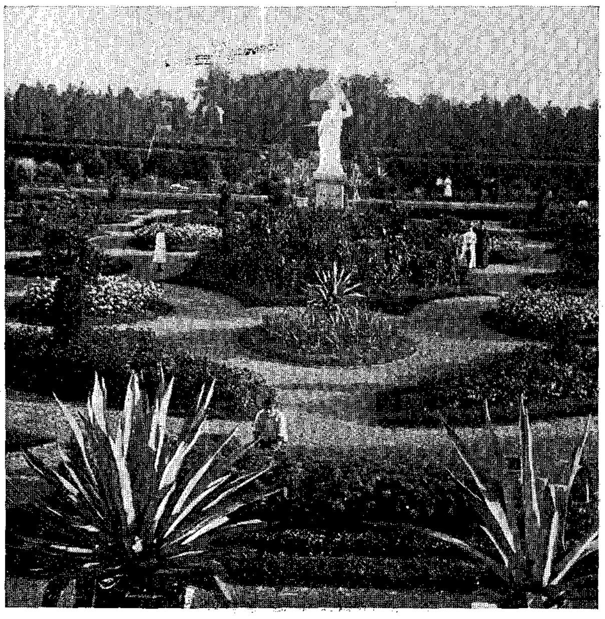
Bear with me, then, if I seem at times to be wandering from my text.

In these days of extreme individualism we have almost lost the sense of corporate personality. We forget what was so plain to the ancients, that the city has a distinct life of its own, apart from, or rather born out of, the individual character of its people. And nothing is of more interest than to trace this corporate life back to its roots. St. Louis, as part of the Louisiana purchase, is of pure French origin, but the traces of its parentage survive almost entirely in the social complexion of the city, rather than in the structure of its permanent character. I think it may be justly said that no representative of the distinguished French families that ruled the social life of the city at the beginning of this century impressed himself strongly and vitally upon its intellectual, its educational, its political, or its spiritual character. Socially, the French element has been dominant, and its influence has produced that ineffable charm of social intercourse, that delightful spirit of hospitality, that refinement and geniality in domestic life, that blending of social dignity and simplicity, which are apt to characterize French people of intelligence and culture wherever found. But, for some unknown reason, the French have never been good colonists. In St. Louis, as in all other parts of the American continent, while they are thrifty, temperate, and valuable citizens, their distinct contributions to the higher intellectual life of the city have not been very great. Of course this judgment must be modified by a grateful recognition of the service rendered to the cause of religious education by the devoted, disinterested, and untiring labor of the ubiquitous disciples of Loyola and St. Xavier.



THE HUMBOLDT MONUMENT, IN TOWER GROVE PARK

The Gift of Henry Shaw



IN SHAW'S GARDEN

But the dawning life of the city was not entirely French. We find in the earliest records of the land office a few names that are distinctively Irish. Representatives both from the north and south of Ireland soon began to mingle in the stream of municipal life. Then came people from Kentucky and Virginia. Since '48 Germany has sent to St. Louis an increasing number of university-bred men, whose thirst for education, love of liberty, and alertness of intellectual life have been of incalculable value. While I recognize that "comparisons are odorous," yet I cannot withhold the expression of my conviction that in no other city have the citizens adopted from Germany been of so high a type. The stamp of slavery on Missouri frightened away many of the hardy and enterprising pioneers from New York, Ohio, and the New England States, who either remained in Illinois or hurried through to Kansas and Nebraska; while the "Alton riots" not only paralyzed that infant city, but incalculably damaged the immediate future of the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. Nevertheless, New England sent some rare men to us, and the "Yankee schoolmarm" was almost as ubiquitous and quite as devoted as the Jesuit priest. This mingling of metals made the Corinthian bronze of our municipal character.

GOVERNMENT

Samuel Tilden once said, in substance, that the man who helped to give a good government to mankind did better service than the one who gave his country a hundred eleemosynary institutions. The remark was wise. Surely the art

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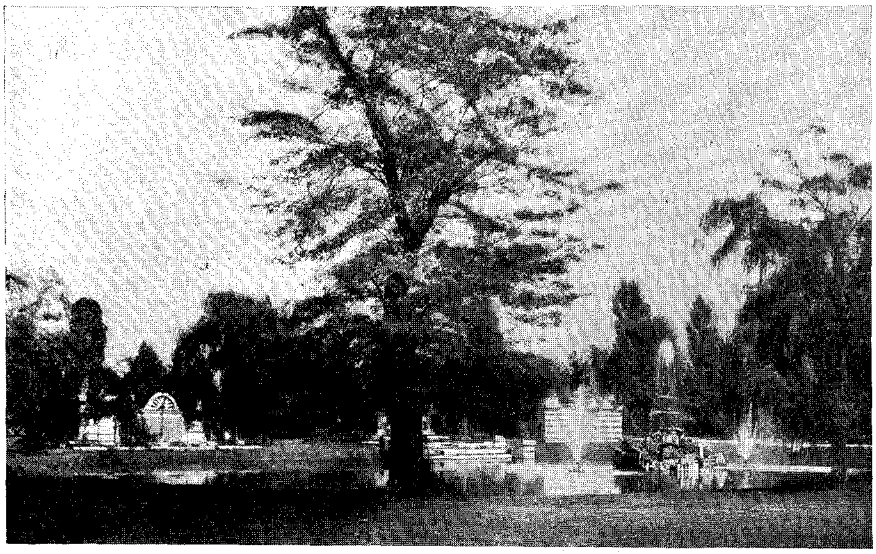
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (January 28, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (February 22); "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (March 28); "The Higher Life of New Orleans," by Grace King (April 25); "Buffalo, the City of Homes," by the Rev. W. Burnet Wright, D.D. (June 27); and "The Higher Life of Philadelphia," by Talcott Williams (July 25).

of living together in peace and justice is the highest result of social evolution. How has St. Louis solved the problem of civic government? Only indifferently well. We have as good a government as we deserve; very probably, as good as we desire. St. Louis is unique among American cities in being a *free city*. It received in 1875, from a Constitutional Convention, the gift of municipal freedom. But the very novelty of the condition has served to partially deprive the city of many of the advantages which the "scheme and charter" were designed to bestow. Several notable decisions of the Supreme Court have curtailed its privilege. And the absence of any purely municipal politics, separated from State and National partisanship, has left the city largely in control of the managers of the two great political organizations. Like most American cities, we suffer from the lack of a wholesome public spirit. We select our Mayor and our street-sweepers from the body of our fellow-citizens who agree with us upon the subjects of "tariff" and "free silver"! The adoption of such an astute principle in the conduct of private business would subject a man to the suspicion of lunacy, but very few people seem to object to it in public affairs. Quite recently we held an election for members of the School Board, and the Republican "bosses" forced the nominees to publicly promise to submit their official action to the decision of the Republican caucus. Upon the day of the election the voters went to the polls and solemnly gave these caucus-tied gentlemen the absolute control of the educational interests of the city. Soon after this the Supreme Court of the State made an order which these same gentlemen saw fit to disobey. The Court promptly fined and imprisoned them for contempt. Upon their return to the city an attempt was made by the "bosses" to honor them with a public reception in recognition of the service they had rendered their party in gracefully accepting constructive martyrdom at the hands of a tyrannical Democratic court. Fortunately the scheme fell through, largely, perhaps, because of the dignified and manly protest uttered by Mr. Charles Nagel, the honored President of the Council. We hear much general and spasmodic denunciation of municipal corruption, but when gentlemen of unimpeachable business integrity are willing to pay secret money for public franchises and justify their action on the ground that what they seek is for public good as well as private profit, I think I am justified in saying that we have a government as good as we deserve. Now let me hang the picture in a different light. I believe that St. Louis will be one of the first of the large American cities to adopt and work a sensible and efficient civil service reform. We have no great and arrogant political "rings" which it would require gigantic effort to throw off. Generally speaking, our "bosses" are men of little education and intellectual force. They have simply grasped at power and privileges which we have cast aside in supine indifference. As Cassius says of Cæsar:

> Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
> But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.

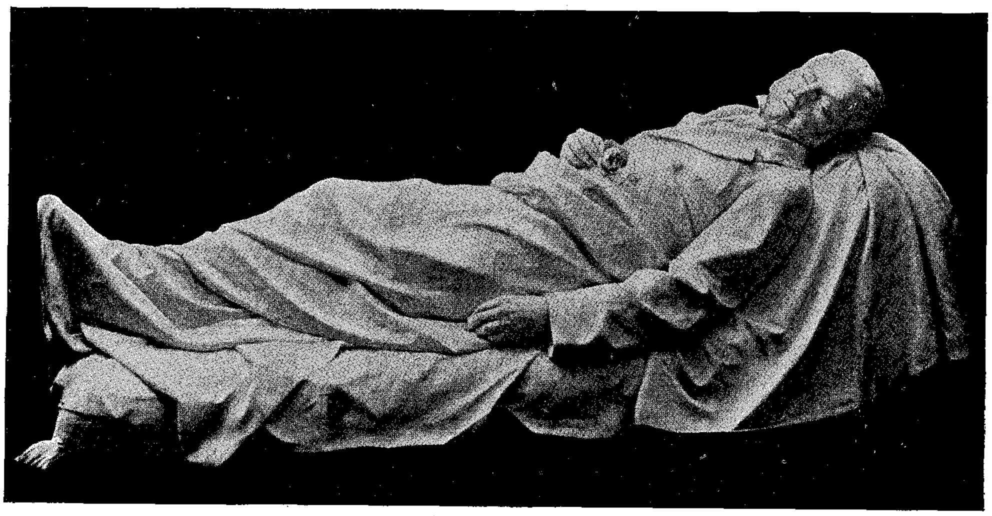
Substantial reform has already been achieved, and more is promised. We move slowly because the old French conservatism is in our blood. Both in its legislative and executive departments St. Louis can count a gradually increasing number of men who care more for duty than party. The Civic Federation has recently been resurrected, and, under the leadership of the Rev. W. W. Boyd, D.D., shows signs of vigorous life. The effort is being made to organize the young men of the churches and synagogues and ethical culture clubs into societies for the study of the sacred duties of citizenship. Those of us who believe that it is as absurd to shut a minister out of politics as it would be to shut a physician out of a hospital are trying to teach that religion is designed to transform this world into the kingdom of God instead of making the churches mere post-mortem emigration societies.



THE FOUNTAINS AND RUINS IN TOWER GROVE PARK

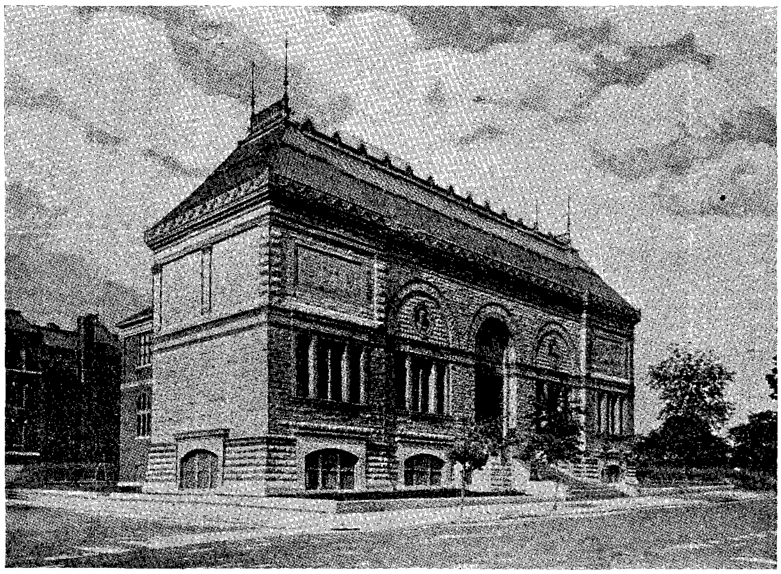
EDUCATION

Unlike the New England States, Missouri took to the public school but slowly. For more than thirty years after its entrance into the Federal Union the free-school system of the principal cities of the State was in a very weak and disorganized condition. In the year 1857, Ira Divoll was made Superintendent of the Public Schools of St. Louis, and he may be justly called the Father of our Public Schools. His genius gave them organic life. His untiring zeal commended them to the care and tardily awakened enthusiasm of a rapidly growing city. Upon the foundation he so wisely built, Professor W. T. Harris was, perhaps, mainly instrumental in rearing a splendid educational structure. Professor Harris has since achieved an international reputation as a teacher and philosophical scholar, and the corner-stone of that reputation was laid in the work of perfecting the school system of St. Louis. Of course the arduous and admirable work of Divoll and Harris was

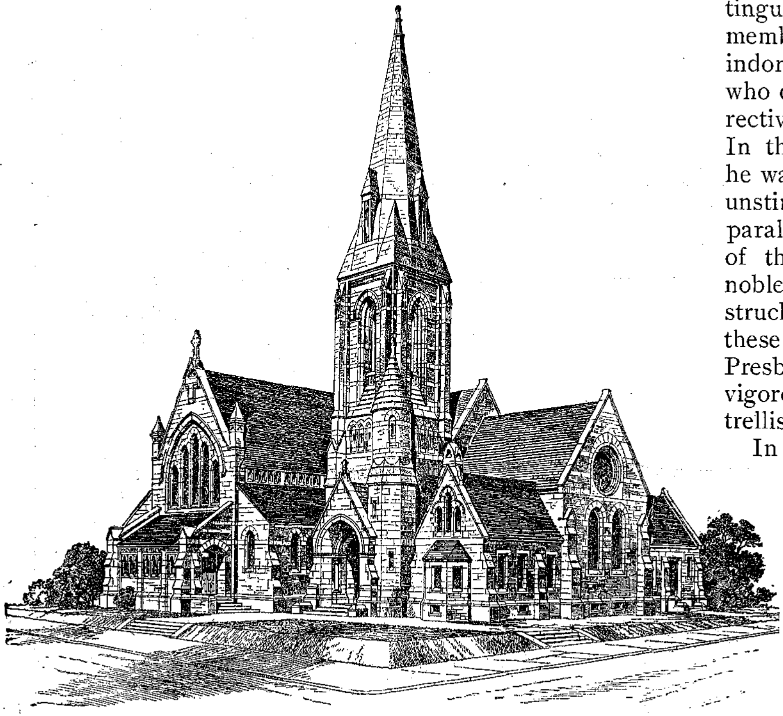


STATUE OF HENRY SHAW, IN SHAW'S GARDEN

ably seconded by a body of noble instructors and devoted laymen. Men like W. G. Eliot, Wayman Crow, George Partridge, Hudson E. Bridge, John Cavender, John O'Fallon, Colonel Thomas Benton, David Armstrong, Colonel Richardson, Dr. Carr Lane, and a host of others, gave an unstinted measure of unpaid toil. And, not behind these in skill, devotion, and intelligence, there were of valuable women "not a few." To St. Louis belongs the enviable distinction of being the first city of this country to embody the ideas of the brilliant Froebel in its public-school system. Miss Susan E. Blow established in this city the first public kindergarten in America. This was in 1873. We now have fifty-eight schools of this character, in which 9,000 children are enrolled. Six of these schools are for colored children, in charge of carefully trained teachers of their own race. Under the admirable supervision of Miss Mary C. McCulloch this department of instruction constantly increases in efficiency. At present our school system is under the superintendency of Professor Soldan, whose brilliant scholarship and rare executive ability afford a notable illustration of the great debt the city owes to its educated German population.

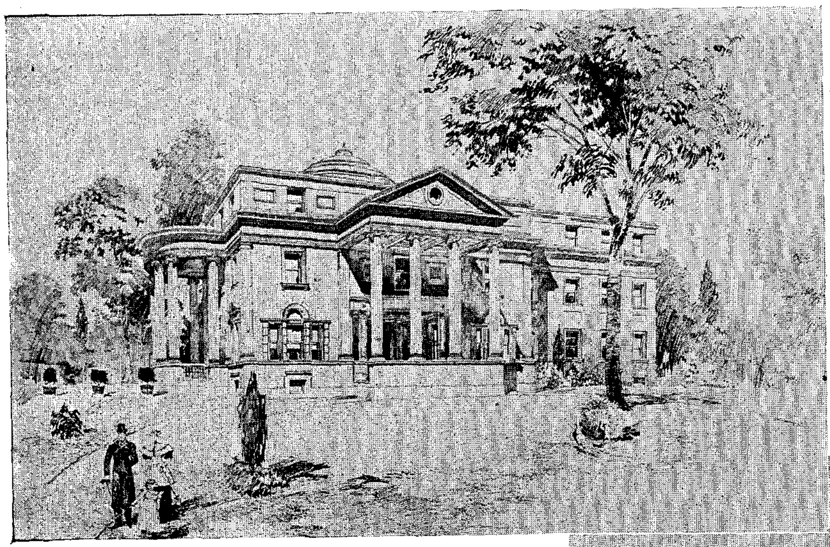

ST. LOUIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

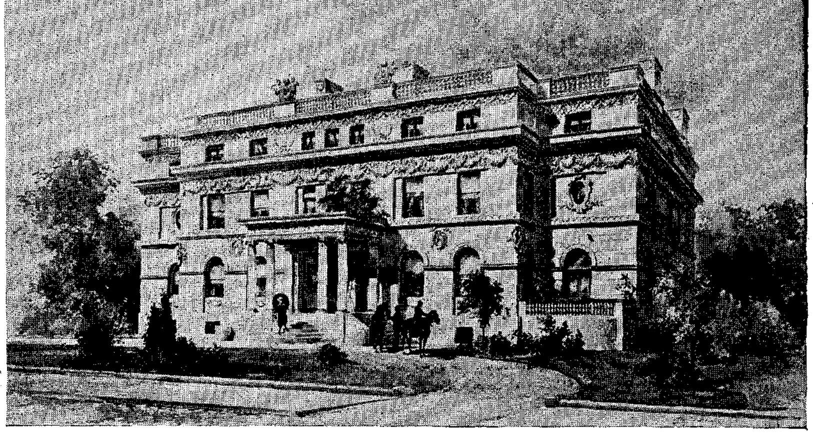
Very early in its history the prelates of the Catholic Church began to display a profound interest in the educational affairs of the city. In 1818 Bishop Dubourg made strong efforts to establish a Catholic college for the training of young men. The enterprise languished, and was abandoned in 1826. The effort was renewed in 1828, and the St. Louis University finally established. It numbered among its professors the celebrated Father DeSmet. Fostered by Bishop Rosatti, and the venerable prelate to whom we were proud to give the name of the "Great Archbishop" Kenrick, the University is in a highly prosperous condition.


THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH

Despite the fact that the public-school system of St. Louis is exceptionally fine, the city swarms with private schools, secular, Catholic, and Protestant. The chief of these is, of course, Washington University, so closely identified for many years with one of the most remarkable men in the history of the city's higher life. About the year 1834 a young minister came to St. Louis from Massachusetts for the purpose of establishing a Unitarian church. The presence of a very few New England families furnished a possible constituency for a movement which was then regarded as a subtle form of infidelity. This young man was William Greenleaf Eliot. Despite the damaging fact that he was both a "Yankee" and a Unitarian, he early identified himself with the developing spiritual and ethical life of the city, and for more than half a century he was the acknowledged center of every movement for advancing the higher interests of St. Louis. His influence was seen in the progressive legislation that perfected our common-school system. He was vitally associated with the establishment of every secular and Protestant philanthropic institution. He challenged the wisdom and morality of the infamous "Social Evil Law," and, almost single-handed, created the influences that wiped it from the statute-books. In this he was bitterly opposed by certain "practical" moralists, but he was backed by the ablest lawyers, prominent among whom were the Hon. Henry Hitchcock and Governor Charles T. Johnson, the most distinguished criminal lawyer in the State, and at that time a member of the State Legislature, while his judgment was indorsed by the present Chief of Police, Major Harrigan, who declared the law to be not only inefficient as a corrective of evil, but a pregnant source of official corruption. In the great work which Dr. Eliot achieved for St. Louis he was surrounded by a body of men and women whose unstinted liberality and consecrated labor can scarcely be paralleled in the history of any other American city. Most of these people were members of his own church, but noble-hearted men and women of other communions freely struck hands with him in the good work. Notable among these was James E. Yeatman, a great-souled Tennessee Presbyterian, whose genial and beneficent religion, like a vigorous morning-glory, refused to be confined to the trellis of any creed!

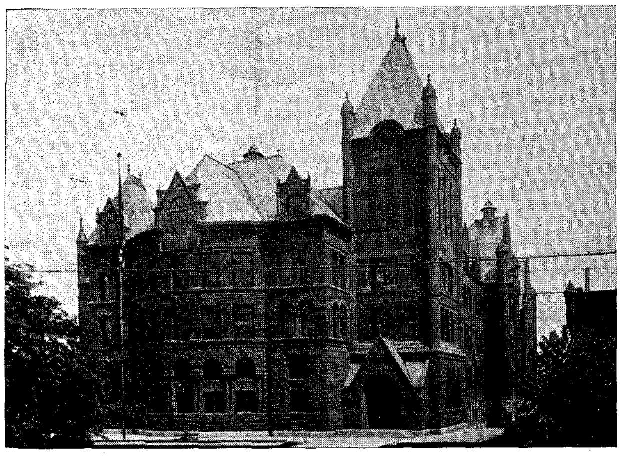
In 1853 the Hon. Wayman Crow, then a member of the State Senate, secured a charter for an educational institution to be known as the Eliot Seminary. A year later the school was formally organized, changing its name, at Dr. Eliot's suggestion, to Washington Institute. Three years later it became the Washington University. It is the vigorous mother of a brood of hardy educational children. Its first offspring was the night-school system, sustained at first by the gifts of Ralph Sellew, a member of the Church of the Messiah. This child was afterwards adopted by the State. In 1856 the Smith Academy was formed, bearing the honored name of James Smith. Then followed quickly the Mary Institute, an annex for the education of girls; the Law School, the Manual Training School, the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, the Medical College, and the School of Botany. Of these comely and vigorous children the School of Fine Arts, the Manual Training School, and the School of Botany are the most picturesquely interesting. The Training School enjoys the enviable distinction of being the





SPECIMENS OF ST. LOUIS DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

first of its kind on the American continent. I may go even further, and say that it was the first purely manual training school in the world. It is housed in a building given by Edwin Harrison; it is largely furnished and endowed by Ralph Sellew, Gotlieb Conzelman, and Samuel Cupples, while it has been nourished by the means of Dr. Eliot, William L. Huse, William Brown, and Ralph Sellew. So much for its healthy body. Its soul was bestowed by Professor C. M. Woodward and his able corps of assistants. The School of Fine Arts is housed in a handsome building which is the gift of Wayman Crow. It cost $135,000, and is a monument erected in memory of his only son, who died in earliest manhood. In the threshold you find a splendid bust of the creator of the school, from the chisel of Harriet Hosmer—"a gift of gratitude" from the brilliant genius whom Mr. Crow educated in art. It is under the control of Professor Ives, who was the efficient director of the Art Department of the Columbian Exposition, and who finds time to play a valuable part in the municipal government in addition to his arduous professorial duties. He is a wholesome "object-lesson" to those educated business men who cannot spare enough labor from the pursuit of the private dollar to give personal care to the supreme interests of public business.



ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL

The School of Botany, under the care of Professor Trelease, is the magnificent gift of Mr. Henry Shaw, and is known to the world as Shaw's Garden. Mr. Shaw was one of those few wise rich men who believed that the "deed is better than the will." He did not "heap up riches," knowing "not who should gather them." In his own lifetime he began to build his perpetual monument, and each springtime sees his epitaph freshly written in brilliant flowers beside his quiet resting-place. Very early in his career in St. Louis, Mr. Shaw began to plan for the beautifying of his adopted home. His original gift of fifty acres for the establishment of a botanical garden was surrounded by a valuable tract of land, which is leased for the maintenance of this magnificent trust. As a pure "show garden" it is not surpassed by any other garden of the type in this country. As an instrument of botanical education its value cannot be overestimated. It is not only educating scientific botanists, but it has a school for practical instruction in the homely pursuit of market gardening. Professor Trelease tells me that no botanist living can become acquainted with the genealogy and the living representatives of that interesting but unattractive family, the cacti, without coming to Shaw's Garden. Subsequently Mr. Shaw gave the city more than 250 acres for the establishment of Tower Grove Park. The landscape gardening of this park is beyond praise, while Mr. Shaw has further enriched it with two really magnificent pieces of bronze—the statues of Shakespeare and Humboldt. The generous donor of all these objects of beauty and instruments of the higher education provided in his will that an annual sermon should be preached upon some aspect of God's goodness as revealed in nature; and that two banquets should be given every year, at which should be gathered those who, like himself, were interested in this expression of the city's higher life. Surrounded by the objects of beauty which his own generosity created, Mr. Shaw lived to a ripe and honorable old age, conscious that the coming generations would be infinitely richer because he had lived and labored for the common good. Rich men have lived and died in St. Louis, and their memories have been kept green only by the legal quarrels of their squabbling heirs. Each passing year makes Henry Shaw more of a living presence among us.

In all of the great educational and philanthropic enterprises of St. Louis one is surprised to find the same names constantly reappearing, and this surprise is deepened when one reflects upon the comparative fewness of their number. I presume this is true of every large city, but it seems to be peculiarly true here. The great body of us build our private fortunes and live our self-centered lives of good, honest citizenship, while a few disinterested men and women bear the common burden and keep alive the wholesome public spirit.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY

Under this head I would group all of the agencies that daily contribute to the education of the masses—of those people who are but indirectly touched by the commonly recognized instrument of instruction. Among these the newspaper easily takes first rank. St. Louis is peculiarly rich in this kind of literature. The St. Louis "Republic" is eighty-eight years old, but it has recently re-

Henry Shaw

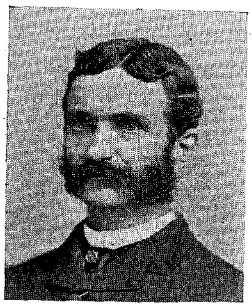
Frederic M. Crunden
Librarian of the Public School Library

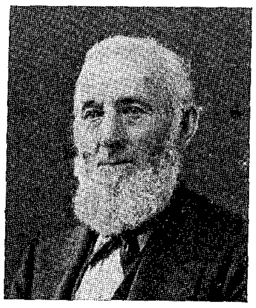
Miss Mary C. McCulloch
Supervisor of Kindergartens

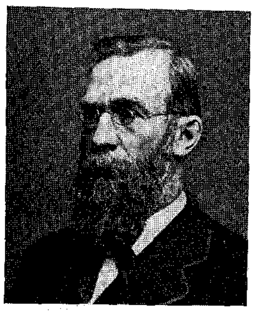
James E. Yeatman

W. T. Harris

The late Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick


N. O. Nelson


George Partridge

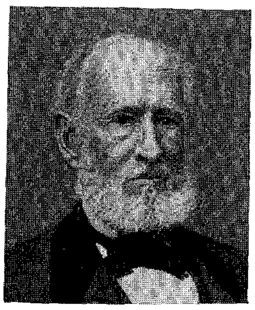

Prof. C. M. Woodward
Head of the Manual Training School

newed its youth, and is filling a constantly enlarging place in the political and social life of the people. The "Globe-Democrat," presided over by one of the most unique figures in American journalism, Mr. J. B. McCullagh, has an astonishingly large circulation in the Democratic States of the Southwest, mainly due to the fact that while its editorial columns are strictly partisan, and sometimes partial and misleading, its news columns are always filled with full and impartial accounts of passing events. I know of no partisan journal in this country that, during a campaign, contains so many of the fully reported speeches of its distinguished political opponents. Our German press, led by such able men as Carl Daenzer and Dr. Preetorious, is exceptionally high in grade. I think there is but one French journal published in the State. Our two great libraries are rapidly growing in value and importance. Dr. Shaw truthfully says that "in Mr. Frederic M. Crunden, the public librarian, St. Louis possesses one of the most highly accomplished library administrators in the world." Since the library has been made entirely free, and has established sub-stations in various parts of the city, its circulation has been immensely increased. It is housed in the upper stories of a building erected for the offices of the public-school system, but its directors are beginning to agitate for a new building that shall cost a million dollars. We are daily hoping that some rich man will desire to emulate Henry Shaw, or Wayman Crow, or James Smith, and thus secure for himself a crown of civic immortality. I could easily pick the man, but it would not be fair thus to discriminate among those who may wish to be generous rivals in securing such an enviable distinction. The Mercantile Library is governed by Mr. Horace Kephart, who has a rare genius for this type of work. Washington University plays a noble part in what may be called the system of popular university extension. Each year the institution furnishes the public, at low rates, courses of lectures by such men as John Fiske, Professor Lyon, and others, and the Ethical Culture Society, under the energetic leadership of Mr. W. L. Sheldon, has established, in various parts of the city, Wage-Earners' Self-Culture Clubs and Domestic Economy Schools for both sexes. The ablest specialists in the city keep up in these schools perpetual lectureships, and, I think, the kind of work done is peculiar to St. Louis. I know of no other similar work in any other part of the country. Most of the Protestant churches are showing an increased interest in this kind of educational activity. The "Eliot Society" of the Church of the Messiah, and the "Novel Club" of the Non-Sectarian Church, furnish excellent illustrations. Foremost among the instruments of popular education are the public parks. As Dr. Shaw has said, St. Louis has neglected its eighteen miles of river front, which should have been largely utilized for public parks, and it has, within my recollection, destroyed at least two of the breathing-places of the city to make room for public buildings. But the city is growing so rapidly, and its abundant car service is so cheap, that the great mass of the people can easily and frequently reach its semi-suburban parks. Forest Park, with its 1,375 acres, will in a few years be almost as close to the heart of the city as the "Common" is to the heart of Boston. Only a few weeks ago we possessed, I think, the loveliest park of its size in this country. It was in the very heart of the southern part of the city. The terrible cyclone came, and in ten minutes the fair work which nature had been building for half a century was all destroyed, and our beautiful Lafayette Park looked like a frost-blighted or locust-eaten bit of Kansas desert! In the very midst of this desolation stands Harriet Hosmer's masterly statue of Thomas Benton, its bowed head seeming to express a people's sorrow over the "cureless ruin" of this exquisite spot.

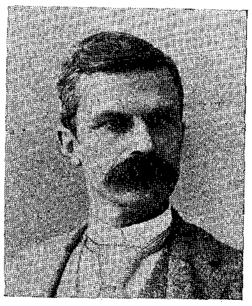
THE WORK OF THE ARTIST

St. Louis possesses several private picture galleries of very great interest. In the residences of Colonel George E. Leighton, Messrs. J. G. Chapman, Charles Parsons, Daniel Catlin, and others, may be found gems from the pencils of some of the greatest of the modern

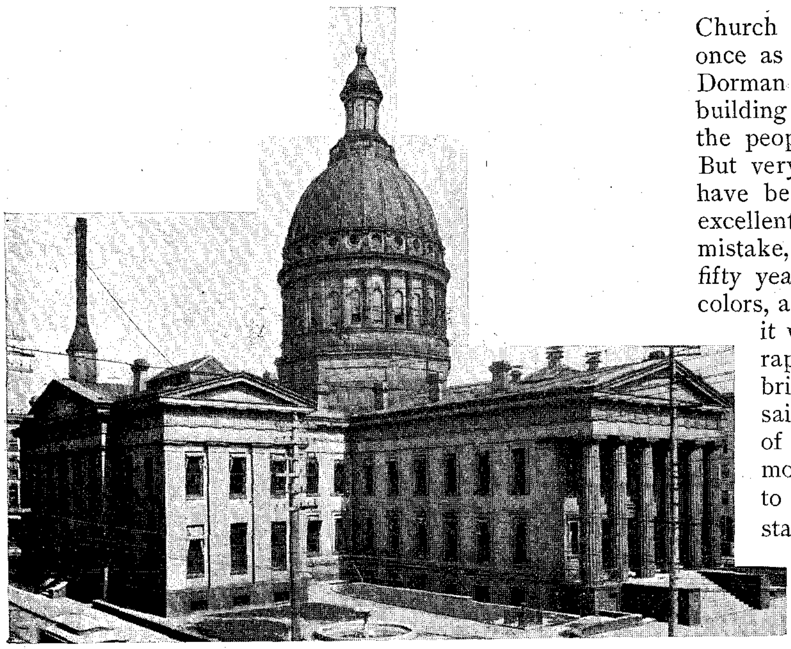
Rev. W. G. Eliot, D.D.


Wayman Crow

George E. Leighton
Late President of the Commercial Club of St. Louis

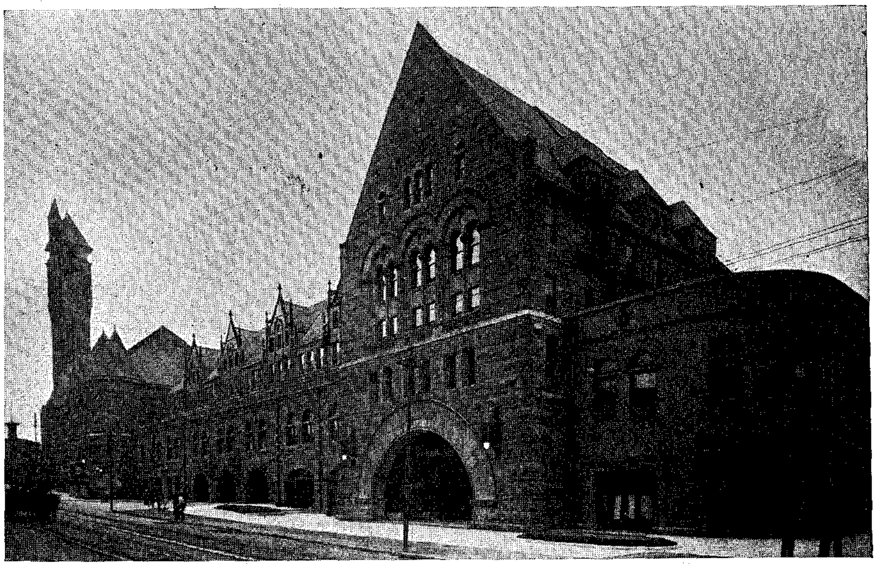

Charles Nagel
President of the Council

Rev. W. W. Boyd

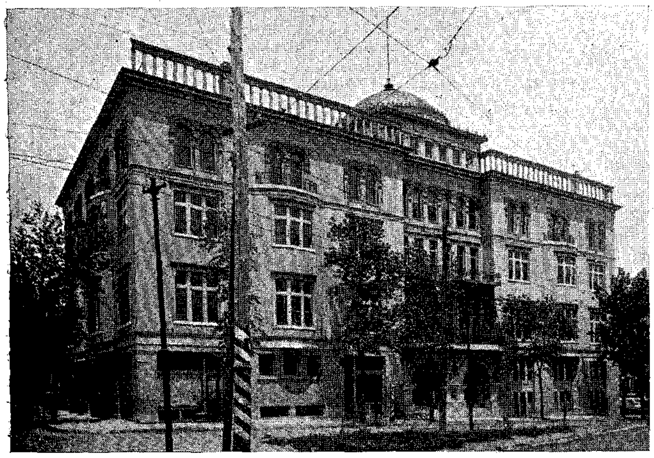


ST. LOUIS COURT-HOUSE—A TYPE OF THE OLD ARCHITECTURE

masters. The finest work of the celebrated Wimar is to be found here, together with interesting examples from the brush of the man who exceeded, in pure native genius, I think, all other American portrait-painters, Chester Harding. Harding lacked technical education, but he was a brilliant colorist, and possessed a rare faculty for securing likenesses. The Art School, under Professor Ives, is gradually laying the sure foundation for a great public art gallery, and has been instrumental in sending to the art schools of Europe many promising students. In the field of architecture, St. Louis has "suffered many things of many" architects. In its earlier days it adopted for domestic purposes a modification of the stately houses found on the old Southern plantations. Such dwellings were interesting to the eye and suited to our climate. But alongside of these were created a multitude of the ugliest and most uniformly unattractive houses that ever afflicted a patient people. Some of the older public buildings were handsome and interesting. For instance, the dome of the old Court House is dignified and stately, and is made more interesting by interior decorations from the pencil of Wimar, while the Episcopal Cathedral needs but a tower and spire to make it a most acceptable specimen of Gothic work. But, with a few exceptions, the public buildings and churches of St. Louis were depressing in their plainness. About fifteen years ago we enjoyed a radical conversion, architecturally speaking. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, built the Crow Memorial Hall and the Church of the Messiah. The latter was recognized at once as the handsomest building in the city. The Hon. Dorman B. Eaton says it is the handsomest church building on this continent. Since then the demand of the people for architectural beauty has never languished. But very few distinctly ugly buildings, public or private, have been erected. The newer churches are especially excellent. The new City Hall is a serious artistic mistake, but competent judges tell me that, inside of fifty years, when age has partly obliterated its startling colors, and the growing trees have half hidden its shape, it will be quite endurable. As an evidence of our rapidly growing artistic taste I need but give a brief history of one office building. The architect said that he was going to erect a building the like of which could not be found west of New York. He more than redeemed his promise. I do not know to what school this building belongs. It bore a startling resemblance to the stately ruins of Stonehenge, if that prehistoric pile should be restored by the plentiful use of white pine painted. If architecture is "frozen music," this building might be aptly described as a petrified nightmare. It stood for several years to blast the vision of mankind, and then its ghastly front was voluntarily covered by its owner with a mask of warm and pleasing brick! Domestic architecture is making multitudes of converts every year among us. Few houses, even of the cheapest kind, are being erected simply for shelter. They all bear the touch of real or intended beauty. In its love and appreciation of music, St. Louis reveals the very strong influence of its German population. Its musical conservatories not only furnish the highest type of vocal and instrumental instruction, but the city furnishes a large musical constituency for the support and encouragement of the best quality of classical art. In connection with our annual Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Exposition, we have for six consecutive weeks three daily cheap concerts, aggregating, perhaps, a daily attendance of nearly 10,000 people.



THE ST. LOUIS UNION STATION



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING

CLUBS

St. Louis is well supplied with purely social clubs. The Mercantile is the largest, and has the somewhat unique feature of being open, at all hours and every day, to the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of its members. The Noonday is simply a dining club. The St. Louis Club occupies a very handsome building designed by Peabody and Stearns. The University Club is just about moving its quarters to the western center of population. The Jews have a magnificent club-house in the fashionable part of the town, and the Germania was for a generation the principal German club. Perhaps no organization of like character has done so much and designs to do so much for the better life of the city as the Commercial Club. Our whole system of reconstructed streets was based upon a report offered to this club by Colonel George E. Leighton. The club has shown a profound and intelligent interest in every scheme of municipal and national reform. Colonel Leighton's papers on Currency and Coinage and the National Banking System were models of exhaustive treatment of these vexed questions; while other members have been equally active in giving to the world through this club the fruits of their commercial, political, scientific, and professional studies. But no institution in the city has been more intelligently active in its educational, artistic, scientific, sociological, and philanthropic interests than the Wednesday Club, which is formed and controlled entirely by women. It would require an entire article to do fair justice to this flourishing organization. Suffice to say that in the public and private kindergartens, in the Training School for Nurses, in all the penal and philanthropic institutions, in the art schools, in every place where intelligent and self-denying public spirit is demanded, there you find a representative or a committee of the Wednesday Club.

A UNIQUE CHARITY

St. Louis has one form of beneficence which keeps alive the memories of that bitter civil strife, the perils and hardships and heartburnings of which she felt, perhaps, more than any other city in the land. But that memory is kept green in the blessed spirit of the Gospel. In the early stages of the Rebellion a number of devoted men and women, anticipating the terrible suffering of that unhappy time, formed the Western Sanitary Commission. Under the order of General Fremont, the Commission consisted of James E. Yeatman, Carlos Greeley, Dr. J. B. Johnson, George Partridge, and Dr. Eliot. Contributions of money and sanitary stores passed into the hands of the Commission amounting to more than $4,000,000. At the close of the war Mr. Greeley, the Treasurer, held about $230,000, which, by judicious investment, was increased to $335,000. Of this amount about $86,000 went to the purchase and maintenance of the Soldiers' Orphan Home, and about $15,000 to the support of soldiers' orphans who were not in the Home. These contributions were strictly germane to the object for which the fund was created. In the further discharge of its trust the Commission gave $7,800 to the Female Guardian Home, $13,000 to the Woman's Christian Home, $9,000 to the Workingwoman's Home, $13,000 to the Nurses' Training School, $7,500 to the Provident Association, $14,000 to the Colored Orphans' Home, $22,800 to the Memorial Home for the Aged, $30,000 to provide scholarships especially for the children of soldiers in Washington University and $10,000 towards its Sustentation Fund, and $18,000 to the Lincoln Freedman Monument Fund. This leaves a permanent fund of $50,000. The administration of this money for all noble purposes remains in the hands of the Commission, of which the revered James E. Yeatman is still the head. A story of rare and touching interest is attached to the last contribution mentioned in the list. Soon after the murder of Abraham Lincoln, Charlotte Scott, an emancipated slave, gave her former master, then a Union refugee from Virginia, the sum of five dollars, her first earnings as a free woman, begging that it might be used "to make a monument to Massa Lincoln, the best friend the colored people ever had." This money was sent to General T. H. C. Smith, who forwarded it to Mr. James E. Yeatman, with this letter:

James E. Yeatman, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—A poor woman of Marietta, O., one of those made free by President Lincoln's proclamation, proposes that a monument to their dead friend be erected by the colored people of the United States. She has handed to a person in Marietta five dollars as her contribution for the purpose. Such a monument would have a history more grand and touching than any of which we have account. Would it not be well to take up this suggestion, and make it known to the freedmen?

Yours truly,

T. H. C. Smith.

St. Louis, April 26, 1865.

The suggestion was acted upon, and nearly $17,000 was received from the colored people. This sum was put to interest. In 1869 Dr. Eliot was in Florence, where he saw in the studio of Thomas Ball a group in marble representing the Emancipation Act. Dr. Eliot told the touching story of the poor colored woman, and Mr. Ball generously agreed to have the group cast in bronze, charging only for the actual labor of the Munich foundry. In the original group there was the ideal figure of a slave. This was changed, at Dr. Eliot's suggestion, and in the noble work as it now appears in Washington is the "counterfeit presentment" of Archer Alexander, the last slave ever captured in Missouri under the Fugitive Slave Law. Archer was for many years a consistent member of the Church of the Messiah, whose noble pastor had rescued him from the house of bondage, and made him the representative of his race in a work which commemorates the noblest deed done by his country's noblest man.

The Ground-Robin

By Richard Burton

From a low birch-tree just outside my window,
Here in the wind-fresh green New Hampshire country,
All through the day, and even at the nightfall,
Cheery, distinct, his heart a home for hope,
His throat full swollen with desire of music,
A little ground-robin sits and sings,
Symbol of summer, neighbor dear to me.

I never hear his note in other places;
But when June comes, and I return to live
Among the birches and memorial pines,
Lo, faithful to the tryst, alert and buoyant,
His strain familiar greets my welcoming soul,
And seems the type of all time-keeping things,
Rebuking chance and change. Illusion sweet
Uprises with the sound: of all the birds
I know, this songster speaks most plain to me,
Making impermanence a very myth.

So carol on, ground-robin! each green year
I listen for you, and 'twould be a grief
Beyond mere words, some June, some fragrant morrow,
To sit and hearken by the open window
In vain, for in a flood of fond regret
Would come a sense of loss, of unrequited
Love, of faith broken at length, of fickle
Friendship, and joy too beautiful to last:
Sing on, ground-robin, sing!

Bits of Wisdom

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in this faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

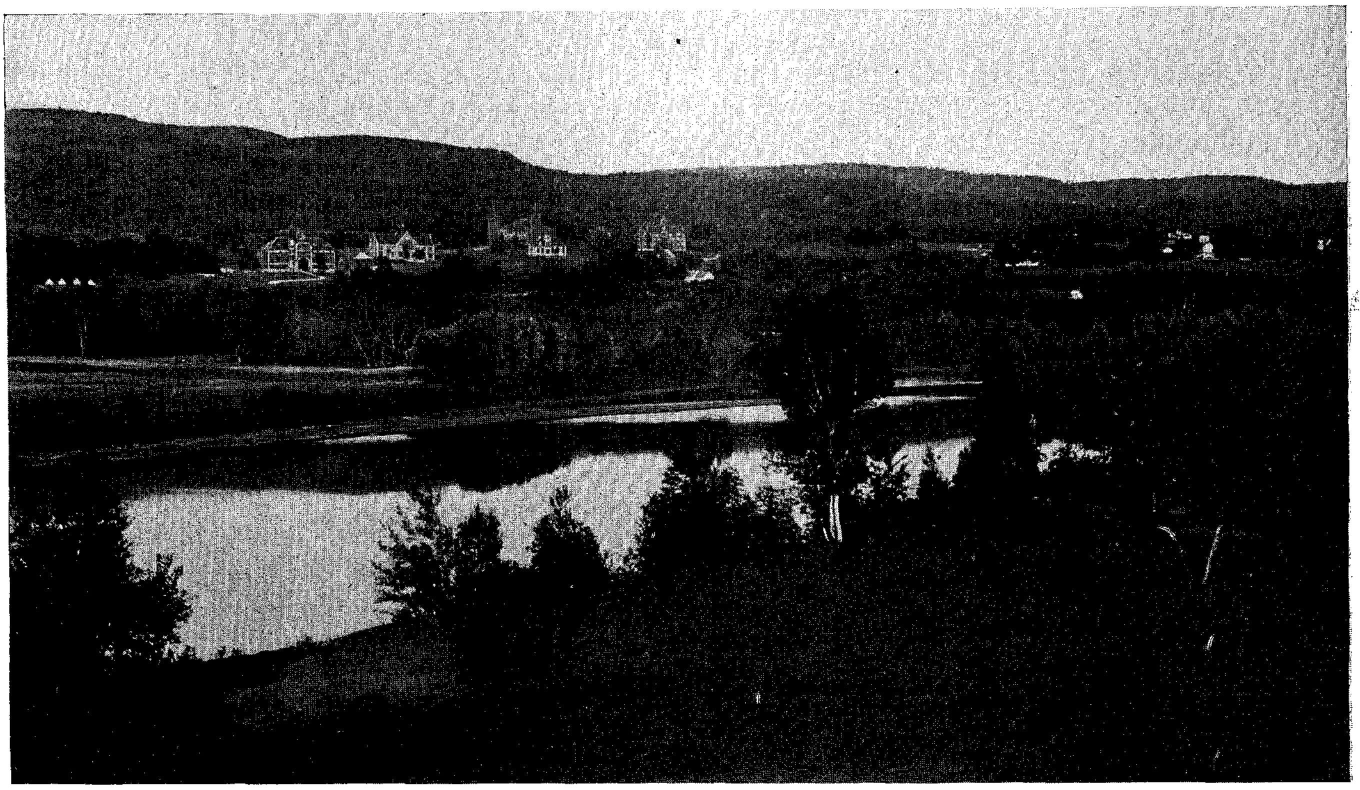
An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is, like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty.—*Bishop Butler.*

Of an idle, unrevolving man destiny can make nothing more than a mere enameled vessel of dishonor, let her spend on him what coloring she may. Let the idle think of this.—*Carlyle.*

A hundred years hence what difference will it make whether you were rich or poor, a peer or a peasant? But what difference may it not make whether you did what was right or what was wrong?—"*Architects of Fate.*"

He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.—*De Foe.*

Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."



THE NORTHFIELD SEMINARY GROUNDS

Moody the Evangelist

By the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, D.D.

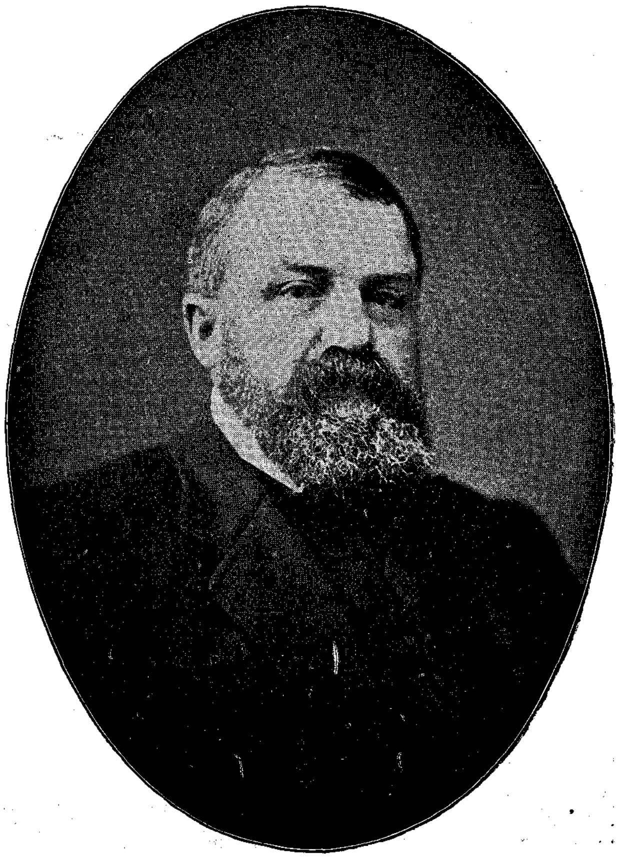
Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London

AN American judged from an Englishman's standpoint may, by some, be expected to receive but scant justice; as, unfortunately, the idea has of late become prevalent that the two nations do not understand each other, and that neither can rightly appreciate the other. A more foolish—we might say fatal—notion could hardly be set on foot, and the sooner it is confined to its proper "limbo" the better. Who *should* be able rightly to estimate or appraise the virtues and faults of their fellow-men if Americans and Englishmen cannot do this for one another? Cousins—may we not say brethren?—by birth; speaking one language; inheriting common traditions and customs; trained in similar habits of life; approximating ever more and more closely to one another through the advances of science and the general habits of society; and, above all, enjoying, for the most part, the greatest and most glorious advantage of an open Bible, and of the blessed religion deduced therefrom; and yet having, what so few European nations enjoy, the opportunity of judging one another from a distance, and of considering one another's merits or demerits without reference to national rivalries (either in politics or in social matters), none should, we imagine, be better able to do justice to one another than members of the English and American nations.

Strange, therefore, as it may appear at first sight to the American readers of this journal that an Englishman should have been asked to survey an American work, and a clergyman of the Church of England to write upon an American evangelist, who (though with a wondrously universal spirit of brotherhood toward all Protestant churches) yet distinctly claims to be a Congregationalist, it may, after all, be considered, we hope, that, so far as opportunities of observing Mr. D. L. Moody have been given to him, the writer of this article *can* do justice to the great American preacher and organizer whom Northfield and Chicago both claim as *their* evangelist.

In no sense is it proposed to offer a new biography of Mr. Moody. Already a number of these exist, and the columns of a weekly periodical like The Outlook may hardly offer space for any but the briefest sketch of such a man, whose life from its very commencement has been filled with both incident and interest. The object with which we here call attention to Mr. Moody is that, as his work has now been carried on for what is called "a generation," the general bearings of that work and its prospects of enduring may be calmly and faithfully considered by the public.

All work must be initiated by an individual man, but all works do not prove to be really great, nor do they

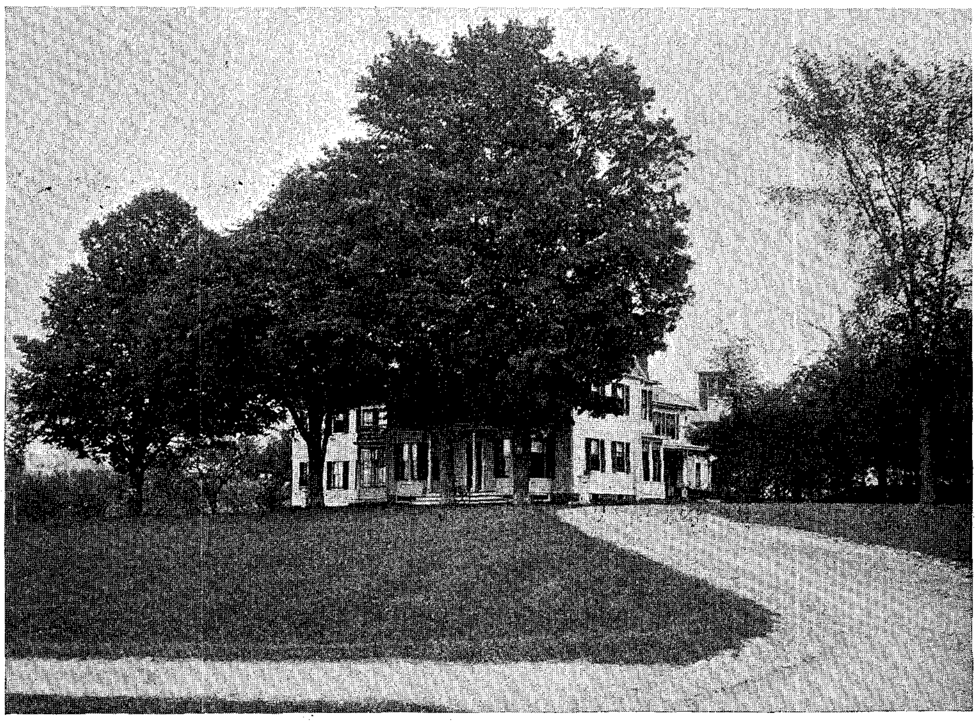


D. L. MOODY

stand the test of time; while of the individuals who initiate works in this world, few indeed live long enough to allow of their works being tested by the crucial test of time, and fewer still of those who survive to see the works which they initiated become effective and powerful have that real greatness of soul which will enable them to let the works be spoken of as "great" while they themselves remain "small," and are content to remain exactly what they were at the beginning—viz., mere instruments whom God is pleased to adopt and employ, and who never think of claiming either credit or glory for themselves. Wherever the instrument has been exalted, even in the smallest degree, then, and to that extent, the work has proportionately suffered. This is acknowledged, theoretically, by all, and yet whither shall we turn to discover more than one in a thousand who can see great results from their works without claiming greatness for themselves? This seems to be the touchstone of human effort upon earth; and, judged by this standard of excellence, few indeed can bear the scrutiny even of their faulty comrades in the struggle.

NORTHFIELD CAMP

The first thing which strikes the observant visitor to Northfield, East Massachusetts, is that the whole place is governed by one dominant mind, and exists as a township for one definite purpose. Other places are known for their natural attractions, and people confessedly visit them for the sake of enjoying these attractions. Surely Northfield stands out pre-eminently among the townships of America as one of the most beautiful spots in the "Home" States of the East. The Connecticut River, flowing between Northfield and Mount Hermon, gives both grace and beauty of a remarkable kind to the whole valley. The magnificent avenue which runs for one and one-half miles through the township gives one of the finest drives that can be seen in any land—the long line of villas lying on either side of the avenue makes the place an ideal residence for the wealthy and the weary—and yet, of all this, the visitor hears and thinks little, until he finds how it enhances the delights of his visit; but what he does hear and think of is that Northfield, with its neighboring settlement of Mount Hermon on the west bank of the Connecticut, is, in its present condition, practically the creation of one man, and a place where everything, spiritual, social, and material, is literally made to subserve the one end for which that man lives and works without ceasing—viz., the glory of God in the saving of souls, by bringing them to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. To this one single law of life there is hardly an exception; for, while there are both a Unitarian church and a Roman Catholic church in Northfield, and some of the inhabitants are, of course, busily occupied with agriculture and trade, there is one man who confessedly dominates the place by his purposes; and, while Unitarians and Roman Catholics are, of course, engaged in their own works, and seeking to advance their own principles, so completely has D. L. Moody won his way into the hearts of his own townspeople that, instead of bitter opposition to his institutions and to his work, the stranger hears of nothing but love and good will, even from those who do not agree with him doctrinally and theologically.



THE MOODY HOME

Of Mr. Moody's work as an evangelist in every part of the world, or of his grand educational establishments at Northfield and Mount Hermon, it is not the writer's province to speak in detail. The incidents and the statistics connected with these are the common property of all English-speaking people both in America and in Europe. That to which we would now call attention are the three remarkable facts, first, that Mr. Moody is more highly esteemed in his own native town than in any other part of the world (if this be possible); secondly, that the wonderful monuments of his shrewdness and determination which greet the stranger in Northfield and Mount Hermon, and which represent an enormous capital in money, with a magnificent display of wisdom in their location and arrangement, are the work of a man who neither professes to have had an education preparing him for such results, nor claims at the present moment to enjoy wisdom or learning qualifying him to build and order such enormous establishments; and, thirdly, that while the whole township would seem to be subject to Mr. Moody's dictation and arrangement, everything is so ordered as to be for the general welfare of the inhabitants, and no one would even dare to suggest that all is not done for the common weal. This one man is the *fons et origo* of the whole; of the social, the moral, and the spiritual prosperity of the place, which are sufficiently marked to provoke the admiration and wonder of any thoughtful visitor to Northfield.

The educational establishments for some seven hundred young ladies and gentlemen, which have already sent forth their thousands of devoted Christian laborers to engage in the Master's work in all parts of the world, are in themselves a very miracle of enterprise, courage, and generosity. The striking methods adopted, both in the education of the students and for the obtaining of money for those who lack means, by utilizing their services during the vacations, when Northfield is filled with visitors for the conventions, are a constant theme of admiration to all who visit the place; while the moral and spiritual force displayed at all points, in the seminaries, in the boarding-houses, in the hotel life, and in the township, is such as not only to compel the admiration of onlookers, but to evoke the declaration of those who study it most closely: "This counsel and this work must be of God and not of men."

AN OUTDOOR MEETING, KINSMAN, OHIO

And yet, one man, D. L. Moody, is evidently the moving spirit of the whole, and he rules "with an iron hand well covered with velvet."

What, then, is the secret of this man's success here in social and educational organization, as everywhere else in evangelistic and spiritual labors? And will the works which have so marvelously grown under his hand stand the test of time and experience?

It may appear presumptuous for a stranger to speak with confidence upon these points, but as the answer to the first question secures a safe answer to the second, we think that even here a stranger may dare to prophesy with boldness.

Mr. Moody's work, whether at home or abroad, has been upreared upon three foundations, which, if anything can make a human work indestructible, will certainly guarantee the after results of his toil.

(1) Every stone has been laid upon the solid basis of prayer. God's grace, God's guidance, God's glory, have been sought without ceasing; and before one step has been taken, whether at Northfield or Chicago, it has been made as certain as prayer and its wonderful answers can make it that the favor of the Almighty was upon the undertaking. Let those who will scoff at the power of prayer, D. L. Moody and his work are magnificent testimonies to all who have the humility and the will to be convinced that God is indeed a prayer-answering God, and that they who put their trust in him shall never lack for wisdom or for supplies. The first power in Northfield is the power of prayer.

(2) Upon every soul with whom Mr. Moody has had to deal he has unceasingly and with courageous determination impressed his simple, scriptural Gospel, which tells of the infinite love of God, of the perfect atonement wrought for sin by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the absolute necessity of a new birth by the Spirit, and of the wondrous power of that Holy Spirit to sanctify all who receive him into their souls.

There is no uncertainty about D. L. Moody's evangelism, and, while Mr. Sankey and others should be never forgotten, but honored and rejoiced over as God's power in song, and while multitudes owe to the sweet singers a debt of infinite gratitude, it is quite certain that the rock upon which all the educational and evangelistic results of these brethren have been based is that solid rock of the atonement, or the Gospel of substitution, so freely announced by Mr. Moody and his co-workers, whether as preachers or as singers of the Gospel.

But not only have the divine aid been sought and the divine counsel been declared

A NORTHFIELD STREET

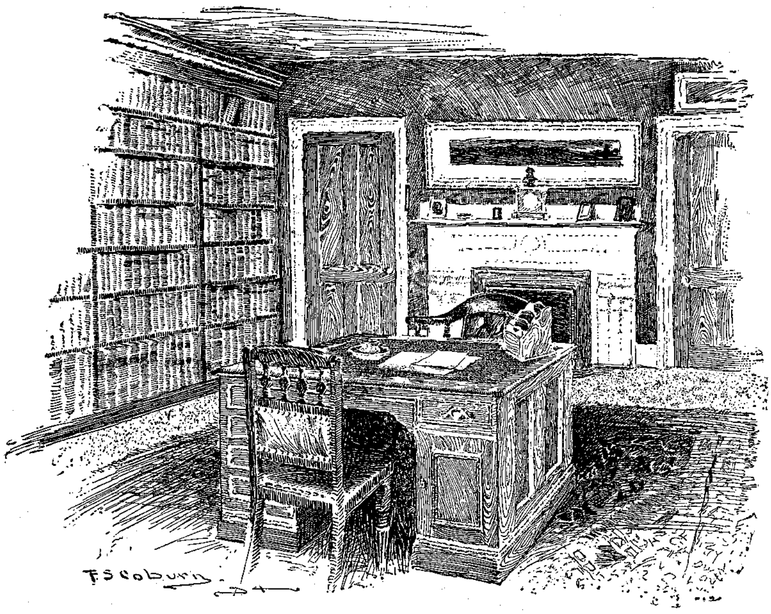
at every step of Mr. Moody's work, but we must, if we would learn the real secret of its success, notice that

(3) The Divine Being has in everything and at all times been acknowledged as the author or giver of all good gifts—wisdom, money, power, and success; as the Lord, for whose glory every step must be taken; and as the Master to whose guidance every detail must be submitted.

At Northfield no man is allowed to glory in men. The work is the Lord's; he must rule at all points, and receive the full honor for all that succeeds. Mr. Moody would be the first to acknowledge that he owes an incalculable debt to his mother and to his wife, who have so long been the blessed home spirits of his life. In Mr. Moody's children the father has living monuments of his wisdom and power in the home—and yet not for one moment, either in Northfield or Chicago, is any ruler acknowledged or spoken of but Jehovah.

These are the secrets or grounds of the success which God has so graciously given to his servant. In this man, to a most remarkable degree, has been exemplified the words of the Apostle to the Corinthians, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

And herein lies the answer to our second inquiry—Will the works now centered in Mr. Moody stand? "Upon this Rock," *i. e.*, upon the true confession of Christ, the Lord Jesus promised that "he would build His Church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it." Whatever else may fail, the Lord's word can never "pass away." Just so long, therefore, as these three great foundations of Prayer, Truth, and Humility are preserved intact in our brother's work at Northfield and Chicago, so long is it certain that "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and to which no sorrow is ever to be added," shall attend and crown the labors of D. L. Moody, to whom we all of us wish a very hearty "Godspeed."

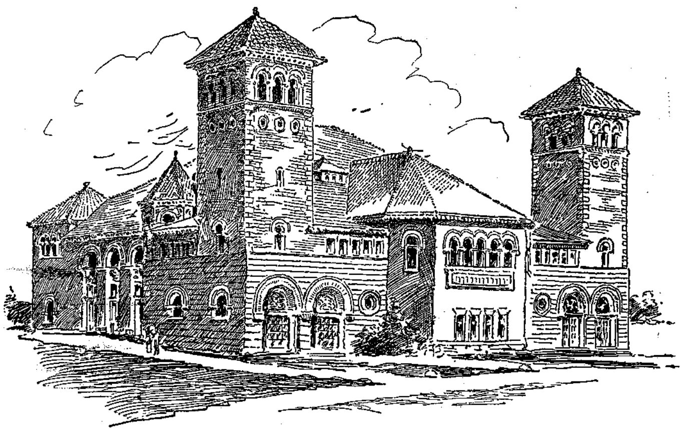


A CORNER IN MR. MOODY'S STUDY

Mr. Moody's Life and Work

By James M. Whiton

Mr. Moody is now fifty-nine years of age. Forty of these years, since he first went to Chicago, have been crowded with labors whose record is writ in lives reclaimed, inspired, ennobled. Farm work invigorated his body; the village school began his education; active life in touch with his fellow-men and their divinest interests gave him his collegiate and university course; his Sunday-school teacher gave his life its direction to the glory of God in the service of men. So crude and immature at first that the church in Boston deferred his admission to membership for a six months' interval, he was presently gathering a Sunday-school of 1,000 in a year, while beginning life in Chicago as a clerk. He at once rented four pews in the Chicago church, and devoted himself to filling them with young men, but was so poor a talker in prayer-meetings that he was counseled to let others talk while he brought in the hearers. Recruiting was his forte. He worked in hard neighborhoods among hard characters. Evenings and Sundays were given to it. He built up a dozen Sunday-schools. During the war he worked efficiently in the Christian Commission. Such was his apprenticeship. By and by a church was built for him, which he filled with the eloquence born of the passion for souls which such an experience had fed and trained.



THE NORTHFIELD AUDITORIUM

The debt which America owed to England for Whitefield, in the last century, was soon repaid with interest by Mr. Moody. In company with Mr. Sankey, he visited Great Britain in 1873. Beginning at Edinburgh, they went through all parts of the country, ending with a thirty days' meeting in London in 1875. Coldness melted before them into enthusiasm. Hostile criticism changed to friendliness and admiration. The crowd was transient; the impression was permanent. Scotland, says Professor Drummond, who followed Mr. Moody's work for a year, would not have been what it is to-day but for him. There are now, in all parts of the United Kingdom, buildings and institutions, both religious and philanthropic, which owe their existence to him. Returning to this country, the two evangelists carried the same work through the large cities, amid the same popular interest.

It is as an evangelist, an itinerant preacher of the Gospel, that Mr. Moody has given the public its superficial impression of him. Among men of that class he has had a wider hearing and influence than any other in our time. The evangelist passes on and leaves to others the care of giving permanence to his work. Mr. Moody has undertaken to do that himself, and in so doing has become an evangelist of a new type. Experience revealed to him the need of an educational basis for permanent religious betterment. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." He had done his work in cities. The sparse population of country districts needed such work just as much. Northfield, in Massachusetts, had been his early home. Here was the place to begin.

Fixing his home here again in 1875, and interesting others in his scheme, the Northfield Seminary for girls was opened in 1879, and in 1881 the Mount Hermon School for boys and young men. The supreme aim in these schools is a Christian character coupled with the general training given in a rural academy. With this end in view, more study is given to the Bible than to any other one book. In its light, as the great Christian classic, all other studies are pursued. In 1892 there were only about 5 per cent. of the pupils in the Seminary who were not communicants. Very many became communicants while in attendance. These two institutions, about four miles apart, on the east and west side of the Connecticut, have now, we believe, about fifty buildings, a thousand acres of ground, more than seven hundred pupils, and far more applicants than they have room for. Pupils come to Northfield mainly from the States and Canada. In Mount Hermon many races and nationalities have been represented. Their graduates are found in many homes and many vocations; many enter college; many become teachers and missionaries.

Besides these two academical schools, Mr. Moody has established two others of a semi-professional kind. The Bible Institute in Chicago, for men and women, was opened in 1889; the Northfield Training School, for women, in 1890. The object of these is to raise up trained Christian workers for service among the unchurched, the poor and outcast, both in cities and in country districts. All four of Mr. Moody's schools are characteristically Bible schools, but in these two about half of the whole time is devoted to Bible study, with a view to its effect upon those who live by it, and on those whom they can reach and help thereby. Practical service in various kinds of mission work is joined with this as a course in "Gospel clinics," and in the Training School instruction is given in the fundamental domestic arts. From the Institute 167 students have become pastors; 103, missionaries of various kinds; 103, evangelists; 161 are studying theology or medicine in preparation for pastoral or missionary work.

MR. MOODY'S MOTHER

Thus magnificently has Mr. Moody multiplied himself as no other evangelist ever did. It is his maxim, "Better set ten men to work than do the work of ten men." It is truly said that "no other living man has done so much to set so many other people to work and develop latent talents and powers."

To set these four schools on foot, and meet the requirements of their rapid growth, large giving has been necessary. Mr. Moody makes large givers, and is a royal giver himself. He was obliged to print his hymn-book at his own expense, because no publisher would take the copyright gratis. It has yielded him a fortune, and this has all been turned in to meet the expenses of this educational work, which still outgrows his resources. It also requires first-class executive ability to be such an organizer. Mr. Moody ranks as high in the qualities of insight, promptness, and energy, which make great administrators of business, as in those which make the successful evangelist. Of these he gave a splendid demonstration in the organizing, financing, and direction of the six months' evangelistic campaign in Chicago during the World's Fair. And yet no man ever had a more humble estimate of himself. If he can get others to speak, he prefers to listen.

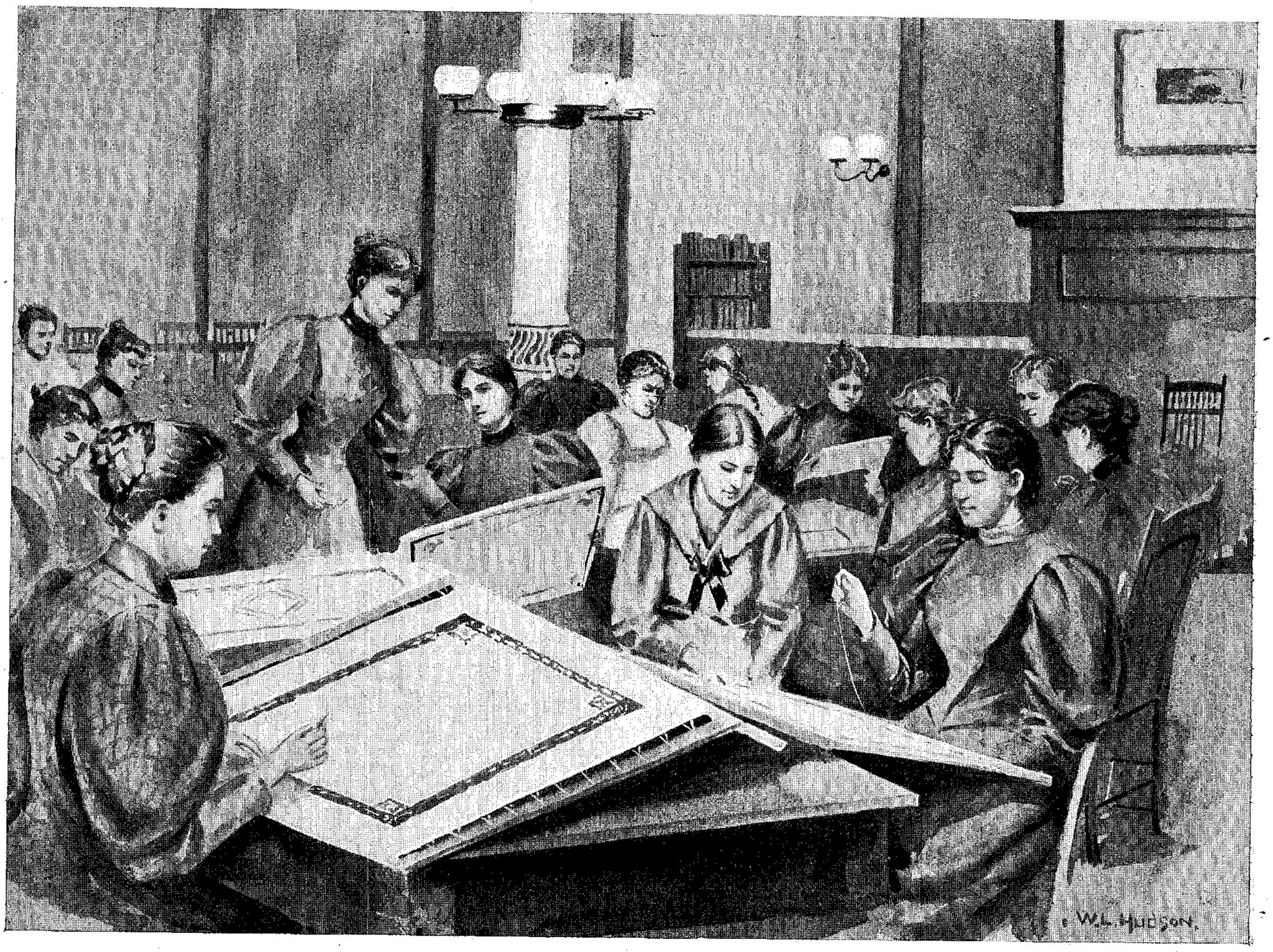
He values the printed page also, and has been busy with his pen in producing quite a library of books and booklets, some two dozen in all, some of which have sold far above a hundred thousand copies. What General Booth's books are for his Army, these are for the host whom Mr. Moody has inspired. Some of them have been translated into Swedish, German, and Danish-Norwegian. Nor are they allowed to wait for buyers. He has organized a Colportage Association to spread the sale of these and similar books. The profits support the workers in their work. One book in the list is especially characteristic of the man—the Northfield edition of Bagster's Bible, specially prepared according to Mr. Moody's suggestions for the use of his students.

But no account of Mr. Moody's wide-branching organization of his work would be complete without mention of the Bible conventions held yearly at Northfield. What the Chautauqua assemblies have been to students in the Chautauqua courses, these summer Bible-schools have been to those who have been taught and trained in Mr. Moody's lines. Here, where some of the ablest men in the various churches are brought together to discourse on the vital themes of Biblical teaching, is the home hearth where their bond of union is strengthened, a focus of fresh inspiration for intelligence and for zeal.

Those who attribute a certain decline of popular interest in Mr. Moody's preaching to the theological changes which are going on seem to us mistaken. As to this, the observations are in point which a distinguished Unitarian of the radical school, the Rev. W. C. Gannett, made in 1877: "Not all men carry ideas, not all men carry feelings, which can be moved by a word said to them in common; but every man who goes to the Tabernacle carries a conscience, and knows what Moody means when he says straightforwardly: 'You are a sinner; you need cure, you feel mighty little power to cure yourself; there's a power that can cure you; lay hold of it—here it is—and be well.' He knows what he is talking about, and you know too, be the doctrine what it may. Two or three great moral facts of religion, phrased in the Christian symbols, are there. The fact of sin, the need of a changed heart, of a new birth, the sure moral judgment, the possibility of forgiveness, the strength that comes to the penitent—this you and I know all about, though our symbols for it are different."

The "Andover Review" remarked in 1891 that a new era in evangelism began with Mr. Moody. The older evangelists dwelt alternately upon the Sovereignty of God and the responsibility of man. But "Moody virtually established a new school by making prominent the love of God. The safeguard to his preaching lay in its intensity."

The love of man has been as permanent in Mr. Moody's life as the love of God has been in his preaching. In his early Sunday-school work a score of poor children, it is said, would appear at his shop in a body to be provided with new shoes. He haunts the railroad station at Northfield to welcome newcomers at the term opening. When his Roman Catholic neighbors were building a church he subscribed to it, and gave them an organ, requited by them with a gift of building-stone for his school extension. Loving and beloved, no man of our time, it has been said, "has done so much to unite man with man, break down grudges and sectarian barriers, harmonize diverse views and dispositions, and raise money for other people's enterprises."



YOUNG WOMEN'S SEWING CLUB—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE

The Institutional Church and its Work

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

THE Institutional Church stands for a form of religious activity developed during the last ten years, which, although still in its infancy, promises to play a potential part in the solution of many of the problems that press upon modern society. It magnifies the personal element, and aims to minister to the social, physical, and mental as well as the religious wants of those whom it seeks to reach. Its doors are open seven days in the week, and in its most ambitious form it has in its care, and as a part of its regular work, institutions, social, amusemental, educational, and evangelistic, for the ministry to the whole man. It had its birthplace in New York, and has reached its most perfect development here, especially in churches that by reason of their location face the pitiful conditions of life in the poorer portions of the city.

St. George's Episcopal Church, situated on the edge of the crowded East Side, was the first to enter the field, and the story of what it has accomplished therein is a most interesting and impressive one. Next door to the church edifice on Stuyvesant Square, but fronting on East Sixteenth Street, stands its Memorial House, a roomy structure whose five floors are admirably adapted to the work in hand, and serve as a center of social life. On the fifth floor are a large reception-room and the private apartments of the assistant clergy, four in number, who make their home in the building. The floor below is given up to club-rooms for men and to a gymnasium. On the second and third floors are the chapel and Sunday-school, while the ground floor contains eight large rooms used on Sunday for primary and infant classes and on other days for club and kitchen-garden work. It is the aim of St. George's to extend the hand of helpfulness to every one who suffers for the need of it, and, the Memorial House having already been found inadequate to the needs of its rapidly growing work, the church multiplies its influence by working from other centers. Opposite the Memorial building is the Deaconess House, and over on Avenue A are mission rooms used during the week for a large kindergarten. Further down-town are the Old Epiphany House and the Essex Street Community House.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, pastor of St. George's, thinks the

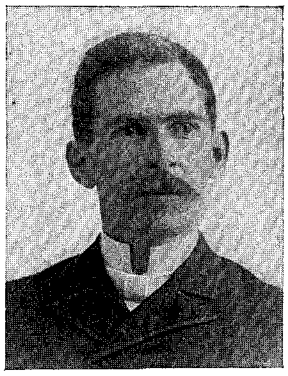
CARPENTER CLASS AT ST. GEORGE'S EVENING INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL "supremely important work of the Christian Church to-day is to make man acquainted with man," for "in studying man we most learn to know God. In serving man we serve our Father. In saving man we are in abiding relationship with our Saviour." These words indicate the character of the work at St. George's. The most earnest efforts are devoted to the children, reached through the kindergarten and the boys' and girls' clubs, in which every helpful means is made use of to gain and hold the interest of the members. In the Battalion Club, made up of youths from fifteen to eighteen years of age, military and athletic exercises are introduced, while a Men's Club of several hundred members forms the last link in the chain by which the church tries to guard the boy against adverse influences and help him to the right kind of manhood.

Rev. David H. Greer
St. Bartholomew's Church (P. E.), New York

Similar methods are applied in the work for the girls, and the other branches of the church's activity leave scarcely any side of life untouched. Among other things, it supports a cottage at Rockaway Park, and last summer gave over 12,000 persons an outing by the sea. But in some respects the most interesting and suggestive phase of its work is the Industrial School which it maintains in East Eleventh Street. Opened in 1892, this school has from the first gained steadily in scope and influence. Only carpentry and drawing were taught in the beginning, but soon plumbing, printing, and telegraphy were added, and manual training for boys as yet too young to essay the trades. Now two hundred and fifty boys work six nights a week in the school, and as many more regret that lack of room deprives them of the benefit of the instruction given there. Many of the pupils are employed during the day, but gladly work at the trade-school benches at night, that they may soon be able to earn an artisan's wages. The directors of all the classes are experts in their respective lines, and the instruction given is of the best. Proofs are not wanting that the boys know its value. In 1894 three scholarships were awarded in the New York Trade School. The recipients, however, declared that they learned more in St. George's school, and last year the scholarships were refused, the winners preferring to remain in the Eleventh Street institution.

Rev. R. H. Conwell
Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Everett D. Burr
Ruggles Street (Baptist) Church, Boston, Mass.


Rev. R. Albertson
Lagonda Ave. Congregational Church, Springfield, Ohio

Rev. Henry H. Kelsey
Fourth Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.

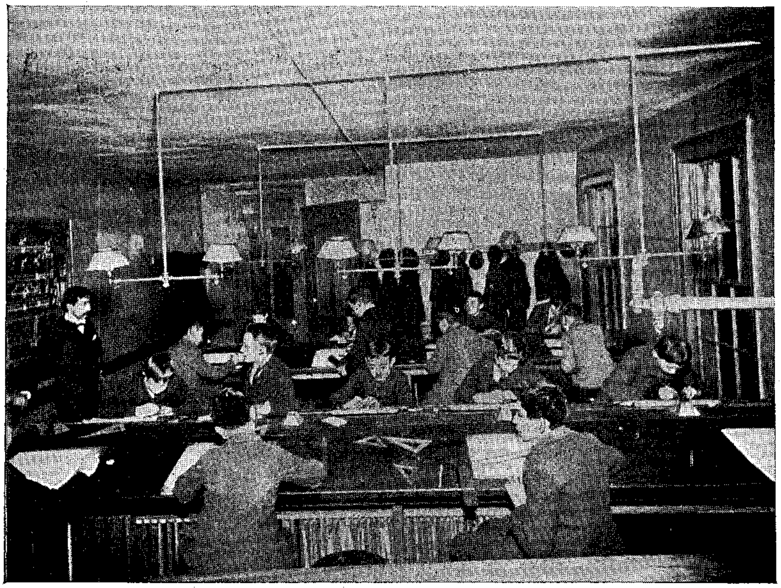
St. Bartholomew's (Dr. David H. Greer, rector) claims second place among the institutional churches of New York. Its activities are even more varied than those of St. George's. It maintains a splendidly equipped parish mission-house, and conducts, among other things, a loan bureau, which advances money to deserving people on their furniture at a low rate of interest, thus standing between them and the usurers that abound in every large city; an Oriental mission for the education of members of the Asiatic races; a rescue mission for the reclamation of fallen men and women; a lodging-house for deserving men; a kitchen where meals and cooked food and groceries are sold in bulk at actual cost to the poor; an employment bureau; a fresh-air mission that annually does a great work among the poor children of the East Side; a farm near Bridgeport, Conn., where hundreds of children are cared for every summer; and a cottage at the seaside for the accommodation of forty children. To these are to be added a penny provident fund and kindergarten; a comprehensive system of tenement-house visitation; sewing, cooking, and physical culture classes for women and girls; an eye and ear dispensary, and a surgical clinic; clubs for boys and girls, each with over 1,000 members; depots for the free distribution of coal, wood, and clothing; a boys' military brigade and industrial school; a well-stocked library, and a fine gymnasium.

Columns would be required to deal adequately with these several agencies for good, but all agree in one thing, and that is in giving help only to those who help themselves. The meals furnished are good and cheap, but they are not free, and there are nominal dues for membership in all the clubs and organizations. Dr. Greer exercises a general supervision over all the work, and there are five assistant rectors and a large number of lay helpers. The loan bureau, by reason of its novel character, has attracted much attention, but in the amount of direct good accomplished is easily superseded by the employment bureau and the surgical clinic. The employment bureau was organized two years ago, and the fact that it finds employment on an average for 250 persons every month shows what a power it has become. Five people give their entire time to its affairs. They canvass, personally, by letter, and through the newspapers, for both employees and situations for them in factories, stores, boarding-houses and hotels, and on farms. No distinctions are made among applicants for work, and they embrace men and women of almost every nationality and belief. The clinic is composed of three divisions—the medical and gynecological division, the surgical clinic, and the night clinic for diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. More than 7,600 patients received treatment in the first two divisions last year. In the third division there were treated 3,145 new patients, each patient making an average of eight visits. These patients were questioned in every case, and it was found that they were unable to pay a doctor for services, and in the majority of cases could not attend institutions whose sessions were held in the daytime, as they were compelled to work then.

Prominent among the other institutional churches of New York City are the Judson Memorial Baptist Church in Washington Square, and the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. A peculiar interest attaches to the first named from the fact that it is a monument to Adoniram Judson, the pioneer missionary, and contributions for its erection have come from Baptists all over the country. The location is a strategic one for influencing and upliting lower New York, and the church, under the direction of Dr. Edward Judson, prosecutes a work as many-sided as it is admirable. The westerly half of the handsome edifice is devoted to a home for twenty-four children, and to a large apartment and boarding house which yields the church a handsome revenue. The

YOUNG WOMEN'S COOKING CLASS—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE

easterly half includes an auditorium devoted exclusively to worship; a memorial hall used for Sunday-school and week-night services, and for lectures, concerts, and social gatherings; and young men's headquarters, consisting of social and reading rooms, library and gymnasium, open every night. Classes in physical culture for children and adults of both sexes, a day nursery and kindergarten, a large and well-drilled choir of one hundred voices; a dispensary, to which come scores of applicants every week, a nominal charge of ten cents being remitted when patients are unable to pay; fresh-air and flower missions for the sick and disabled; sewing-classes and mothers' meetings, with talks on domestic hygiene, are features of the work prosecuted by this broad and progressive church. During the winter months much relief is extended to the poor, often as many as fifty or seventy-five persons applying for help in a single afternoon.

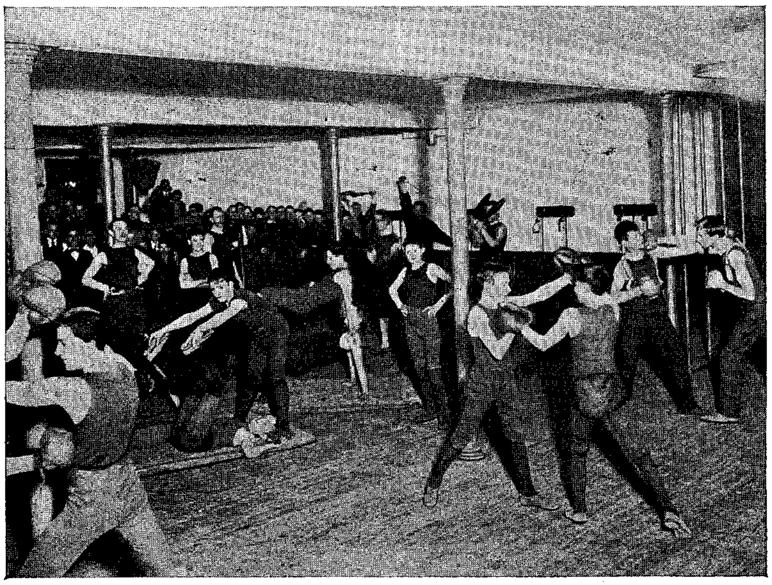


CLASS IN MECHANICAL DRAWING AT ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL

The Collegiate Church carries on its work in the new memorial building of the Helping Hand Association in West Fifty-fourth Street, which it has leased for a period of eight years, and which is perfectly adapted to the task in hand. In the basement are a gymnasium, drill-room, baths, and a bowling-alley. On the ground floor is an audience-room, with a seating capacity of about five hundred. On the second and third floors are apartments for a boys' club, girls' club, sewing-school, and library. The weekly calendar begins on Monday afternoon with a cooking-class for women and a meeting of the Junior C. E. Society. On Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons a kitchen-garden class receives instruction. A junior club for boys meets Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening there is a military drill for the older boys and a meeting of a junior club for girls. On Wednesday evening there is a social gathering for boys and girls, with an interesting programme of music and recitations made up of volunteer talent. Thursday afternoon is devoted to a mothers' meeting, and the evening to a meeting of the girls' club. On Saturday morning there is a sewing-class for girls and boys, and on Saturday evening the girls' club holds its second meeting for the week. The boys' club, a flourishing organization, meets every night in the week, and the gymnasium, baths, and bowling-alleys are always crowded. An active though not obtrusive missionary impulse is noted in all branches of the work.

A word should also be given, in passing, to the work of the Helping Hand, which is carried on under the same roof. This Association aims to improve the condition of the poor women of the district in which it works, and it accomplishes its mission by means as simple as they are effective. Every Friday afternoon from two hundred to three hundred women meet at the rooms of the Helping Hand to sew, and to obtain articles of wearing apparel, and tickets for coal, groceries, and other necessities, which are sold to them at cost. Each woman is paid thirty-six cents for her afternoon's work, this sum being credited on a card and the workers being paid with the garments they make and with groceries. A salaried visitor keeps the Association in close personal touch with those whom it aims to benefit, and the plans for future work include a day nursery and temporary lodgings for the needy and friendless. Opposite the building which bears its name the Helping Hand owns and conducts a model tenement-house, supplied with all modern improvements, in which apartments are rented to respectable applicants at very moderate prices.

The Jersey City Tabernacle (John L. Scudder, pastor) is one of the oldest institutional churches outside of New York. The distinctive feature of its work is the People's Palace, opened five years ago, and providing facilities for amusement and profit, such as baths, bowling, amateur theatricals, billiards, a temperance bar, military drill for both sexes, physical culture classes with a fine gymnasium in which to work, and educational and industrial classes. In summer outdoor sports

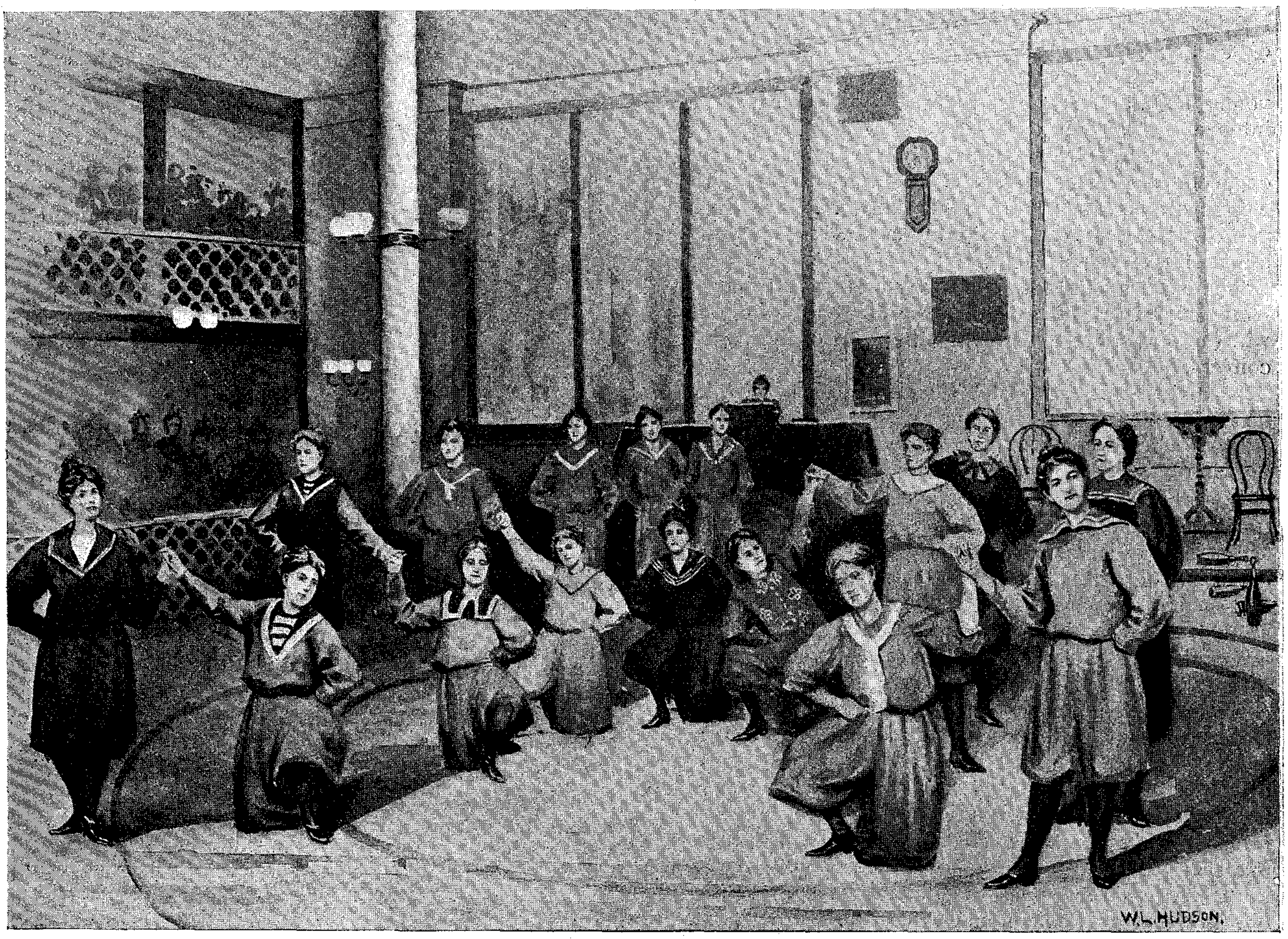


THE GYMNASIUM CLASS—HELPING HAND ASSOCIATION sports are projected and indulged in by pastors and officers, as well as by the young men, while for the women there are cooking-schools, mothers' meetings, sewing-classes, and kindred attractions.

Other admirable examples of the institutional church in cities of moderate size are the Fourth Church of Hartford, Conn., and the Pilgrim Church of Worcester, Mass. The work begun in Hartford some ten years ago by the pastor, Dr. Graham Taylor, and continued by his successor, the Rev. H. H. Kelsey, includes the Yokefellows' Band, a most efficient instrument for reaching and holding men, and a thorough system of visitation. While the church is made the social and religious center, much is done outside in the maintenance of cottage meetings and neighborhood missions, and in sustaining open-air preaching during the summer, the Hartford Seminary students and professors co-operating heartily in the work. The institutional work of the Pilgrim Church began in 1887 with a boys' club, to which have since been added other social, athletic, literary, and religious associations, composed of boys, girls, and adults. A gymnasium with baths, a reading-room with games and familiar practical talks, a sewing-school and kitchen-garden for girls, and industrial classes for boys are distinctive features of the work.

However, in the number and importance of its institutional churches, Boston, as might be expected, is the city which most closely rivals New York. Two of the Boston churches, Berkeley Temple and the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, especially merit notice. An important feature of the work prosecuted by Berkeley Temple (the Rev. C. A. Dickinson, pastor) is an organization called the Young Men's Institute, which has literary, industrial, and physical culture departments, and a lecture and entertainment course. A well-stocked reading-room is open at all hours, and an excellent parish library furnishes additional reading matter. But its temperance guild is in some respects the most interesting branch of the Institute. Large numbers have been redeemed from drinking habits through its agency, and its efforts are now supplemented by an asylum at Westminster, Vt., where those addicted to liquor, morphine, and tobacco receive scientific treatment. The proceeds of this asylum are devoted to a near-by orphanage, wherein waifs from the city slums receive all the advantages of a city home. At Westminster the Temple also supports a vacation home for working-girls, while from its church kitchen in Boston hot coffee and rolls are supplied daily to the teamsters who congregate in the neighborhood. The Temple's work for women and girls is carried on by an organization called the Dorcastry. The Temple also supports a kindergarten, which meets every morning except Saturday, and in which some fifty little folks, for whom a lunch is provided, are trained in all the lines of domestic service usually taught in such schools. The Ruggles Street Baptist Church (the Rev. E. D. Burr, pastor) works on lines somewhat different from but no less fruitful than those followed at the Temple. It probably does more than any other church in Boston in relief lines, regularly assisting hundreds of families with food and clothing. During 1895 over two thousand six hundred patients were treated at its dispensary. On its medical staff are nine physicians, with an apothecary and a dentist.

Other noteworthy institutional churches are the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, O.; Plymouth Church, Milwaukee; People's Church, St. Paul; Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia; and the Lagonda Avenue Church, Springfield, Ohio. The more familiar name of Grace Baptist Church (the Rev. R. H. Conwell, pastor) is the Temple, and its most conspicuous feature is Temple College. Two thousand pupils attend it, and have completed instruction in a broad range of studies. The allied departments enroll enough more students to swell the total to 3,500. A new building connected with the Temple is the home of a network of organizations, including musical and other associations, and a woman's congress of household science and art. The Samaritan Hospital accommodates twenty patients, and the Young Men's Congress, organized on the basis of the Federal Congress, discussing the same subjects and governed by the same rules, meets weekly.



YOUNG WOMEN'S PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—SMOLDERING FIRES

It is the right of every Scot—secured to him by the Treaty of Union and confirmed by the Disruption—to criticise his minister with much freedom, but this privilege is exercised with a delicate charity. When it is not possible for a conscientious hearer to approve a sermon, he is not compelled to condemnation. "There wes naething wrang wi' the text" affords an excellent way of escape, and it is open to suggest efficiency in another department than the pulpit. "Mister MacWheep michtna be a special preacher, but there's nae doot he wes a graund veesitor." Before Carmichael left the West Kirk, Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship as an assistant, a worthy elder called to bid him good-by, and spoke faithfully, to the lad's great delight.

"You have been very acceptable, wonderfully so for a young man, and we shall follow your career with much interest. It is right, however, to add, and you will accept this in a right spirit, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people, but by your visiting. Your sermons are what I might call . . . hazy—you will get a hold of the truth by and by, no doubt—but you have a gift for visitation."

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a workingman, who referred with enthusiasm to the edifying character of the assistant's conversation.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael juist terrible, for he wud come in on a forenicht an' sit, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gudeman by the 'oor. He wes the maist divertin' minister a' ever saw in the West Kirk."

It will be evident that Carmichael's visitation belonged to a different department of art from that of Dr. Davidson. He arrived without intimation, by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting-jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and Carmichael plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record, and still told by the surviving remnant of his flock, that on various occasions and in the course of pastoral visitation he had turned the hay in summer, had forked the sheaves in harvest-time, and sacked the corn for market, and had driven a gudewife's churn. After which honorable toil he would eat and drink anything put before him—except boiled tea, against which he once preached with power—and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire, telling tales of ancient history, recalling the old struggles of Scottish men, describing foreign sights, enlarging on new books, till he would remember that he had only dropped in for an hour, and that two meals must be waiting for him at the manse. His visits were understood to be quite unfinished, and he left every house pledged to return and take up things at the point where he had been obliged to break off, and so he came at last in this matter of visitation into a condition of hopeless insolvency. His adventures were innumerable and always enjoyable—falling off the two fir-trees that made a bridge over our deeper burns, and being dried at the next farm-house—wandering over the moor all night and turning up at a gamekeeper's at daybreak, covered with peat and ravening with hunger—fighting his way through a snow-storm to a marriage, and digging the bridegroom out of a drift—dodging a herd of Highland cattle that thought he had come too near their calves, or driving off Drumsheugh's polled Angus bull with contumely when he was threatening Mrs. Macfadyen. If he met the bairns coming from school, the Glen rang with the foolery. When Willie Harley broke his leg, Carmichael brought his dog Jackie—I could tell things of that dog—and devised dramatic entertainments of such attraction that Jamie Soutar declared them no better than the theater, and threatened Carmichael with a skep of honey as a mark of his indignation. As for the old women of the Glen, he so got round them that they would gossip with him by the hour over past days, and Betty Macfarlane was so carried by the minister's sympathy that she brought out from hidden places some finery of her youth, and Carmichael was found by Miss Carnegie arranging a faded Paisley shawl on Betty's shoulders. And was it not this same gay Free Kirkman who trained an eleven to such perfection on a field of Drumsheugh's that they beat the second eleven of Muirtown gloriously?—on which occasion Tammas Mitchell, by the keenness of his eye and the strength of his arm, made forty-four runs; and, being congratulated by Drumtochty as he carried his bat, opened his mouth for the first time that day, saying, "Awa wi' ye!"

So it came to pass that, notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Bibical criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man; and Dr. Davidson, lighting upon him in Hillocks' garden, with the family round him full of joy, would threaten him with a prosecution for ecclesiastical poaching under the Game Laws, and end by insisting upon his coming to dinner at the manse, when he might explain his conduct. Drumtochty loved him for his very imperfections, and follows his career unto this day with undying interest, recalling his various escapades with huge delight, and declaring to strangers that even in his callow days they had discovered that Carmichael was a preacher.

Carmichael had occasional fits of order, when he repented of his desultory ways, and began afresh with much diligence, writing out the names of the congregation with full details—he once got as far as Menzies before he lost the book—mapping the parish into districts, and planning an elaborate visitation. It may have been an accident that the district he chose for experiment embraced Tochty Lodge—where the Carnegies had just settled—but it was natural that his first effort should be thorough. There were exactly ten Free Kirk families from Tochty Lodge eastward, and some of these still speak with feeling of the attention they received, which exceeded all they had ever known before or since.

"It wesna that he sat sae lang as a've heard o' him daein' in the heich Glen, but it wes the times he cam'," Mrs. Stirton used to expatiate, "maybe twice a week for a month. He hed a wy o' comin' through Tochty Wood—the shade helpit him tae study, he said—an' jumpin' the dyke. Sall, gin he didna mak a roadie for himsel' through the field that year! A' wudna say," she used to add in a casual tone, "but that he micht hae gi'en a cry at the Lodge, but he cudna dae less, passin' the door."

Carmichael was astonished himself at the number of times he was obliged to see General Carnegie on business, of one kind or another. Sometimes it was about the Flower Show, of which the General had become a patron; sometimes it was the Highland Games, when the General's help would be of so much use; sometimes it was the idea of repairing the old bridge; sometimes—and Carmichael blushed when it came to this—to get the General's opinion on a military question in the Bible. The least he could do in laying such a tax on a good-natured man was to bring a book for his daughter's reading, or a curious flower he had picked up on the hill, or a story he had heard in his visiting. Miss Carnegie was generally gracious, and would see him on his way if the day were fine, or show him some improvements in the "Pleasaunce," or accompany him to Janet's cottage to have a taste of that original woman's conversation together. It came upon Carmichael at a time that he was, inadvertently, calling too frequently at the Lodge, and for a week he would keep to the main road, or even pass the corner of the Lodge with an abstracted air—

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

for he loathed the thought of being deflected from the path of duty by any personal attraction—and used to change the subject of conversation after Janet had spoken for half an hour on Kate.

People were speculating in a guarded manner regarding the possibility of news, and Janet had quarreled furiously with Donald for laughing such unworthy rumors to scorn, when the parish was almost convulsed by the historic scene in the Free Kirk, and all hope of a romantic alliance was blasted. Archie Moncur, elder, and James Macfadyen, deacon, were counting the collection in the vestibule, and the congregation within were just singing the last service of their first psalm, when General Carnegie and his daughter appeared at the door.

"Has service begun?" whispered Kate, while her father reverently bared his head. "I'm so sorry we are late, but you will let us in, won't you, and we shall be as quiet as mice?"

"A'll open the door," and Archie explained the geography of the situation, "an' ye 'ill juist slip intae the manse pew; it's in the corner, wi' curtains roond it, an' naebody 'ill see ye, naither minister nor people;" and so Carmichael went through the service, and had almost reached the end of his sermon before he knew that Kate was in the church.

She was very conscious of him and keenly observant of every detail—his white silk hood thrown into relief by the black Geneva gown, his fair flushed face touched with tenderness and reverence, a new accent of affection in his voice as one speaking to his charge, and especially she noted in this Free Kirkman a certain fervor and high hope, a flavor also of subtle spirituality, that were wanting in Dr. Davidson. His hair might have been better brushed, and his whiskers were distinctly ragged—but those things could be easily put right; then she tossed her head in contempt of herself. It had come to a fine pass when a girl that had carried her heart untouched through Simla should be concerned about the appearance of a Highland minister. The General was well acquainted with that proud motion, and began to regret that they had come. It was Davidson's blame, who had sent them to hear a good sermon for once, as he said, and now Kate would only find material for raillery. He tugged his mustache and wished that they were again in the open air.

When the sermon came, the occupants of the manse pew composed themselves for fifteen minutes' patient endurance, after the well-bred fashion of their Church, each selecting a corner with a skill born of long experience. They were not, however, to rest in peace and detachment of mind till the doxology (or its corresponding formula in the Scottish Kirk) summoned them back, for this was to be a quite memorable sermon for them and their fellow-hearers and all Drumtochty.

Carmichael had been lecturing through Old Testament history, and, having come to the drama of Elijah and Jezebel, had laid himself out for its full and picturesque treatment. He was still at that age when right seems to be all on one side, and a particular cause can be traced down the centuries in all lands and under all conditions. For the most part of two days he had wandered over the moor in the bright, cold November weather reconstructing the scene in Israel on Scottish lines, and he entered the pulpit that morning charged with the Epic of Puritanism. Acute critics, like Elspeth Macfadyen, could tell from Carmichael's walk down the church that he was in great spirits, and even ordinary people caught a note of triumph in his voice as he gave out the first psalm. For the first few sentences of his sermon he spoke quietly, as one reserving and restraining himself, and gave a historical introduction which allowed the General to revive some ancient memories of India without interruption. But Kate caught the imperial tone of one who had a message to deliver and was already commanding people to listen. She was conscious of a certain anxiety, and began to wish that she were in front and could see his face, instead of only the side of his head. Then Carmichael threw back his hair with the air of one taking off his coat, and plunged the congregation into the midst of the battle, describing Elijah's forgetfulness of self, profound conviction of righteousness, high purpose for his nation and devotion to the cause of Jehovah, till Burnbrae and the Free Kirkmen straightened themselves visibly in their pews, and touching so skillfully on the Tyrian princess in her beauty, her culture, her bigotry, her wiles, her masterfulness, that several women—greatly delighting in the exposure of such a "trimmie"—nodded approval. Kate had never given herself to the study of Old Testament history, and would have had some difficulty in identifying Elijah—there was a mare called Jezebel, of vicious temper—but she caught the contagion of enthusiasm. If the supreme success of a sermon be to stimulate the hearer's mind, then Carmichael ought to have closed at this point. His people would have been all the week fighting battles for conscience' sake, and resisting smooth, cunning temptation to the farthest limits of their lives and in unimaginable ways. Kate herself, although a person quite unaffected by preaching, had also naturalized the sermon in her life with much practical and vivid detail. Carmichael was Elijah, the prophet of the common people, with his simple ways and old-fashioned notions and love of hardness, only far more gentle and courteous and amusing than that uncompromising Jew; and she—why, she would be Jezebel just for the moment, who had come from . . . India into the Glen, and could bring Elijah to her feet if she chose, and make him do her will, and then. . . . The girls in the choir before the pulpit noticed the look on Kate's face, and wondered whether the Carnegies would join the Free Kirk.

Carmichael had an instinct that he ought to fling over the remaining four pages of his sermon and close the service with a war psalm, and he told me when I was staying with him last week that he sacrifices the last head of his sermon almost every Sunday in his city pulpit. But he was only a lad in Drumtochty, and, besides, was full of a historical parallel, which, after a scientific illustration, is most irresistible to a young minister. No one had ever seen it before, but of course Elijah was John Knox, and Jezebel was Queen Mary of Scots, and then Carmichael set to work afresh, with something less than conspicuous success. Scottish people are always ready for a eulogium on John Knox in church, or on Robert Burns out of church, but the Reformer is rather the object of patriotic respect than personal devotion. Netherton snuffed in quite a leisurely way, and the women examined the bonnet of the manse housekeeper, while Knox stood in the breach for the liberties of Scotland, and when Carmichael began to meddle with Mary he distinctly lost the sympathies of his audience and entered on dangerous ground. Scots allow themselves, at times, the rare luxury of being illogical, and one of the occasions is their fondness for Queen Mary. An austere Puritan may prove that this young woman was French in her ways, an enemy to the Evangel, a born and practiced flirt, and art and part in the murder of Darnley. A Scot will not deny the evidence, and if he be thrust into the box he may bring the prisoner guilty, but his heart is with the condemned, and he has a grudge against the prosecutor. For he never forgets that Mary was of the royal blood and a thorough Stuart, that her face turned men's heads in every country she touched, that she had the courage of a man in her, that she was shamefully used, and if she did throw over that ill-conditioned lad, well . . . "Puir lassie, she hed naebody tae guide her, but sall, she focht her battle weel," and out of this judgment none can drive an honest Scot.

"Yon wes a graund discoorse the day, gudewife," Jeems hazarded to Elspeth on the way home, "but a' thocht the minister wes a wee hard on Queen Mary; there's nae doot she wes a Papist, an' micht hae gien Knox a bit twist wi' the screws gin she cud hae gruppit him, but a' dinna like her misca'd."

"A've heard him wi' ma ain ears crackin' her up by the 'oor, an' a' canna mak oot what set him against her the day; but he's young," remarked Elspeth, sagely, "an' wi' his age it's either saint or deevil, an' ae day the one an' the next day the ither; there's nae medium. Noo maist fouk are juist half an' between, an' Mary hed her faults."

"Ma word, Jeems," continued Elspeth, with much relish, "Mary wud sune settled the minister gin she hed been in the kirk the day."

"Aye, aye," inquired Jeems, "noo what hud the hizzie hae dune?"

"She wud juist hae sent for him an' lookit wi' her een, an' askit him what ill he hed at her, an' gin that wesna eneuch she wud hae pit her handkerchief tae her face."

"Of coorse he cudna hae stude that; a' micht hae gien in masel'," admitted Jeems, "but Knox wes stiff."

"Maister Carmichael is no a Knox, naither are ye, Jeems, an' it's a mercy for me ye arena. Mary wud hae twistit Maister Carmichael roond her finger, but a'm judgin' he 'ill catch it as it is afore mony days, or ma name's no Elspeth Macfadyen. Did ye see Miss Carnegie rise an' gae oot afore he feenished?"

"Div ye mean that, Elspeth?" and her husband was amazed at such penetration. "Noo, a' thocht it hed been the heat; a' never held wi' that stove; it draws up the air. Hoo did ye jalouse yon?"

"She wes fidgetin' in her seat when he yokit on Mary, an' the meenut he named her 'our Scottish Jezebel' the Miss rose an' opened the seat door that calm, a' knew she wes in a tantrum, and she gied him a look afore she closed the kirk door that wud hae brocht ony man tae his senses.

"Jeems," went on Elspeth with solemnity, "a' coont this a doonricht calamity, for a' wes houpin' he wud hae pleased them the day, an' noo a'm sair afraid that the minister hes crackit his credit wi' the Lodge."

"Div ye think, Elspeth, he saw her gang oot an' suspeckit the cause?"

"It's maist michty tae hear ye ask sic a question, Jeems. What gared him mak' a hash o' the baptism prayer, and return thanks that there wes a leevin' father, instead o' mither, and gie oot the 103d Paraphrase? Tak' ma word for't, he's wishin' by this time that he'd lat puir Mary alane."

It was just above Hillocks' farm that the General overtook Kate, who was still blazing.

"Did you ever hear such vulgar abuse and . . . abominable language from a pulpit? He's simply a raging fanatic, and not one bit better than his Knox. And I . . . we thought him quite different . . . and a gentleman. I'll never speak to him again. Scottish Jezebel! I suppose he would call me Jezebel if it occurred to him."

"Very likely he would," replied the General, dryly, "and I must say his talk about Queen Mary seemed rather bad taste. But that's not the question, Kate, which is your conduct in leaving a place of worship in such an . . . unladylike fashion."

"What?" for this was new talk from her father.

"As no Carnegie ought to have done. You have forgotten yourself and your house, and there is just one thing for you to do, and the sooner the better."

"Father, I'll never look at him again . . . and after that evening at Dr. Davidson's, and our talking . . . about Queen Mary, and . . . lots of things."

"Whether you meet Mr. Carmichael again or not is your own affair, but this touches us both, and you . . . must write a letter of apology."

"And if I don't?" said Kate, defiantly.

"Then I shall write one myself for you. A Carnegie must not insult any man, be he one faith or the other, and offer him no amends."

So Donald handed in this letter at the Free Kirk manse that evening, and left without an answer:

Tochty Lodge.

Sir: Your violent and insolent attack on a martyred Queen caused me to lose self control in your church to-day, and I was unable to sit longer under such language.

It has been pointed out to me that I ought not to have left church as I did, and I hereby express regret.

The books you were so good as to lend me I have sent back by the messenger.

Yours truly,
CATHERINE CARNEGIE.

When Carmichael called next day, Donald informed him with unconcealed satisfaction that Lord Hay was lunching with the family, and that the General and Miss Carnegie were going to Muirtown Castle to-morrow for a visit; but Janet had not lost hope.

"Do not be taking this to heart, my dear, for I will be asking a question. What will be making Miss Kate so very angry? it is not every man she would be minding, though he spoke against Queen Mary all the day. When a woman does not care about a man, she will not take the trouble to be angry. That is what I am thinking; and it is not Lord Hay that has the way, oh no, though he be a proper man and good at shooting."

CHAPTER XVIII.—LOVESICKNESS

College friends settled in petty lowland towns, and meeting Carmichael on sacramental occasions, affected to pity him, inquiring curiously what were his means of conveyance after the railway ceased, what time a letter took to reach him, whether any foot ever crossed his door from October to May, whether the great event of the week was not the arrival of the bread-cart. Those were exasperating gibes from men who could not take a walk without coming on a coal-pit, nor lift a book in their studies without soiling their hands, whose windows looked on a street and commanded the light of a grocer's shop instead of a sunset. It ill became such miserables to be insolent, and Carmichael taught them humility when he began to sound the praises of Drumtochty; but he could not make townspeople understand the unutterable satisfaction of the country minister, who even from old age and great cities looks back with fond regret to his first parish on the slope of the Grampians. Some kindly host wrestles with him to stay a few days more in civilization, and pledges him to run up whenever he wearies of his exile, and the ungrateful rustic can hardly conceal the joy of his escape. He shudders on the way to the station at the drip of the dirty sleet and the rags of the shivering poor, and the restless faces of the men and the unceasing roar of the traffic. Where he is going the white snow is falling gently on the road, a cart full of sweet-smelling roots is moving on velvet, the driver stops to exchange views with a farmer who has been feeding his sheep, within the humblest cottage the fire is burning clearly. With every mile northward the Glenman's heart lifts; and as he lands on his far-away little station he draws a deep breath of the clean, wholesome air. It is a long walk through the snow, but there is a kindly, couthy smell from the woods, and at sight of the squares of light in his home, weariness departs from a Drumtochty man. Carmichael used to say that a glimpse of Archie Moncur sitting with his sisters before the fire as he passed, and the wild turmoil of his dogs within the manse as the latch of the garden gate clicked, and the flood of light pouring out from the open door on the garden, where every branch was feathered with snow, and to come into his study, where the fire of pine logs was reflected from the familiar titles of his loved books, gave him a shock of joy such as he has never felt since, even in the days of his prosperity.

"The city folk are generous with their wealth," he was saying to me only last week, when I was visiting him in his West End manse and we fell a-talking of the Glen, "and they have dealt kindly by me; they are also full of ideas, and they make an inspiring audience for a preacher. If any man has a message to deliver from the Eternal, then he had better leave the wilderness and come to the city; and if he has plans for the helping of his fellow-men, let him come where he can get his agents and his laborers.

"No, I do not repent leaving the Glen, for the Divine Hand thrust me forth and has given me work to do, and I am not ungrateful to the friends I have made in the city; but God created me a country man, and"—here Carmichael turned his back to me—"my heart goes back to Drumtochty, and the sight of you fills me with . . . longing.

"Ah, how this desiderium, as the Rabbi would have said, comes over one with the seasons as they come and go! In spring they send me the first snowdrops from the Glen, but it is a cruel kindness, for I want to be where they are growing in Clashisgarden. When summer comes, people praise the varied flower-beds of the costly city parks, but they have not seen Tochty woods in their glory. Each autumn carries me to the harvest-field, till in my study I hear the swish of the scythe and feel the fragrance of the dry, ripe grain. And in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach, and can hardly keep pen to paper in this dreary room.

"What nonsense this is!" pulling himself together; "yes, that is the very chair you sat in, and this is the table we stuck between us with our humble flask of Mosel wine of a winter's night . . . let's go to bed; we 'ill have no more good talk to-night."

When he had left me, I flung open my window in search of air, for it seemed as if the city were choking me. A lamp was flaring across the street, two cabs rattled past with revelers singing a music-hall song, a heavy odor from many drains floated in, the multitude of houses oppressed one as with a weight. How sweet and pure it was now at the pool above Tochty Mill, where the trout were lying below the stones and the ashen boughs dipping into the water!

Carmichael once, however, lost all love of the Glen, and that was after Kate flung herself out of the Free Kirk and went on a visit to Kilspindie Castle. He was completely disenchanted, and saw everything at its poorest. Why did they build the manse so low that an able-bodied man could touch the ceiling of the lower rooms with an effort and the upper rooms easily? What possessed his predecessor to put such an impossible paper on the study, and to stuff the room with book-shelves? A row of Puritan divines offended him—a wooden, obsolete theology—but he also pitched a defense of Queen Mary into a cupboard—she had done enough mischief already. The garden looked squalid and mean, without flowers, with black patches peeping through the thin covering of snow, with a row of winter greens opposite the southern window. He had never noticed the Glen so narrow and bare before, nor how gray and unlovely were the houses. Why had not the people better manners and some brightness?—they were not always attending funerals and making bargains. What an occupation for an educated man to spend two hours in a cabin of a vestry with a dozen laboring men, considering how two pounds could be added to the Sustentation Fund, or preaching on Sunday to a handful of people who showed no more animation than stone gods, except when the men took snuff audibly! Carmichael was playing the spoiled child—not being at all a mature or perfect character, then or now—and was ready to hit out at anybody. His bearing was for the first and only time in his life supercilious, and his sermons were a vicious attack on the doctrines most dear to the best of his people. His elders knew not what had come over him, although Elspeth Macfadyen was mysteriously apologetic, and in moments of sanity he despised himself. One day he came to a good resolution suddenly, and went down to see Rabbi Saunderson—the very thought of whose gentle, patient, selfless life was a rebuke and a tonic.

When two tramps held conference on the road, and one indicated to the other visibly that any gentleman in temporary distress would be treated after a Christian fashion at a neighboring house, Carmichael, who had been walking in a dream since he passed the Lodge, knew instantly that he must be near the Free Kirk manse of Kilbogie. The means of communication between the members of the nomadic profession is almost perfect in its frequency and accuracy, and Saunderson's manse was a hedge-side wood. Not only did all the regular travelers by the north road call on their going up in spring and their coming down in autumn, but habitués of the east coast route were attracted and made a circuit to embrace so hospitable a home, and even country vagrants made their way from Dunleith and down through Glen Urtach to pay their respects to the Rabbi. They had careful directions to avoid Barbara—expressed forcibly on five different posts in the vicinity and enforced in picturesque language, of an evening—and they were therefore careful to waylay the Rabbi on the road, or enter his study boldly from the front. The humbler members of the profession contented themselves with explaining that they had once been prosperous tradesmen, and were now walking to Muirtown in search of work—receiving their alms in silence, with diffidence and shame; but those in a higher walk came to consult the Rabbi on Bible difficulties, which were threatening to shake their faith, and departed much relieved—with a new view of Lot's wife, as well as a suit of clothes the Rabbi had worn only three times.

"You have done kindly by me in calling"—the vagabond had finished his story and was standing, a very abject figure, among the books—"and in giving me the message from your friend. I am truly thankful that he is now laboring in iron—did you say?—and I hope he may be a cunning artificer.

"You will not set it down to carelessness that I cannot quite recall the face of your friend, for, indeed, it is my privilege to see many travelers, and there are times when I may have been a minister to them on their journeys, as I would be to you also if there be anything in which I can serve you. It grieves me to say that I have no clothing that I might offer you; it happens that a very worthy man passed here a few days since most insufficiently clad, and . . . but I should not have alluded to that; my other garments, save what I wear, are . . . kept in a place of . . . safety by my excellent housekeeper, and she makes their custody a point of conscience; you might put the matter before her. . . .

"Assuredly it would be difficult, and I crave your pardon for putting you in a . . . difficult position; it is my misfortune to have to-day neither silver nor gold;" catching sight of Carmichael in the passage, "this is a providence. May I borrow from you, John, some suitable sum for our brother here who is passing through adversity?"

"Do not be angry with me, John"—after the tramp had departed, with five shillings in hand and much triumph over Carmichael on his face—"nor speak bitterly of our fellow-men. Verily theirs is a hard lot who have no place to lay their head, and who journey in weariness from city to city. John, I was once a stranger and a wayfarer, wandering over the length and breadth of the land. Nor had I a friend on earth till my feet were led to the Mains, where my heart was greatly refreshed, and now God has surrounded me with young men of whose kindness I am not worthy, wherefore it becometh me to show mercy unto others," and the Rabbi looked at Carmichael with such sweetness that the lad's sullenness began to yield, although he made no sign.

"Moreover," and the Rabbi's voice took a lower tone, "as often as I look on one of those men of the highways, there cometh to me a vision of Him who was an outcast of the people, and, albeit some may be as Judas, peradventure one might beg alms of me, a poor sinful man, some day, and, lo, it be . . . the Lord himself in a saint," and the Rabbi uncovered his head and stood a while much moved.

"Rabbi," after a pause, during which Carmichael's face had changed, "you are incorrigible. For years we have been trying to make you a really good and wise man, both by example and precept, and you are distinctly worse than when we began—more lazy, miserly, and uncharitable. It is very disheartening.

"Can you receive another tramp and give him a bed?—for I am in low spirits, and so, like every other person in trouble, I come to you, you dear old saint, and already I feel a better man."

"Receive you, John? It is doubtless selfish, but it is not given to you to know how I weary to see your face, and we shall have much converse together—there are some points I would like your opinion on—but first of all, after a slight refreshment, we must go to Mains: behold the aid to memory I have designed"—and the Rabbi pointed to a large square of paper hung above Chrysostom, with "Farewell, George Pitillo, 3 o'clock." "He is the son's son of my benefactor, and he leaves his father's house this day to go into a strange land across the sea: I had a service last night at Mains, and expounded the departure of Abraham, but only slightly, being somewhat affected through the weakness of the flesh.

"There was a covenant made between the young man and myself that I should meet him at the crossing of the roads to-day, and it is in my mind to leave a parable with him against the power of this present world."

Then the Rabbi fell into a meditation till the dog-cart came up, Mains and his wife in the front and George alone in the back, making a brave show of indifference.

"George," said the Rabbi, looking across the field and speaking as to himself, "we shall not meet again in this world, and in a short space they will bury me in Kilbogie kirkyard, but it will not be in me to lie still for thinking of the people I have loved.

"So it will come to pass that I may rise—you have ears to understand, George—and I will inquire of him that taketh charge of the dead about many and how it fares with them.

"'And George Pitillo?'

"'Oh, it's a peety you didna live langer, Mr. Saunderson, for George hes risen in the warld and made a great fortune.'

"'How does it go with his soul, Andrew?'

"'Well, you see, Mister Saunderson, George has had many things to think about, and he maybe hasna hed time for releegion yet, but nae doot he 'ill be turnin' his mind that wy soon.'

"Poor George, that I baptized and admitted to the sacrament and . . . loved, exchanged his soul for the world."

The sun was setting fast, and the landscape—bare stubble fields, leafless trees, still water, long, empty road—was of a blood-red color fearsome to behold, so that no one spake, and the horse chafing his bit made the only sound.

Then the Rabbi began again.

"'And George Pitillo—tell me, Andrew?'

"'Weel, ye see, Mister Saunderson, ye wud be sorry for him, for you and he were aye chief; he's keepit a gude name an' workit hard, but hesna made muckle o' this warld.'

"'And his soul, Andrew?'

"'Oo, that's a' richt; gin we a' hed as gude a chance for the next warld as George Pitillo, we micht be satisfied.'

"'That is enough for his old friend; hap me over again, Andrew, and I'll rest in peace till the trumpet sound.'"

Carmichael turned aside, but he heard something desperately like a sob from the back of the dog-cart, and the Rabbi saying, "God be with you, George, and as your father's father received me in the day of my sore discouragement, so may the Lord God of Israel open a door for you in every land whithersoever you go, and bring you in at last through the gates into the city." The Rabbi watched George till the dog-cart faded away into the dusk of the winter's day, and they settled for the night in their places among the books before the Rabbi spoke.

It was with a wistful tenderness that he turned to Carmichael and touched him slightly with his hand, as was a fashion with the Rabbi.

"You will not think me indifferent to your welfare because I have not inquired about your affairs, for indeed this could not be, but the going forth of this lad has tried my heart. Is there aught, John, that it becometh you to tell me, and wherein my years can be of any avail?"

"It is not about doctrine I wished to speak to you, Rabbi, although I am troubled thus also, but about . . . you remember our talk."

"About the maid, surely; I cannot forget her, and indeed often think of her since the day you brought me to her house and made me known unto her, which was much courtesy to one who is fitter for a book-room than a woman's company.

"She is fair of face and debonair, and surely beauty and a winsome way are from God; there seemed also a certain contempt of baseness and a strength of will which are excellent. Perhaps my judgment is not even because Miss Carnegie was gracious to me, and you know, John, it is not in me to resist kindness, but this is how she seems to me. Has there been trouble between you?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Rabbi; I have not spoken one word of love to . . . Miss Carnegie, nor she to me; but I love her, and I thought that perhaps she saw that I loved her. But now it looks as if . . . what I hoped is never to be," and Carmichael told the Queen Mary affair.

"Is it not marvelous," mused the Rabbi, looking into the fire, "how one woman, who was, indeed, at the time little more than girl, did carry men, many of them wise and clever, away as with a flood, and still divideth scholars and even . . . friends?

"It was not fitting that Miss Carnegie should have left God's house in heat of temper, and it seemeth to us that she hath a wrong reading of history, but it is surely good that she has her convictions, and holdeth them fast like a brave maid.

"Is it not so, John, that friends and doubtless also . . . lovers have been divided by conscience and have been on opposite sides in the great conflict, and doth not this show how much of conscience there is among men?

"It may be this dispute will not divide you—being now, as it were, more an argument of the schools than a matter of principle; but if it should appear that you are far apart on the greater matters of faith, then . . . you will have a heavy cross to carry. But it is my mind that the heart of the maiden is right, and that I may some day see her . . . in your home, whereat my eyes would be glad."

The Rabbi was so taken up with the matter that he barely showed Carmichael a fine copy of St. John of Damascus he had secured from London, and went out of his course at worship to read, as well as to expound with much feeling, the story of Ruth the Moabitess, showing conclusively that she had in her a high spirit, and that she was designed of God to be a strength to the house of David. He was also very cheerful in the morning, and bade Carmichael good-by at Tochty woods with encouraging words. He also agreed to assist his boy at the Drumtochty sacrament.

It was evident that the Rabbi's mind was much set on this visit, but Carmichael did not for one moment depend upon his remembering the day, and so Burnbrae started early on the Saturday with his dog-cart to bring Saunderson up and deposit him without fail in the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty. Six times that day did the minister leave his "action" sermon and take his way to the guest-room, carrying such works as might not be quite unsuitable for the old scholar's perusal, and arranging a lamp of easy management, that the night hours might not be lost. It was late in the afternoon before the Rabbi was delivered at the manse, and Burnbrae gave explanations next day at the sacramental dinner.

"It wes juist ten when a' got tae the manse o' Kilbogie, an' his hoosekeeper didna ken whar her maister wes; he micht be in Kildrummie by that time, she said, or half wy tae Muirtown. So a' set oot an' ransackit the pairish till a' got him, an' gin he wesna sittin' in a bothie takin' brose wi' the plowmen an' expoundin' Scripture a' the time.

"He startit on the ancient martyrs afore we were half a mile on the road, and he gied ae testimony aifter anither, an' he wesna within sicht o' the Reformation when we cam tae the hooses; a'll no deny that a' let the mare walk bits o' the road, for a' cud hae heard him a' nicht; ma bluid's warmer yet, freends."

The Rabbi arrived in great spirits, and refused to taste meat till he had stated the burden of his sermon for the morrow.

"If the Lord hath opened our ears, the servant must declare what has been given him, but I prayed that the message sent through me to your flock, John, might be love, for it hath pleased the Great Shepherd that I should lead the sheep by strange paths. But I desired that it be otherwise when I came for the first time to Drumtochty.

"Two days did I spend in the woods, for the stillness of winter among the trees leaveth the mind disengaged for the Divine word, and the first day my soul was heavy as I returned, for this only was laid upon me, 'vessels of wrath, filled for destruction.' And, John, albeit God would doubtless have given me strength according to His will, yet I was loth to bear this awful truth to the people of your charge.

"Next day the sun was shining pleasantly in the wood, and it came to me that clouds had gone from the face of God, and as I wandered among the trees a squirrel sat on a branch within reach of my hand and did not flee. Then I heard a voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

"It was, in an instant, my hope that this might be

God's word by me, but I knew not it was so till the evangel opened up on all sides, and I was led into the outgoings of the eternal love after so moving a fashion that I dared to think that grace might be effectual even with me . . . me.

"God opened my mouth on Sabbath on this text unto my own flock, and the word was not void. It is little that can be said on the sovereign love in two and it may be a few minutes; yet even this may be more than your people are minded to bear. So I shall prætermit certain notes on doctrine; for you will doubtless have given much instruction on the purposes of God, and very likely may be touching on that mystery in your action sermon."

During the evening the Rabbi was very genial—tasting Sarah's viands with relish, and comparing her to Rebecca, who made savory meat, urging Carmichael to smoke without scruple, and allowing himself to snuff three times, examining the book-shelves with keen appreciation, and finally departing with three volumes of modern divinity under his arm, to reinforce the selection in his room, "lest his eyes should be held waking in the night watches." He was much overcome by the care that had been taken for his comfort, and at the door of his room blessed his boy: "May the Lord give you the sleep of His beloved, and strengthen you to declare all His truth on the morrow." Carmichael sat by his study fire for a while and went to bed much cheered, nor did he dream that there was to be a second catastrophe in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty which would be far sadder than the first, and leave in one heart lifelong regret.

[To be continued in the September Magazine Number of The Outlook]

The Religious World

The Doshisha We have already referred to the deplorable separation of the Japanese Doshisha University at Kyoto from the American Board and from all missionary influence. The Doshisha's declaration of absolute independence has been followed by the withdrawal of the missionary teachers in the University. The Trustees of the University, in severing relations with the American Board, expressed a desire that the missionary teachers should continue as instructors independently of the Board. In reply to this request a letter was sent in behalf of the Kyoto Mission signed by the Rev. Dr. M. L. Gordon and the Rev. Dr. D. W. Learned. In this letter, which was dated July 7, the missionaries, after acknowledging their appreciation of the Trustees' request, stated that "the American Board has specifically instructed us to enter into no relations in which we cannot be recognized as its representatives. Even in the absence of specific instructions we should hesitate to assent to such form of co-operation. If this were an entirely new work, having no history behind it, the case might be different; but, in view of your action severing the Doshisha from its long-standing relationship to the American Board, it would certainly be difficult to avoid at least the appearance of disloyalty to our constituency." Further on in the letter the root of the trouble is plainly disclosed. The writers of the letter call attention to the fact that the present teachings of the University differ from those of Dr. Neesima, who was in the closest sympathy with American Christianity. The letter continues:

> The fundamental principles of Christianity which were dear to the hearts of the founders of the Doshisha, to those of the American friends who have given hundreds of thousands of dollars for its support, and which are not less dear to the hearts of all the members of our Mission, have been publicly assailed or ridiculed from the platform of the school and in other ways by persons connected with the administration; and instead of listening to the earnest protests of the representatives of the Mission, the Trustees have in one instance promoted an instructor who had been most active in assailing the Christian foundations of the institution to be the head of an important department. The Trustees have also said in their reply to the Report of the Deputation, in speaking of our protests, "the opinions considered so heretical by the missionaries are not so in our view." There is no longer a unity of feeling and practice in the Doshisha, but rather such a wide divergence as to render it unwise, if not impossible, for any of our number to continue to co-operate as teachers in the school.

The English paper published in Yokohama called the "Japan Gazette" declares that many Japanese Christians are as dissatisfied with the present teachings of the Doshisha, and that eight Japanese professors have left the school within a year. Somewhat cynically, the "Gazette" comments as follows:

> There is a story current,something of a chestnut in flavor, of two people entering into partnership, the one providing brains and the other money. At the end of a certain period the man with the brains had become possessed of the money, while the other was poor in pocket but rich in experience. The letter of the American missionaries to the President of the Board of Trustees of the Doshisha University brings the story to remembrance. The Japanese have the University; the missionaries are sadder, we hope they are wiser, men.

Brotherhood of the Kingdom The fourth annual Conference of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom was held this year at Marlborough-on-the-Hudson, from August 3 to 8, inclusive. There is no diminution of interest nor lessening of attendance as the years go on. The papers that were read and the addresses made this year showed maturity of thought and that fearless conservatism which results from undivided purpose and painful experiential tests. The hours of the sessions of the Conference were apportioned to the intellectual and the devotional life of the Christian social movement. The Conference began with a reception and devotional meeting on Monday evening. The meeting was conducted by Mornay Williams, Esq. On Tuesday morning, after a devotional and a private business meeting, the public session was held at 10:30, and at this hour the initial paper of the Conference was read by the Rev Charles James Wood, of York, Pa. The topic of the paper was "The Historic Manifestation of Christ." The purpose of the paper was to demonstrate that neither the Incarnation nor the social religion of Jesus were fortuitous, but had been eternally and essentially necessary, because always divine. Some attempt was made to show also the applications of this principle to life and literature, to commerce and politics. In the afternoon of the same day the Hon. Ernest Howard Crosby read a paper on "The Reign of Peace." Mr. Crosby is the most practical exponent of Tolstoï. Mr. Mornay Williams touched upon some legal points in a paper on "The Relation of the Citizen of the Kingdom to Existing Laws." Mr. Williams's ideas gave rise to some debate. Upon Wednesday and Thursday, respectively, came essays on "The Teaching of Christ" and "The Works of Christ," the former by the Rev. E. T. Root, of Baltimore, and the other by the Rev. Professor W. N. Clark, of Colgate University. As interpretations, both essays were suggestive and inspiring. Professor Nathanael Schmidt's study of "Hosea" gave the results of scientific untrammeled scholarship brought to bear upon social ethics. The Rev. Mr. Rauschenbush followed with a paper on "The Modern Apostolate." In line with this were the addresses of Superintendent J. W. Kelgaard and Director George T. Powell. These were given at the large farmers' meeting on Saturday afternoon. On Friday the subjects were prospective and the speakers prophetic. The Rev. J. W. Hegeman was singularly original in writing of "The Future Christ." The Rev. Messrs. W. T. Brown wrote on "Christian Union," and E. E. Chivers, D.D., on "The Social Aspects of World Missions." It is to be hoped that the essays presented at this Conference may find publication, for they were careful, thoughtful, practical, and original. The Brotherhood is made up of Christian thinkers and workers from all the Churches, and its platform is roomy—even the Christian Socialist is allowed to utter his thoughts. It is reverently fearless. The effect of its work in the way of social amelioration, both in New York and elsewhere, has already been felt by those who guessed not the source. While determined in its propaganda, it never forgets to keep the spiritual life nourished. It is constantly at its work in the endeavor to realize its ideals. For bare intellectualism it has no sympathy, yet the intellectual quality of the Conferences is exceptionally fine and strong.

Education in the Y. M. C. A. The prospectus of the New York Young Men's Christian Association for the coming year, which has just been issued, contains some novel features and indicates that a strong effort is to be made to lay additional stress on the educational side of the work of the Association. A new step, and one of great importance, is the introduction of the syllabi of educational courses adopted by the International Committee. This forms a basis for uniform study on a distinct line of development. It is expected that 25,000 students will be enrolled this year under the different branches of the International League. An advisory board has furnished syllabi of topics in ten selected subjects; examinations are to be held simultaneously in all the branch Associations, and certificates will be issued which will be accepted in place of examination by the training-schools in Springfield and Chicago, and probably, later on, by other institutions. In short, the Association is planning systematically to make its educational courses approach more nearly to university work, and to lay down an educational system which shall be comprehensive and of thoroughly practical value.

Brigade Boys' Encampment One of the chief events of the year in the experience of the Boys' Brigade, in the many churches where the order has grown so popular, is the annual encampment of the companies, battalions, or regiments, at the seaside or some other quiet and restful place. Among the many Brigade

Encampments this summer, perhaps none have enjoyed the camp experience more than the one hundred and fifty boys of the United Boys' Brigade in camp at Boynton Beach. They constitute the First New Jersey Battalion of the United Boys' Brigade, and include six companies, three from churches in Jersey City, one from Jersey City Heights, and two from Hoboken, under command of Major Thomas P. Wightman, of Jersey City. They represented two Presbyterian churches, two Reformed churches, and one Methodist church. A large number of visitors have called upon the boys in camp, but their special guest was the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Brett, of the Bergen Reformed Church, who in former camps has so endeared himself to them that when he went to camp they insisted that he should remain with them until they should break camp. This indicates one of the underlying reasons for the organization—the molding influence of good men brought to bear upon the character and life of boys in the Brigade, until they are permanently fixed in good habits of thought and action. The strict observance of the day's routine, including the regular calls and drills of the military camp, morning and evening devotions, domestic duties about their tents, and the general cultivation of the comrade spirit, have a tendency to develop manliness in the boys. Objections are frequently urged against the Brigades on the ground that the order tends to foster the soldier spirit. No doubt the objection is well grounded, but in the hands of skillful managers the order can be made one of the most effective agencies for the training of boys in the arts of peace, the principles of manhood, and the spirit of genuine devotion to the pure and good in religion and life.

Ocean Grove Missionary Anniversary On Saturday and Sunday, August 15 and 16, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held at Ocean Grove, and was largely attended both by visitors and missionaries from the foreign field. The reports of President Mrs. E. H. Stokes, Secretary Mrs. M. S. Wheeler, and Treasurer Mrs. R. Van Kirk were eloquent with the evidences of progress, and were received with delight. The feature of the Saturday afternoon session was a symposium including representatives of various mission countries in their peculiar costumes, led by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, of China. Mrs. S. M. Butler, of India, then delivered an inspiring address on Gospel work in that land. Saturday evening was devoted to an enthusiastic missionary love-feast conducted by Dr. E. H. Stokes, President of the Ocean Grove Association, in which a large audience took part. Sunday was a high day, noted in the annual conventions at Ocean Grove as "Missionary Sabbath." All the services that day were devoted to the cause of foreign missions, and were under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Thousands of people took part in the holiness meeting led by Dr. R. J. Daniels, and the young people's meeting conducted by the Evangelist C. H. Yatman. At the morning service Miss Ruth Marie Sites, recently returned from China, made an address, as also did Miss Marguerite Wong, of Foo Chow, China, the daughter of a high Chinese official, recently converted from Confucianism, who spoke in her native tongue, Miss Sites acting as her interpreter. Several returned missionaries from China, India, and Syria spoke briefly, and Oriental converts, in costume, sang and spoke in their native tongues. At the afternoon meeting twenty returned missionaries occupied the platform, and a collection of about $1,000 was taken in the interest of missions. It was pronounced one of the greatest missionary days in the history of Ocean Grove. Ten thousand people attended the closing services.

Bethany Assembly Encampment The annual encampment of Bethany Assembly for the season of 1896 was held on the beautiful grounds of the Association at Brooklyn, Indiana, twenty miles west of Indianapolis, July 23 to August 17. For many years the Disciples of Christ in Indiana, which is one of their strongholds, have been accustomed to spend three or four weeks in a summer assembly at Bethany Park, considering the interests of the cause of Christ in that State. At first it was simply and only missionary in character; but with the passing years the Assembly has grown into a much wider scope, until it includes many features of entertainment, amusement, and class instruction, the latter of which was added this summer. The encampment which has just closed devoted the first week very largely to Christian Endeavor interests. Professor G. P. Coler, of Ann Arbor, conducted a Christian Endeavor Training-School, and Miss Mattie M. Botler, editor of the "Lookout," lectured each morning to the young people, giving them, in her happy literary style, many valuable lessons. The latter part of the same week was occupied by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which presented an attractive programme, and whose reports told a story full of devotion and success. The second week the Sunday-School Association held a three days' convention; Butler University, located at Irvington, observed "Butler University Day," which is always a time of literary feasting and gladness; and "Christian Union Day" proved that the Disciples have lost none of the old-time zeal in their fervent advocacy of this issue. During this week Dr. B. B. Tyler, of New York, gave six lectures on "Some of the Great Preachers of the Metropolis." The third week was devoted largely to State, general, and foreign missionary matters, and to the Ministerial Association of Indiana. At this time President D. R. Dungan, of Cotner University, favored the preachers with six strong lectures on questions particularly related to their work. There were two series of special lectures each day, besides a number of sacred concerts, in addition to the regular conventions and special day celebrations. The attendance was large from several States, the interest deep, and the results full of promise for greater efficiency in Christian service.

Thirty Years a Prison Chaplain The experiences of the Rev. Dr. Job Bass, the thirtieth anniversary of whose installation as Chaplain of the Kings County Penitentiary, Brooklyn, was celebrated on Sunday afternoon, August 16, is full of pathetic and interesting incidents. At the request of Samuel Booth, then Mayor of Brooklyn, Dr. Bass was in 1866 ordained Chaplain of the Penitentiary at Crow Hill. Previous to his chaplaincy he had charge of several Methodist Episcopal churches in New York, Brooklyn, and New Orleans; and during the Civil War he was Chaplain of the Ninetieth Regiment of New York Volunteers. Since 1865 Dr. Bass has been connected with the City Mission and Tract Society, and has been engaged in many endeavors of a philanthropic and humanitarian nature. He has made a special personal study of hundreds of convicts, with the object of helping them morally and spiritually while in prison, and of providing them with an honest means of living upon their release. He also conducts correspondence for many, acts as banker for others, and in a number of cases has accepted the burden of supporting the families of prisoners. It has been his rule to provide bountiful dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas Day for those families entirely dependent. He says the most interesting class of convicts are the Federal prisoners, of whom there are about 400 at Crow Hill. Among the 700 convicts who attend chapel services regularly, almost every nationality and religious sect under the sun is represented—there are a dozen Jews, one Mussulman, and two Chinamen. Among the Federal prisoners from the mountains of Tennessee, Texas, and the Indian Territory there are some who never saw a Bible until they entered the Kings County Penitentiary. While Dr. Bass would not advocate a term in the penitentiary as the best theological training, it is a fact, nevertheless, that four men who only recently wore the stripes at Crow Hill are now regularly ordained ministers of the Gospel. So unselfish have been the services of Dr. Bass that his friends presented him with a purse of $1,000 as a token of the esteem in which he is held.

A New Departure The wide-awake pastor in a thriving little city of 20,000 people has, according to a Chicago paper, instituted what he calls a "conversazione" in his church, with the primary object of rendering moral and intellectual benefit to the community at large, and indirectly to reach and redeem many of the non-church-goers. His plan is to invite, by printed cards, about two hundred people to the church parlors once a month. The young members of the church are made useful as special distributers of invitation-cards, and have been found quite adapted to the work, which they very much like. The pastor selected those things pertaining to the welfare of the community, and encouraged the utmost freedom of expression of opinion both by those specially invited to speak and those taking part in the general parliament. Special effort was made to secure the attendance of some of the leading labor people, who led in the discussion of the labor unions and their attitude toward organic morality and religion. Such questions as local railway service, the public schools, kindergartens, highways, the public health, and other things in which the community in general are interested were discussed. Several of these parliaments were held during the past winter, with even better results than this sanguine pastor anticipated. We see no reason why this plan could not be made of great service in many churches.

Brief Mention

St. Augustine's Benedictine Priory at Ramsgate, England, has been made an Abbey by the Pope. It is the first Abbey of Benedictines established in England since the Reformation.

Next November the first Catholic Congress ever held in Peru will open its sittings at Lima. A committee, specially appointed by the clergy of the republic, has informed President Pierola to that effect, and he has readily approved the project.

St. Paul's Methodist Church of New York is one of the most desirable pastorates in that denomination in the country, and is now, since the appointment of the Rev. A. J. Palmer as Secretary of the Missionary Society, without a pastor. Considerable interest very naturally is taken in the question of filling the vacancy. Some of the ablest men in the denomination have served St. Paul's.

Books and Authors

Essays on Poetry [1]

When one sets out to criticise the criticisms of poetry, which itself is nothing less than the "criticism of life," he feels that he is dangerously near the performance of that supererogatory work of painting the lily and adorning the rose. The temptation then comes to fortify one's courage by peering into some book of necromancy to find out how to conjure up the shades of Sainte-Beuve and De Quincey, the finest of critics, to serve as protectors on this side and that. The Browning Society was a conspiracy to apotheosize a poet before he was dead. It appears that the poet bore up bravely under the embarrassment; he required only one thing of these open-mouthed devotees—that they should not bother him with inquiries as to whether they were correct in their guesses about his meaning. To find out the poet's meaning was the proper business of the Browning Society, not of Mr. Robert Browning. Clearly the members of this Society have attended strictly to their business, and the balance-sheet, "Browning Studies," shows an opulent percentage on the investment. The book contains over twenty essays upon Browning's poetry, and every paper is worth reading. They will never persuade the world that Mr. Browning always used the poetic form, but they ought to convince the candid mind that he had more poetic thought than any English writer since Shakespeare. Browning, like Shakespeare, was a theologian. When we lay aside our St. Thomas of Aquin, we resort to Robert of Asolando. Most of the essayists of this volume exhibit, however unconsciously, this principal purport of his poetry. Thus we find Professor Corson, who deals with Browning's idea of personality, saying at the start: "A cardinal idea in Browning's poetry is the regeneration of men through a personality who brings fresh stuff for them to mold, interpret, and prove right—new feeling fresh from God—whose life reteaches them what life should be, what faith is, loyalty and simple-mindedness, all once revealed, but taught them so long since that they have a mere tradition of the fact—truth copied falteringly from copies faint, the early traits all dropped away." Mr. Bury, in a carefully written paper, shows how the idea of God is the fundamental point of Browning's thought, and Miss Beale, in her paper on the religious teaching of Browning, maintains that it is this idea alone that "first calls out in us the sense of poetry." To illustrate this thesis Miss Beale gives an illuminative analysis of "Saul." Professor (now Bishop) Westcott's paper on "Browning's Views of Life" is not as full as the subject requires, but the author atones in a measure for this lack by some valuable intuitions. And so the book goes on, with a wealth of serious, solemn, and scintillating thoughts that will be valuable for several generations. Most of the essays have the added interest of not being professional criticism, thus lacking that air of perfunctoriness, of editorial omniscience, that cultured *Weltschmerz*, to be found in the columns of literary criticism of most papers.

Professor Walker studies Browning as he does Tennyson and Arnold, according to the process of the intellectual and spiritual evolution of each. He traces the rise of the dramatic method of Browning's thinking to its mergence in the metaphysical in his later poems. Professor Walker therein slightly exaggerates. Mr. Browning himself is always the chief character in his poems; and as life drew toward its close, and as he had solved life's problems to his own satisfaction, his utterances attained a unity that Mr. Walker calls subjectivism. As for Arnold, Mr. Walker's opinion is true enough. Arnold was born into an age too perplexed and anxious for him. Arnold mirrored the minds of "feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days." He had the poetic form of the Greek, more than Tennyson, a preciosity of phrase that speaks at once of desultory reading and privileged classes. The chapters on the influence of science and social agitations over the poetry of Browning, Tennyson, and Arnold are brilliant—in places more brilliant than true. Mr. Walker will at times sacrifice accuracy upon the altar of rhetoric. But this, in literary criticism, the casuist pronounces to be only a venial sin, because it is always occurring.

Mr. Benson's essays on Gray, Bourne, and Marvell are miracles of fine perception and of delicate phrasing. Blake he is not the man to understand, for Mr. Benson has no feeling of mysticism; also the strictures upon Keble's poetry are contrary to the consensus of the wide world. Keble is not a poet's poet; he is dry, he is formal, and at times ridiculous, but is it not true that he reached the heart of the people? Of the poet Gray Mr. Benson writes: "The stately pathos of such a life is indisputable. The pale little poet, with greatness written so largely on all his works, with his keen, deep eyes, the long aquiline nose, the heavy chin, the thin, compressed lips, the halting, affected gait, is a figure to be contemplated with serious and loving interest—spoiled for life, as he said, by retirement. How he panted for strength and serenity! How far he was from reaching either! Yet the bitter dignity of his thought, the diffident and fastidious will, are of a finer type than we often meet with. We cannot spare the men of action, it is true; yet the contemplative soul, with the body so pitifully unequal to sustain its agonizing struggle, is an earnest of higher things. In the valley of shadows he walked, and entered the gate without repining. All are equal there; and the memory that he left, and the characters that he graved on the rock, while they move our pity, stir our wonder too." In its curious felicity this passage might stand face to face and unashamed with pages from the prose of Pater or of Symonds. Mr. Benson has a vocabulary so large as to permit him to express himself accurately; this we say though mindful of Southey's severity towards the Turkish verb. This essayist studies his subjects carefully, and regards form rather than spirit. A sane, reasonable fastidiousness characterizes his criticism. To him life is a choral dance, or a dithyrambic revel, or a courtly minuet, but not "the soul's sphere of infinite images." He sees gracefulness and graciousness in the world, but not Grace, just as one, in fingering one of Bach's fugues correctly, misses entirely the melody.

When we approach Mrs. Belloc, we enter another world—one that has survived from an obsolete social condition. The walls of this garden of hers are perhaps the walls of the Vatican. It is curious to see how her point of view in every one of these sketches is distinctly Roman Catholic. Mary Howitt, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Adelaide Procter, and Manning were "'verts;" most of her other people are of the same denomination. Apart from this unripeness that generally characterizes those who have entered the Roman Church in adult years, Mrs. Belloc's simple biographical sketches are pleasing, for the people that she writes about she for the most part personally and intimately knew, and her revelations of intimate matters carry with them all the charm of any betrayal of confidence. However, all the people are now dead.

Mr. Hallard's essays on French writers are well digested and trustworthy, especially that on Racine. He is not so happy, however, in his criticism of Keats and Swinburne. The essay on De Musset is clever, but, like its subject, a trifle depraved. He reveled in that "twilight where virtues are vices." Touching his earlier poems, Mr. Hallard writes so well that we take his words for an ending: "Heretical as these early poems are, most of them have a sad and tragic ending, by which De Musset did not by any means wish to point a moral, but only to adorn a tale. The sadness is but the luxury of grief which young poets affect. He felt, like Edgar Allan Poe, that love and death are the two most poetical things that be, and so he made his lovers come to dust at the end."

The conclusion that we draw from this survey of our poets is that the world is now too much with them. They have not the leisure to reap the harvest of a quiet eye, but are distracted with the unrest of our days.

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The Outlook has always sincerely welcomed Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's books of poems, because there is genuinely good stuff in his poetry. Now that all his poems are collected into one volume, and published by the Century Company, we hope that they will be even more widely appreciated and read. There is a notable variety of style and sentiment in these pages. Some remind the reader of Browning's thoughtfulness, others are artless and have the free air of outdoor life. "The Cup of Youth" and "François Villon" bear marks of maturity. By the way, the latter poem contradicts the tradition about Villon's death. Dr. Mitchell is dramatic rather than lyric, yet one lyric, "The Mother," is touching and strong in thought as well as sentiment. After all, "The Mother" is dramatic in its idea. The sonnet is not a congenial form for this verse-maker; "the sonnet is a moment's monument," said Rossetti, and he was right. Dr. Mitchell is too reflective for a sonnetteer; the sonnets in this book are fragments of thought rather than the flow and ebb of a single impression. As for the rest, there is a multitudinous felicity of phrasing in his lines. It is to be hoped that the critics, who are said to be minor poets every one, will be benignant to this minor poet, for the sake of "love and the gentle heart."

Sir William Dawson is a plausible writer, and he is painfully orthodox. After reading his latest book, *Eden Lost and Won*, we murmur, as sadly as the poet's advice will warrant, "It might have been." The beauty about the case is that if the higher critics indulge themselves with such utter abandon in conjecture, the conservative has as good a right—and better. Let us direct our chef of the critical cuisine to serve up the goose and the gander with the same sauce. Sir William delights in cataclysms—of the past. They give large room for the excursions of the "scientific use of the imagination," even to the extent of confirming Sir William's rather narrow interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Dr. Paul Haupt, in an exceedingly absurd theory, locates Paradise, according to the geography of 640 B.C., by making the Nile flow across the Red Sea. Sir William locates Eden on the western frontier of Persia. Both savants are deceived by a childish literalism. Next we shall have a map of Asgard, and a verification of the location of the Hesperides, with the precise spot where grows the serpent-guarded apple-tree. Sir William's work is well meant, but is to be classed with the equally well-intentioned efforts of Ignatius Donnelly and Dr. W. F. Warren, who constructs (with the assumption of cataclysms) an equally irrefutable argument to the effect that Eden is situated at the North Pole. Some people like to read books about the Ten Lost Tribes and the Beast of the Apocalypse and the Lost Dauphin and the place of Paradise. They will enjoy this book, which may be obtained of the Fleming H. Revell Company, of this city.

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[1] *Browning Studies*. Being Select Papers by Members of the Browning Society. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.75.

The Greater Victorian Poets. By Hugh Walker. Macmillan & Co., New York. $2.50.

Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Macmillan & Co., New York. $2.

In a Walled Garden. By Bessie Raynor Belloc. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.75.

Gallica, and Other Essays. By James Henry Hallard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.50.

Not until we took up *The Secret of Mankind* did we suspect that mankind had any secret from man. The puzzling thing about the literature of life is that continually man walketh in a vain shadow. This is not intended to be a confession of faith in Berkeleyan metaphysics, but as a sigh of fatigue. Our old men will persist in seeing visions, and our young men in dreaming dreams, and it is all patented and copyrighted. Such is not the customary fashion of the exercise of the vision and faculty divine. It looks darkened by the communal sin. Nevertheless, when we read this portentous work, "The Secret of Mankind," we find that it is an apocalypse that we see before us. In fact, the narrative begins precisely at the article of death. It has not the gracefulness of the "Little Pilgrim to the Unseen," nor the scientific interest of Flammarion's "Stories of Infinity," which it somewhat resembles. Through traveling from planet to planet, and holding sweet converse with Pythagoras, Milton, Laotze, and Napoleon, the author, who is too modest to put his name to his book, like John the Theologian—the author, we repeat, in the ghost-world learned the "secret of humanics." If we told the populace that secret, the populace would not buy the book. As we cannot be sure that the writer will get glory from exposing his vision and revelation, we shall help him to get gain. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Every one knows that Paul Gerhard was the second Luther and a man of amazing learning, also of some talent—certainly with the talent for study. His writings were voluminous. When quite a young man he wrote a book of pious meditations that have been reckoned as belonging with Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation" and St. Augustine's "Confessions." A new translation of Gerhard's *Sacred Meditations* has been executed by the Rev. C. W. Heisler, and issued from the press of the Lutheran Publication Society of Philadelphia. To our mind the world has moved further away from the mental standpoint of Dr. Paul Gerhard than from that of Augustine. The peculiar theology of the early reformers saturates these meditations, making them unreal to any but the more conservative German Lutheran. How few sincere souls to-day could be edified and consoled by this meditative emotion: "Consider, O faithful soul, the blazing wrath of God!" and again: "The bodies of the damned shall be hideously deformed, sluggish and unwieldly!" One can only conjecture how the good Dr. Gerhard found out this latter fact. *Quien sabe?* As a matter of course, there is no question of the piety of the author and of his book, but it seems a thought out of adjustment with the temper and terminology of our time.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 14. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

No more readable story has appeared among recent novels than *Black Diamonds*, by the veteran Hungarian romancer, Maurus Jókai. The fertility of invention and imagination are wonderful. As with Dumas the elder, whom Jókai in some ways resembles, improbabilities and even impossibilities are merrily taken at a leap; the marvelous hero's unfailing wisdom, knowledge, courage, and power surmount every difficulty; half a dozen story-threads are kept spinning without interference with one another; love, stock-gambling, political intrigue, scientific discovery, coal-mining and mining disasters, industrial strikes, dueling—all are utilized in the most vivacious and entertaining way. We are not certain whether this is a recently written book; certainly it is at least the equal of any of Jókai's novels accessible. The translation by Frances A. Gerard is good, though with an occasional lapse into bad English. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——Gabriele d'Annunzio has been received by some French critics as the greatest of recent Italian imaginative writers. He is introduced to American readers in Myrta L. Jones's translation of *Episcopo and Company*. M. de Vogüé declares that D'Annunzio is never "vulgar," but his present translator speaks of some of his works as "daringly erotic," and of others as not translatable into English. "Episcopo and Company" may not be of evil intent, but it is feverish, a study of degradation of the most repellent kind, and, while it has a certain power, we can see neither pleasure nor intellectual profit in it. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)——In *A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires*, by "One with a New Name," Dante, Milton, Cromwell, Bunyan, and other great men in the world of spirits discuss religion, philosophy, life, immortality, war, and much else. Only a rare genius could use this form of presenting thought attractively, and though the thought is often suggestive, we fear the medium used will repel many readers. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——*Without Sin*, by Martin J. Pritchard, might have had value as a study of the life of the more cultivated circles of Jewish society in London, had the author rightly developed this side of his book. It is fairly well written, and, considering its main subject, not overstrained or intentionally objectionable. That subject is the delusion of a wealthy and intellectual Jewish maiden that through her the Messiah will come, and the birth and death of a child of whom she is the mother, and whom she regards until its death as that Messiah. The inherent improbability of the plot is as great as is its unsuitability for purposes of fiction. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

The fifth edition of *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*, by Oliver W. Nixon, with an introduction by the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus (Star Publishing Company, Chicago), has just been published.

The love of learning is growing in America. The people reach out after knowledge, as witnesses the marvelous growth of societies and associations the end of which is to make an education possible to adults who have not had educational opportunities. Added to the list of books wisely written and designed to aid in rending the veil of ignorance is *The Pith of Astronomy*, by Samuel G. Bayne. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

To have the author of a book hold up to theological students West Point discipline in the matters of dress, habits of cleanliness and deportment, and boldly assert that the manners of clergymen are rarely as good as they should be, is encouraging. The author of *Our Seminaries*, the Rev. John Talbot Smith (William H. Young, New York), has courage. He sees what too often exists, that the lack of manner and sloppiness in dress and habits greatly limit the influence of the pulpit.

Literary Notes

—The original of "Jess," in "A Window in Thrums," died recently at Kirriemuir.

—The London "Globe" says that M. Zola's next romance, "Paris," will not be ready for fifteen or sixteen months to come.

—Mr. Kipling's new volume of ballads, "The Seven Seas," to be published in October, will contain some new ballads as well as many which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his last book of verse.

—Mrs. Burton Harrison will edit the new edition now in press of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," and will add a chapter on the "Externals of the Modern City," taking up the narrative where Mrs. Lamb left off and bringing it down to date. The work is published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

—A meeting of newspaper men was held in St. Louis recently to arrange for the collection of a fund for a monumental tribute to the memory of Eugene Field. It was agreed that the contributions of newspaper men should not exceed $5 each, while the entire fund should not be less than $1,000. Public acknowledgment is to be made of each contribution.

—"Oliver Optic," the writer of boys' stories, who is now at work on a volume that will number up in the second hundred, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday lately. "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams) has crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times and the Pacific once, and has visited every country in Europe and many of those of Asia, in search of literary material for his stories, of which over 1,100,000 copies have been sold.

—The manuscript of "Trilby" is preserved in a locked glass case in the rooms of the London Fine Arts Society. It is said that Du Maurier sold it for a sum larger than most authors get for the serial rights of a novel. The story is written in little exercise-books, but in various handwritings. Du Maurier has a pet theory that all members of his family must take part in the production of his works, and each one wrote at his dictation portions of the remarkable story.

—The autumn list of announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. contains a number of notable new books and new editions, among which may be mentioned the "Letters of Victor Hugo," Woodrow Wilson's "Essays," new and complete editions of the works of Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte, elaborate illustrated editions of Fiske's "American Revolution" and Thoreau's "Cape Cod," and new volumes by Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Aldrich, John Burroughs, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Henry James, Miss Jewett, Miss Phelps, Miss White, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Wiggin.

Books Received

For week ending August 14, 1896

THE J. H. DEWEY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK
Dewey, John Hamlin, M.D. Sons of God and Brothers of Christ. 25 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Jókai, Maurus. Black Diamonds. Translated by F. A. Gerard. $1.50.
One with a New Name. A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires. $1.25.
Bayne, Samuel G. The Pith of Astronomy. $1.

STAR PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Nixon, Oliver W., M.D., LL.D. How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon. $1.75.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO
Pritchard, Martin J. Without Sin. $1.25.
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. Episcopo and Company. Translated by M. L. Jones. $1.25.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG & CO., NEW YORK
Smith, Rev. John Talbot, LL.D. Our Seminaries. $1.

For the Little People

The Queen's Approach

By Mary Chase Thurlow

Sweet Summer sent her heralds out
To bear the news around
That she, the Queen, was on her way
To her green camping-ground.

First went the bee, a doughty wight,
With his big buzzing drum.
He called to all to deck the ways
By which the Queen should come.

Then flew the jay, a handsome knight,
In mantle bright and blue.
He had a trumpet sharp and shrill;
He told the glad news, too.

The locust came with fiddle-notes;
He drew a single string,
A humming tone that filled the air
And made the woodland ring.

Then all the flower-folk began,
For this, their festive day,
To trim the roads, adorn the paths,
Where Summer takes her way.

Then all the trees their banners hung
Of white and pink and green.
The rose with red festooned her bush,
So fairy-like the scene.

And by the brook the cardinal-flower
In uniform of red,
The pickerel-weed in serried lines,
Their gay battalions led.

Each flower that had a Sunday hat,
A dress of gorgeous dye,
Put on the best that she could find
For Summer's passing by.

And last of all the graceful ferns
And tiny loving moss
Across the spot her foot must touch
A velvet carpet toss.

Now all is done; the roads are gay
With trumpet tones and drum;
In every flower's throat the song,
"Now, dear Queen Summer, come!"

A Story about Torota

By Helen C. Chapin

I am going to tell you of a little girl I once knew. Her skin was not white, like yours or mine, but light brown; and her eyes, and the soft dusky hair that was braided in two funny tails and tied with little bits of red flannel, were brown also.

She was about four years old when I saw her first, and although her little eyes shone, and she showed every little white tooth in a bright smile, she could not talk to me, or I to her. You see, Torota—don't you think she had a pretty name?—was an Indian and spoke no English, while I am an American and speak no Indian. So we just smiled at each other and became friends that way.

All summer Torota had lived in a tent, or tepee, as the Indians call it, with her grandmother, who was quite old and nearly blind. One day, when Torota's uncle was away from home, and only the old woman and Torota were near the tepee, a strange squaw came slowly riding by on a little Indian horse. No one noticed her or saw her go, but when grandma called for Torota to come and bring her some water in the old cup, the little girl did not answer; and though she called a long, long while, and when her son and his wife came home they, too, called and hunted, they could not find their little girl.

Now, the strange squaw was Torota's own mother, although the little girl did not know her, for the grandmother had taken Torota away when she was a little, little baby. Torota's mother could not keep the little girl, now that she had gotten her, but she rode quickly and quietly on, urging the pony around the foot of a mountain, across a sandy plain, and over a river, until she came to a large frame building. This was a school for Indian children, and it was here that I first saw Torota.

How do you suppose a little brown squirrel that was used to scampering up a tree and down again, scurrying here and there through the grass wherever he liked all the happy summer through, would like to be caught and kept in the house day in and day out, made to crack nuts for other people, and when he did go out, only go so far? I don't believe he would like it at all, do you? That's the way it was with Torota. She was like a little wild thing for a great many days after her mother brought her. She was a good little girl, though, full of fun and gayety. Almost the first thing she learned was one of the kindergarten songs, and how she did love Miss Strong, the pretty young girl who taught her, though the only way Torota could show her love was to run and grasp Miss Strong very close around the knees!

She was always so happy and bright that Miss Strong and I were sorry and surprised when we found her standing on the walk one day, with great tears rolling down her cheeks. She could not tell us what was the matter, and, although we guessed everything we could think of, she could not understand, and only shook her head. That same evening Mrs. Percy heard some one sobbing in the hall, and went out to see what it was about. There was poor Torota, curled up in a heap on the floor, crying as though her heart would break. Mrs. Percy picked her up in her arms and carried her into her own room, where she tried to comfort this poor little brown baby and find out what was the matter. At last, Torota said, as the tears rolled down her fat little face, "I'm lonesome; I'm so lonesome!" Good Mrs. Percy rocked her a long time and gave her an apple—oh! such a good one—so that when Torota at last got down, the tears were all gone away. They didn't stay away, though. Oh, dear, no! Almost every day for a week Torota cried and cried because she was lonesome. We couldn't tell what to do for her, or what made her lonesome, until Saturday, the day when every one got a bath, came, and then Mrs. Percy found out all about it.

What do you suppose Torota meant by "lonesome"? Two very sore feet! You know Indians wear shoes made of deerskin called moccasins, which are as comfortable to their feet as stockings. This makes it very hard for them to wear heavy shoes, and poor Torota's feet were badly blistered. "Lonesome" was the only English word she knew that people said in a very sorry way, so she tried to tell us how she felt as best she could.

Mrs. Percy was a very wonderful woman, with as many boxes and bottles on the shelves in her room as a doctor, and among them was a box of the best kind of salve. Some of this salve went on to Torota's feet quickly, I can tell you, and in a day or two she could run around, no longer "lonesome," but happy as a bird, with Mrs. Percy's moccasins tied on her feet with bright ribbons.

Jenny Afloat

The other day there was a collision in New York Harbor between a big European steamer and a grain elevator. A grain elevator is built sometimes on a boat which goes about from dock to dock where there are steamers to be loaded with grain, or unloaded, and by the help of the machinery that is in the elevator the ship is loaded or unloaded in very much less time than it could possibly be done by hand. When this collision took place, there was a great deal of excitement, for a grain elevator is like a high tower built on a boat, and when it was struck it reeled in such a way as to threaten partial destruction to the steamer that struck it. On board of the grain elevator was a cat named Jenny, and when the crash came, Jenny, who had been awakened from a comfortable nap, was very much frightened. The grain elevator sank, but the bag of shavings on which Jenny had been sleeping floated off, with poor Jenny mewing pitifully. Fortunately, a tugboat was not far away, and on it were some men who are fond of cats, and one of them said, "I am going to rescue that cat," and the tugboat started after the bag of shavings and its frightened passenger, and soon rescued both. The captain of the grain elevator says that he will have that cat back, no matter what happens; but the newspapers have not told us whether the captain of the tugboat has yet surrendered his passenger.

The Emigrants

A church not far from a great railroad station has recently been torn down. The belfry was found to be the home of doves and sparrows, who were greatly startled when the workmen began tearing down the church. They flew about in great excitement for a time, and then it was discovered that they had emigrated to the towers, turrets, and roof of the great station. Why is it that they chose this noisy spot? At a point near the station a line of carriages stand all day in waiting for the passengers from the trains. The horses are fed here, and while feeding they spill oats from their nose-bags. The doves come for these oats, and the sparrows for what the doves leave. Some cats have discovered that this is the birds' feeding-ground, and sometimes a bird that flies down for his breakfast does not fly back.

Painted Corners

A story is told of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, which shows that he loves children very dearly. The story is told that when his small children are naughty, their mamma punishes them by standing them for a few minutes in the corner with their faces to the wall. This seemed to be quite severe punishment to their beauty-loving papa, so he has painted in the corners where his children are punished sprays of flowers, saying, "If he has to go to the corner, I am determined he shall enjoy himself there." It is also said that the artist, when visiting, found the child of his host receiving the same punishment, and that he quickly sketched with pencil flying birds in the corner where the small boy stood.

Pansies

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty, airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill,
And fairly shiver, just to see
How, close and tight as they can be,
They creep, and creep, and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think;
And when in dish or vase they dwell,
Their thoughts they must each other tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"
—*The Bookman.*

On a Hot Day

One of the New York daily papers recently told of a boy who was passing one of the large hotels when ice was being delivered there. In handling the ice a large block broke and several pieces were left on the sidewalk. The boy stood still and watched the icemen until he decided they were not going to pick those pieces up. He went to one of the men and asked if he might have the ice. He was told he could. He gathered the pieces up and carried them to a trench where some workmen were at work in the sun, and gave the pieces to them. The men were astonished at the offer, and then eagerly grasped the ice. The boy walked on whistling.

Correspondence

Maintain the Gold Standard

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Admitting that it is true, as claimed by the believers in "bimetallism," that the measure of value is steadily increasing in purchasing power, it is yet demonstrable that this works to the benefit of mankind. There are two arguments in support of this theory—(*a*) the wages of the laboring man will purchase him more of the world's products; and (*b*) the appreciation of the value of money will enable the men who own money—the men who move the industrial world—to do very much more with that wealth which they possess. Men with money do not to-day lavish it on themselves. The Emperor Nero spent three millions of dollars for one royal banquet. To-day, rather than that waste, our kings of finance would dam Niagara or tunnel the Rockies, or, perchance, build universities or libraries.

Money is spent for mankind to-day. The objection to the concentration of wealth is that the possessor of it may not be a man of wise planning for mankind in his enterprises, or may by his timidity withhold his wealth while production suffers for a way to the consumer, and labor is idle and destitute.

The cry of the farmers! It is doubtful if the farming classes will ever be satisfied with conditions, be they what they may. Farmers must learn to adapt themselves to the changing conditions. They must learn to employ less labor, and to pay less wages to what they do employ. It is absurd to upset the established systems of finance in order that the farmers should receive fictitious prices for their produce. The farming interests of the United States are not the very great proportionate interests that they once were. They no longer can justly demand primary consideration. What our farmers need to learn to-day is to produce cheaply, to keep out of debt, and to live within their incomes, be they what they may. These are simple rules of business, and it is strange that the farmers cannot see it and adopt them.

J. E. W.

Some Questions About Silver

To the Editors of The Outlook:

On the silver question I would like to propound a few questions, which are perhaps the kernel of the argument we offer:

1. Is it not true that if two products have precisely the same uses, their relative value (commercial ratio) will depend upon their relative available quantities?

2. Is it not true that the silver and gold available for coinage in the world amounts to about four billions of dollars of each, coined at a ratio of 15½ to 1 or 16 to 1?

3. Is it not true that for a period of seventy years, from 1803 to 1873, the ratio between gold and silver fluctuated very slightly, compared to the fluctuations since 1873?

4. During that period were not France and the United States coining freely at a ratio not less than 15 to 1 nor more than 16 to 1?

5. During that period were not the mints of England closed against the free coinage of silver? (As they are to-day.)

6. Admitting the statement first made, is not the fall in the price of silver due to the destruction of one of its uses, and not to its increased production, compared with gold?

7. If all the world should demonetize gold to-day, and make silver sole legal tender, would an ounce of gold buy as many ounces of silver as it now does?

8. If not, why not?

9. Will a Mexican silver dollar not buy just as much of any given list of commodities to-day as it would when silver was worth $1.29 an ounce?

10. Will a gold dollar buy only as much to-day as it would ten or fifteen years ago?

The above is our defense. Now for our attack.

11. What rule of honesty requires the United States Government to pay gold for obligations calling for coin?

12. What rule of honesty is violated if the dollar I tender in payment of a debt will buy just as much as the dollar I borrowed?

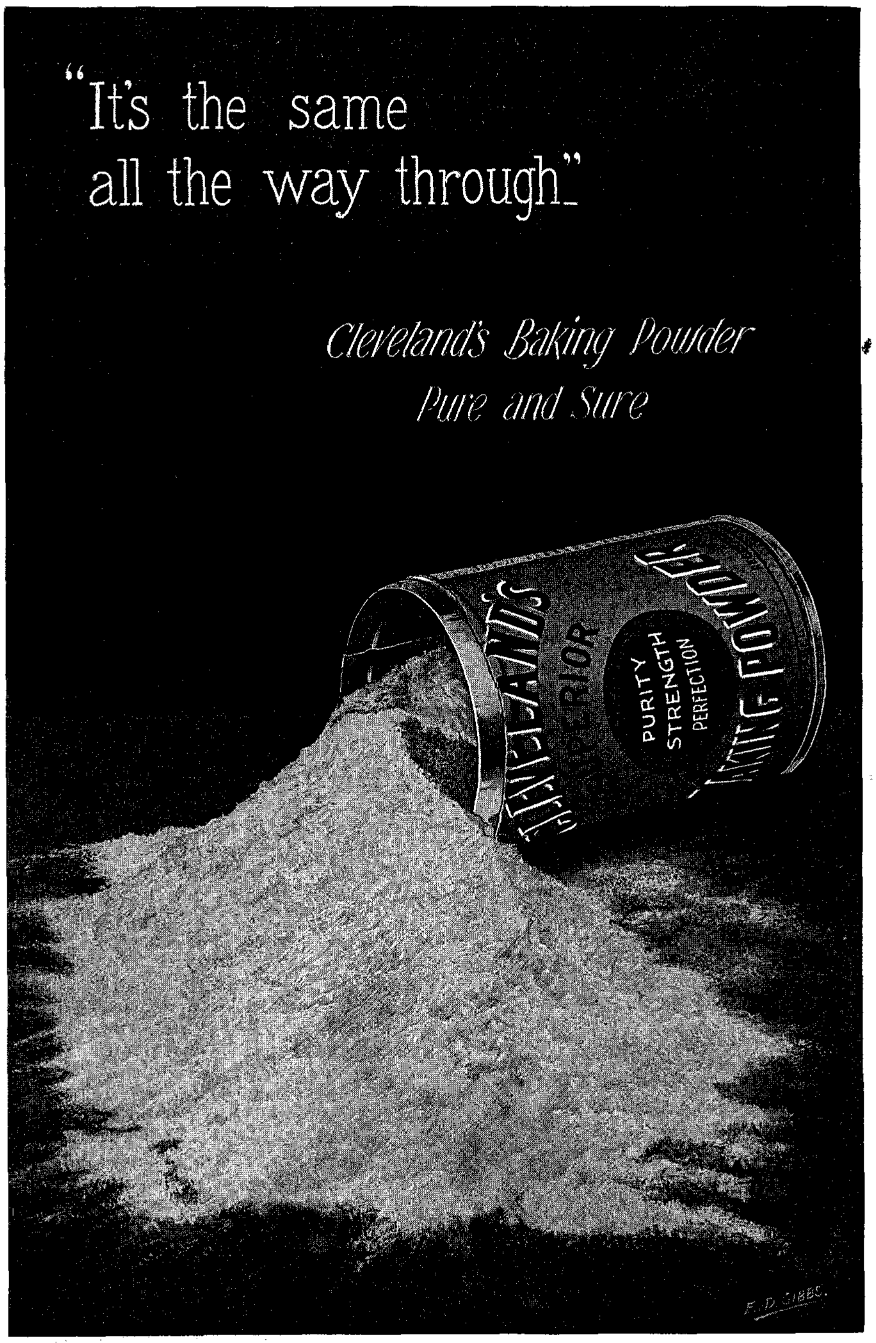
13. If taxes are not payable in gold, and a few men wish to corner gold, where will the United States Government get gold to pay out when paper is presented for redemption?

14. If from the sale of bonds, just about how long will this bond-selling continue, and how many billions of debt will it load upon us?

15. If free coinage should bring a flood of silver to our shores, what will become of the silver after it is coined?

17. If it is used to buy our commodities, will that make a panic? Did any nation ever go to disaster because it had too much specie?

18. The mine-owners are alleged to be making large contributions to the campaign fund of the Democratic-Populist party. I believe they are. But what will it profit them if silver does not go up?



19. If it does go up, who talks of a 53-cent dollar?

LINCOLN M. STEARNS,
Silver Republican.

A Western View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The silver advocates simply claim that an appreciated currency is as dishonest as a depreciated one, and that in so far as money has appreciated (and no thoughtful student of the question denies that it has) by the demonetization of silver, in just so far is the present standard dishonest to him, her, or it who contracted his, her, or its debt before the change, or rather the effect therefrom was felt, which was not and could not be until the final repeal of the substitute acts for free coinage—viz., the Bland-Allison Act and the Sherman Law.

Since 1893 property in a large proportion of the West, except money and its equivalent, as well as our products, has depreciated from 25 to 75 per cent., measured by the present standard; or, in other words, the dollar has increased in its purchasing power 25 to 75 per cent.

The average farm in the central agricultural States consists of one hundred and sixty acres. One-half the product of such a farm prior to 1893 would ordinarily pay the interest upon the mortgage, the taxes, and possibly a little more. To-day the entire product of the whole one hundred and sixty acres is little more than adequate to meet the interest and taxes.

In Kansas, potatoes delivered at the depot, sacked and ready for shipment, are worth only twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, corn but ten cents per bushel, and oats twelve cents—less than one-half what they ordinarily brought prior to 1893; and this difference in the market value is not due to over-production, nor to a diminished demand, for in large part the crops were a failure by reason of the drought for the three years last past, and as a natural result this year the demand should be greater and the prices higher. There has not been an over-production, and statistics will fully sustain the claim.

The time to correct a wrong which you admit has been done to the people of the South and West by the demonetization of silver is immediately upon the ascertainment of the fact, but, of course, in that way which will do the least possible harm to all concerned; but to postpone it is but to increase the injury, for then the values will have again become fixed upon a different scale, and then the argument advanced by Dr. van Dyke as to honesty would become many times more potent, and it cannot now be made with any degree of grace on the part of

[Continued on page 400]

First

Last, and always advertised as a true blood purifier, the most wonderful cures on record are made and the greatest sales won by

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Home Club

Domestic Training

The experiment of a domestic training school is being attempted in Chicago. Cooking will take up the greater part of the course, though all kinds of work will be taught. The plan to be followed is somewhat that of the trained nurses' schools. The pupils' uniforms—that is, dresses, caps, and aprons—will be provided by the school. The first six months no wages are paid; the students receive their board and lodging only. The second six months they are paid three dollars a month. The second year there will be a slight increase over the second six months in wages, and on graduation each student will receive one hundred dollars. A house near the school has been secured as the home for the students, in which they will do all the work. A home and training-school for young girls was established many years ago in Brooklyn. The system inaugurated there seems practicable. The students, or rather the inmates of the home, were girls placed there by their families because they could not control them, or girls who had lost their mothers; and in some instances the girls were committed to the home by magistrates. Doubtless it was this diversity in the class of inmates that prevented the home from being the success that its projectors hoped. The idea of training was sound, because every girl received an all-round training. She worked one week in the laundry, the next week in the kitchen, the next week in the dining-room, the next week in the chambers; and for the entire time that she was an inmate of the home her work was rotated in this way, so that a girl was supposed to become familiar with all kinds of housework. No attempt was made at turning out professional cooks. The idea was to develop the all-round housemaid. It is this class of servants that is the greatest need of the American households to-day, for in the vast majority of American households but one servant is kept. It is the misfortune of the American housekeeper that this one servant is usually untrained, and any system that will equip a girl to meet the requirements of this class of American households is a system that will meet with warm and hearty approval. It is worth the experiment to try the plan of paying small wages, but the inmates should never be incorrigible, never should be girls committed by a magistrate, but rather girls of from fifteen years up, whose mothers would prefer that they should be trained to domestic service; and such mothers can be found.

Scientific Housekeepers

It is not possible for every woman to take a course in domestic science before she becomes a housekeeper. Nor is it possible for every handicapped housekeeper to attend the lectures designed for her benefit. Many more could attend than do. Consciousness of ignorance is the mark of intelligence. There is not a shadow of doubt that if the economic value of a knowledge of domestic science were more fully realized by American housekeepers, the opportunities for increasing their knowledge would be seized by many more than now avail themselves of these opportunities. In no department of knowledge has there been the growth that there has been in the lines of food investigation, and yet this knowledge has not been used to increase the wage-earning capacity nor the bank account of families living on small incomes. Physicians are preaching constantly on the importance of foods to health, but they speak to deaf ears because the mass of the housekeepers in this country are not progressive, intellectually. The women who know how to preserve the health of the family are few. When sanitation and chemistry in relation to foods become a part of every girl's education, the waste by sickness and disease and death will be greatly lessened. The woman who cannot attend lectures on domestic science has no excuse for ignorance, for books are published at a small price representing the highest knowledge in this line. These books contain information in the simplest, most direct form. Among them is "Home Sanitation," a manual for housekeepers, edited by Ellen H. Richards and Marion Talbot (Home Science Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.). Drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting, furnishing, clothing, food, and drink are all treated in a way that will help the housekeeper of progressive mind. The following motto is given for every housekeeper: "Any invention intended to be a substitute for watchfulness will prove a delusion and a snare."

Reading for Girls

Will you kindly give me a list of books by the best authors adapted to little girls from eight to ten years old—those treating of history, poetry, or fiction of the best order? Can you tell me also of any book relating to the childhood of famous men and women? L. R. W.

"The Life, Letters, and Diary of Lucy Larcom" would offer many pages of delightful reading to a girl of ten. The series known as the "Types of Womanhood" and "Life of Girls who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton, and "Historic Boys" and "Historic Girls," by Elbridge S. Brooks, are designed for the younger readers. There are, also, lives of Miss Alcott that will, in part at least, prove interesting to young readers. "Dorothy Wordsworth" may be too old for these girls, but they should soon be introduced to her. There is a collection of poetry, "The Open Sesame," published by Ginn & Co., of Boston, which should be in every child's library; the first volume is for children from four to twelve years old. For fiction it is most difficult of all to decide. Dickens and Scott should be read at the ages you mention; so should Louisa M. Alcott's books. "Betty Alden," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin, is fiction and history happily blended. Mrs. Ewing has written some charming stories for children. Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's "Nan" and "The Colonel's Money;" Kipling's Jungle Stories; the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Mrs. Leicester's School," by Mary and Charles Lamb; "Timothy's Quest," "The Story of Patsey," and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," are all excellent. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney is interesting to girls of twelve and older. "Alice in Wonderland," "Grimm's Tales," and the "Blue Fairy Book" will interest the younger girls. As far as possible keep the reading for the girls in right relation to school work.

"Reading for the Young," compiled by John A. Sargent, is a valuable catalogue of books for young readers. This catalogue is published by the Library Bureau, Boston, Mass. We may add to the list above given: "Five Little Peppers," by Margaret Sidney; "Century Book for Young Americans;" "Black Beauty;" "Boyhood of Lincoln," by H. Butterworth; "Loyal Little Red-Coat;" "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge; "The Bodley Books," by Horace E. Scudder; Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper;" Hawthorne's "The Wonder Book."

Protect the Children

Summer vacation work is becoming more popular with every summer season. One of the serious mistakes that has been made in this world has been the encouraging of small children to set up stands in the street and sell knickknacks and lemonade to the neighbors. Small sums that children collect in this way sometimes prove a very great temptation, and recently three little girls were before the magistrate for having used the money that they had collected for the benefit of some vacation fund for children. Not long ago a group of children engaged in this work were spoken to, and asked to whom they were going to send the money. The only answer any of them could give was, "To a lady up the street." When asked how much money they had collected that day, they said, "Fifty-five cents." Fifty-five cents is not a large amount of money, but if children learn that they can collect such sums of money by putting up a tag and then use the money for themselves without question, it is not the kind of training that should be encouraged. That children can be taught to make an effort to improve the condition of their own class we all know, but in order to do this teaching there must be a responsible head. Surely it is a pity that even one little girl should be sacrificed, even in a good cause. Every one knows, who stops to think of it, that no child of twelve years of age ever recovers her position in her social set who has once stood a condemned culprit before a police magistrate.

ROYAL

ROYAL
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

Water-Supply to Schools

Investigation into the conditions of the water-supply of the country schools in Wisconsin revealed five wells out of one hundred as yielding pure water. It is true that God made the country and man made the town, but it is equally true that man has done his best by greed and ignorance to spoil what God has made. Imagine the effect on some school committeemen of demanding an investigation into the condition of the school supply of water! Imagine the presentation of a bill before the town authorities for the scientific care of the supply and waste of water at the school-house! It takes brains to see the relation between the loss through sickness and death and the sanitary conditions surrounding the school-house.

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Correspondence

[Continued from page 398]

the creditor portion of the country, which has but so recently secured the legislation which has wrought the result complained of, and since which no debts, purchases, or investments of consequence have been made.

The argument of Dr. van Dyke, as well as the position assumed by you, could equally as well be used in the approval of legislation also refusing free and unlimited mintage to gold, and the consequent results of the appreciation that would thereby necessarily follow.

The Republicans of the West, I believe, are willing to attempt to re-establish bimetallism through international agreement, but most positively protest against the pledge of the Republican National platform to make that a condition precedent, for we believe that there are other ways in which the result can be reached, and that without injury to the honest creditor. The Republicans of this State do not believe that free trade and free silver are compatible, but do believe that under a protective tariff bimetallism is possible. In this State Republicans will vote for McKinley electors, with a declaration for bimetallism, which will be a protest against that portion of the financial platform above alluded to. Dr. van Dyke's letter condemning the Chicago platform, saving and excepting as it treats of the financial question, will be approved by the Republicans of the West. We are one people, under one Government, and must consider the interests of all, that justice may be done.

T. F. B.

Silver in Other Countries

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been much interested in the letter of Mr. N. O. Nelson on the silver question, and the answers that several of your correspondents have made to it.

Before I visited Japan, two years ago, I was very pronounced in my advocacy of the gold standard, and in feeling that the argument for silver was founded on a complete fallacy. My experience of the conditions now prevailing in our commerce with the East and my studies since have led me to change my views to those of pronounced bimetallism.

In the general discussions of the question I believe some of the most important points are usually overlooked, and that they have been in the answers of your correspondents to Mr. Nelson. Permit me to state what seem to me to be some of the fundamental facts to be considered.

1. The present business depression arises principally from the extreme low prices of agricultural products, by which the purchasing power of their producers is so curtailed that they consume but a small amount of manufactured articles, so, in turn, depressing all lines of business.

2. The principal cause of this is the fact—for it is a fact—that they come in direct competition with the producers of silver countries. The principal consuming nation is England. London merchants can take a certain amount of gold, and, with what will pay the American farmer but fifty-three cents per bushel for his wheat, can purchase sufficient silver to pay the Argentine or Indian farmer one dollar a bushel for his wheat.

3. This dollar in silver is just as good to the farmer of any silver country in payment of labor, or in purchase of native products, or in payment of debts, as it was when silver was worth $1.29 per ounce instead of the present price. This is a fact that every intelligent observer that has been in those countries knows to be true. Of course, it is not as good in purchase of goods from gold countries, but their agricultural classes do not buy imported goods to any extent.

4. This brings out another fact—namely, that the metal which is used as a standard of value in any country makes a fixed point from which all other articles fluctuate up or down, according to the market or supply and demand. Thus, while in gold countries silver is a commodity and now low in price, in silver countries gold is a commodity and is now high in price. The coined silver of silver countries is of just as great money value there to-day as it was before silver depreciated in the markets of the world in payment of local debts or for native produce or labor.

5. This fact operates as a protective tariff of nearly a hundred per cent. upon the products of native factories that come in competition with imported goods. This explains the marvelous increase in manufacturing in Japan, Mexico, and other silver countries. They must take two of their dollars to pay for one dollar's worth of our imported goods. Japan has already begun to export goods that a few years ago she was importing. The flood of Japanese goods pouring into this country and sold at such low prices in every city of the country bears witness to the same truth as to the standard of value. Not only are the natives seizing upon the opportunity for profits, but American and European capitalists, seeing the advantages in these silver countries for manufacturing at such low cost for labor and native material, are everywhere promoting manufacturing enterprises that soon will be in direct competition with the export trade of Europe and America.

6. These facts and the present condition of the commercial world, bound together as it now is by such quick, abundant, and cheap means of transportation, whereby every producing nation is made the direct competitor of every other producing nation, plainly show that the great need of the present time is that the whole commercial world be placed upon the same standards of value, so that these great differences of exchange, which is where it all comes, will no longer disturb commerce.

7. This can be done only by the adoption of bimetallism. All the great Eastern world, over eight hundred millions of people, know nothing of gold as money, and cannot and will not accept the gold standard. By keeping silver at its present low value we are giving them double their natural advantages wherever they come in competition with us, and also deprive them of their ability to purchase our goods.

8. It is clearly in the interest of an importing and creditor nation like England to continue such a condition, which means for her the purchase of the immense supplies she needs in the cheapest markets of the world, the Oriental, or in markets that compete with them, and gives her the advantage of the great difference which exists in the two standards of value, which makes the difference in the rate of exchange, whereby her dollar (or pound) is made two dollars (or pounds) there.

9. It is just as clearly the interest of a producing nation like the United States to do away with this condition which gives its competitors such undue advantage in the market to which they must both go. Only bimetallism can do this.

10. The fact that in the East and in some other silver countries wages of labor are low and the conditions of the masses deplorable has nothing to do with this discussion. Their condition has been the same for hundreds or thousands of years, and depends entirely upon other facts than that they use a silver currency. The low rates of wages they receive only accentuate the difficulty that their competition causes us, because, being paid in silver, even the low wages are reduced one-half when reckoned in terms of gold. In some gold countries, like Italy, the laboring classes are practically in as bad a condition as those of any silver country.

V. P.

"Anti-Vivisection"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I regretted to see Dr. W. E. Leonard's recent contribution to your columns on the subject of vivisection, because, from personal correspondence with Dr. Leonard, I am quite certain that he does not support the views or methods of the anti-vivisection fanatics, now so noisy. If the question of the propriety of vivisection were left to such men as Drs. Pepper, Bowditch, and Mitchell on one side, and Drs. Leonard and Leffingwell on the other, the best interests of society would not suffer; but Dr. Leonard does not appreciate that "anti-vivisection" is being championed by a body of fanatics, half baked in scientific knowledge, bitterly prejudiced, and intolerant of contra argument. Dr. Leonard surely is unaware that the creed of anti-vivisectionists is total suppression of its practice, giving as a reason that physicians cannot be trusted to confine themselves within legal limits. (See publications of the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society.) Their methods and arguments are substantially those of the late Henry Bergh, of New York, the earliest champion of that cause here, who, in a lecture delivered before a joint committee of the New York Legislature on February 10, 1880, said: "As another proof of the profane extremes to which these dissectors of living animals will go, Robert McDonald, M.D., on being questioned, declared that he had opened the veins of a dying person, remember, and had injected the blood of an animal into them many times, and had met with brilliant success. In other words, this potentate has discovered the means of thwarting the decrees of Providence, where a person was dying, and snatching away from its Maker a soul which He has called away from earth!" This being a fair average sample of the methods of argument resorted to by anti-vivisectionists and by humanitarians generally (bar, perhaps, the extreme of blasphemy), I urge on such sincere men as Drs. Leonard and Leffingwell consideration of the question whether any evils that may arise from the practice of vivisection can equal those inevitable from the views and methods of anti-vivisectionists? It seems to me that laymen can decide for themselves whether advocates of vivisection deserve the charge published by the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society, "The vivisector is less valuable to the world than the animal he destroys," or "The wretches who commit these infamous crimes"—by thinking what kind of man his family physician is, and inquiring of him what he thinks of the practice.

W. WADE.

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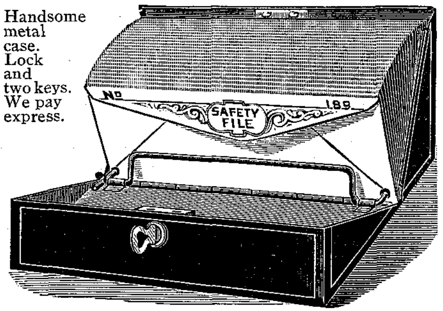

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About People

—Jules Verne's real name is Olchewitz He is a native of Warsaw.

—Dispatches from Constantinople state that the Sultan has conferred the Order of Nichau-i-Chefakat of the second class upon Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross Society.

—An old man who took part as a boy in the Irish rebellion of 1798 died recently at Clooney, in West Clare. His name was Conway. He was one hundred and eleven years old, and had been a bog-ranger on Lord Inchiquin's estate.

—France's Société des Gens de Lettres has a woman for its oldest member. She is Mme. du Bos d'Elbecq, born in May, 1799, who wrote a number of novels in the forties. She lives at Angers, and still writes vigorous letters to the newspapers.

—Americus Symmes, eighty-five years old, lately died at Louisville, Ky. He was a son of John Cleve Symmes, who was an Arctic explorer and maintained that the world was hollow and that the entrance to the interior could be found at the poles.

—Alphonse Daudet is a southerner, and the cold winds of Paris annoy him greatly. In his study in his house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain a large fire is burning even when the weather is comparatively warm. Daudet is unable to work unless the temperature of the room is to his liking.

—A visitor to Wessex, says "Temple Bar," inquired of an old man if he knew Hardy, and received the following "delicious bit of depreciation" in answer: "Oh, the writen' chap! I've read some of his works. They says 'tis a gift. Seems to me 'tis just writen'—just sitten' down an' writen', and not doen' nothen' at arl. What do 'e do, I ask 'ee? Here be I doen' more proper work than Hardy ever did, an' they don't tark about I, an' say, 'There's a great chap,' like they do about 'e."

—Li Hung Chang is attended by a remarkably attentive servant, who lately was addressed by an English officer in public with "Good-day, commander." "I am no longer commander," he replied; "I am Li Hung Chang's boy." He had been a Chinese naval commander, but, having lost his vessel in the war with Japan, had been degraded and condemned to death. His reprieve was conditioned on his becoming the servant of some high state official. Li Hung Chang has taken him into his service

—The author of the beautiful song "Kathleen Mavourneen," Professor F. Nicholas Crouch, died suddenly last week, at the age of eighty-eight, in Portland, Me. None of his many other songs will be remembered; he is famous only as the composer of "Kathleen." His life was a singular and adventurous one. He was at one time and another composer, music-teacher, actor, concert singer, music-hall singer, orchestra 'cellist, manufacturer (iron-mills), manager of opera and oratorio, choirmaster, lecturer, gold-miner, soldier in the Confederate Army, and gardener. His ability and versatility were equaled only by his many reverses of fortune.

—Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, of Harvard University, died in New London, N. H., on Wednesday of last week. He was one of the greatest of American geologists, as his brother, Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale, was one of the greatest of American philologists. Mount Whitney, in the Sierra Nevadas, now regarded as the highest mountain in this country, was named after Professor Whitney. He had made geological and topographical surveys of New Hampshire, California, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Illinois. He also specially surveyed Lake Superior and the Yosemite Valley. He was an original member of the National Academy of Sciences, and had held his Harvard chair for over thirty years.

—"Few men," says the Philadelphia "Record," "at the age of eighty-six are as hale and hearty as Robert Purvis, the prominent Abolitionist, and one of the leading colored men of the country. Mr. Purvis has helped to make history. He spent the early days of his life in Charleston, S. C., where he was born. His parents moved to Philadelphia while he was quite young, and so most of his education was acquired here. He afterward attended Amherst College, but left at the close of his sophomore year. It was then that he first took an interest in the welfare of the colored race, which finally gained for him quite a reputation as an Abolitionist. He was one of the first signers of the declaration of anti-slavery in 1833, and is the only survivor of the more than sixty persons who were in attendance at that convention."

—The Right Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, British Ambassador to Austria, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Dufferin as Ambassador to France, was born in 1834, and was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. He served in the diplomatic service from 1856 to 1865. He was at one time stationed at Washington as the secretary to Lord Lyons. Later on he entered the consular service and served in the Azores and in Hungary. In 1879 he resumed his diplomatic career, and was appointed Minister Resident to Uruguay, and in 1884 he was promoted to the legation in the Argentine Republic as Minister Plenipotentiary; later he served in the same capacity in Paraguay, and then in Denmark. In 1888 he was transferred to Athens, and thence in 1892 to Brussels. He was made Ambassador at Vienna in 1893.

Miss Barton in Armenia

The fact that Miss Barton has left Constantinople for a rest with friends in Germany has created the impression that she has closed her relief work for the suffering Armenians and is on her way to the United States. This is not the case. She is in readiness to return to Constantinople in the fall, and has left the relief work in competent hands. All reports from the interior indicate that the suffering and destitution will be very severe as the winter comes on. The experience already gained and the agencies for relief already established will make it possible to conduct the relief work on an increasingly thorough and satisfactory basis. In urging that there should be no relaxation in the relief work Miss Barton herself writes as follows:

"Every practical idea would point to the importance of making it possible for these people to use their time and strength in these summer days and through the early autumn in the best provisional work possible against the cold and hunger of the long winter months, when, without these provisions, nothing is left to them but suffering and starvation."

Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, writes in regard to Miss Barton: "She has done a splendid work, sensibly and economically managed. Wherever her agents have been the missionaries have expressed the strongest approval of their methods and efficiency. The work done has been of great and permanent importance.

"It is expected that the relief work will become more truly international and official. The Europeans have at last been convinced from their own investigations that horrible suffering will be ushered in with the winter. France is waking up. Germany is going to open orphan asylums at Harpoot, Oorfa, and Cesarea, under the protection of the Government and the care of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses. Switzerland has Relief Committees at Geneva, Zurich, Basle, and Berne. England is making strenuous efforts to keep up supplies, with a view to have means in the winter when the stress comes."

At least $300,000 has already been contributed by the people of America for the relief work, and about the same amount in Great Britain.

All funds intended for this object should be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York, who are the treasurers of the National Armenian Relief Committee and of the Red Cross.

(Signed) Spencer Trask,
Chairman Executive Committee.
F. D. Greene,
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Bits of Fun

"They say crude oil is becoming exhausted." "Good! Now we shall be spared the infliction of so many crude oil paintings."—*Chicago Record.*

Jones—I wonder why "churchyards yawn," as Shakespeare says? Smith—Probably some of the epitaphs make them tired.—*The Observer.*

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "er man puts on er long face an' says he's discouraged when he's simply too lazy to try again."—*Washington Star.*

The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the Pope issues a bicyclical on the subject.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

"I believe he had two sons; one of them was lost at sea and the other became Vice-President of the United States." "And, of course, neither of them was heard of afterward?"—*Truth.*

Rose—Couldn't we get up a lottery for the benefit of the church? Daisy—A lottery! Our minister is so opposed to lotteries that he has conscientious scruples about performing the marriage service.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"What have you named your boy?" "William—just plain William. My wife wanted to name him after that lovely Mr. Bryan, and I wanted to name him after McKinley, so we compromised on plain William, after both of them."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The laziest man, the man who never did a stroke of work, who is quietly and uncomplainingly supported by his wife, is always the man who sits on the piazza of a Sunday morning and sings in vociferous tones, "Welcome, sweet day of rest."—*The Examiner.*

"I say, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?" "No, it ain't," replied the captain, "but it has licked one that has."—*Youth's Companion.*

The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable. "You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled. "Yes," she answered meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—*Answers.*

The very positive man had alluded to somebody as "a crank," when his patient audience of one interrupted him with the inquiry: "What is your idea of a crank, anyhow?" "A crank! Why, a crank, sir, is somebody who insists on trying to convince me, instead of letting me convince him."—*Washington Star.*

Sir Francis Scott, the commander of the British expedition to Ashanti last winter, addressing his troops expressed his disappointment that they had no chance to show their bravery in battle. "But," added he (and he is not an Irishman), "if there had been fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day."—*Pathfinder.*

Dr. Kidd, the Professor of Hebrew at Aberdeen, once had a book presented to him on some very abstruse subject. He read it patiently for a long time, but could make neither head nor tail to it. "But I," he used to say, when he told the story, "I was a match for the fellow. I sent him, in return, a copy of my work on the Trinity."—*Christian Life.*

In the days when the Clyde was navigable to Glasgow for only very small vessels, a steamer stuck in the mud near Renfrew, and, as was often the case, the skipper was not sparing in strong language at the delay thus occasioned. While waiting for the rising tide, he saw a little girl approaching the river with a bucket to fetch some water. This was too much for the poor captain, and, leaning over the side, he thus addressed her: "If you tak' ae drap o' water oot here till I get afloat, I'll warm yer ear for 't."—*Scottish-American.*

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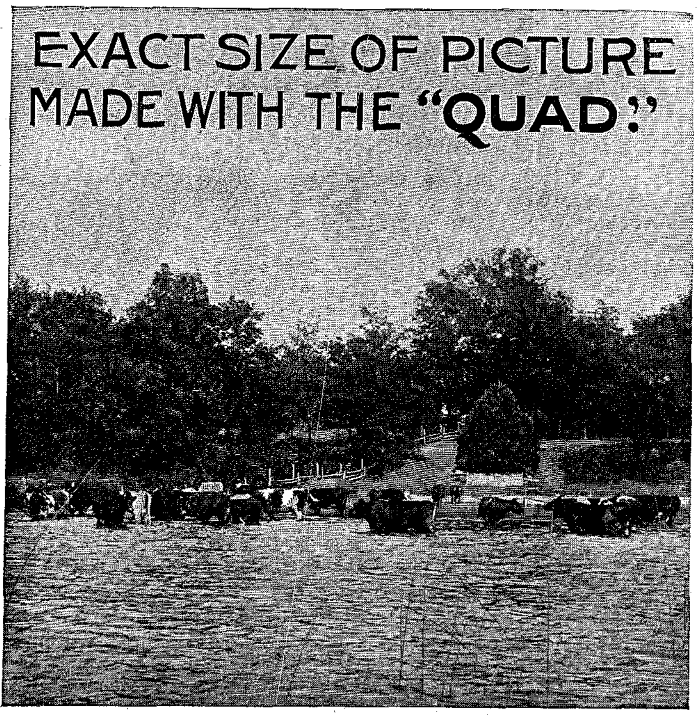

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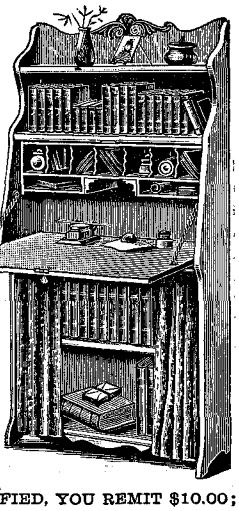

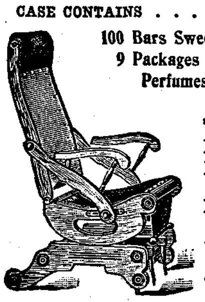

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Contents for 29 August, 1896

EDITORIAL:

Lord Russell on Arbitration 357
John Morley on Arbitration 357
Canada and the United States 358
The Manitoba Question 358
German Anti-Gambling Law 358
Mr. Cockran's Speech 359
Mr. Bryan's Speech 359
Mr. McKinley's Speech 359
Political News 360
The Church of England in Parliament 360
The Commonwealth—IV 362
The Art of Living 362

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Spectator on the East Side 364
A Bird Subscriber 366
Li Hung Chang and General Grant 367
By Colonel F. D. Grant
The Higher Life of St. Louis 372
By the Rev. John Snyder
Mr. Moody and Northfield 379
By the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, D.D.
Mr. Moody's Life and Work 382
By James M. Whiton
The Institutional Church 384
By Rufus R. Wilson
Kate Carnegie—Chapters XVII., XVIII 388
By Ian Maclaren

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

The Doshisha 393
Brotherhood of the Kingdom 393
Education in the Y. M. C. A 393
Ocean Grove Anniversary 394
Bethany Encampment, etc., etc 394

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Essays on Poetry 395
New Books 396

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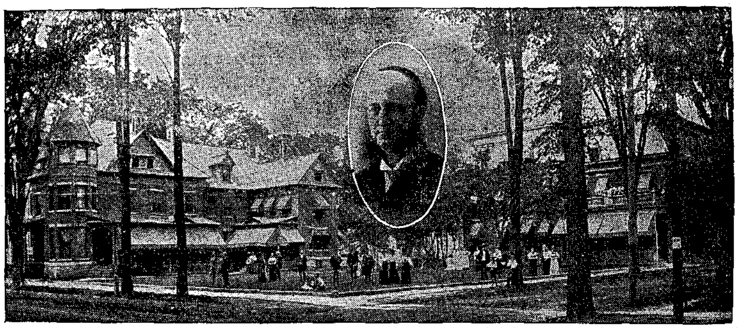

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The Function of the Church, - E. M. FAIRCHILD.
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The Business World

The Week

The stringency in the money market which has lately been shown to exist by such facts as the failure of New York City to place its gold bonds at a fair price becomes more evident with the usual demand of this season from the interior for money to move the crops. It was thought this week that the New York Clearing-House would have to give relief to some of the banks which are suffering from overpressure by issuing loan certificates. On Monday of this week a committee met to hear applications for such loans, but none were made. It is thought that before the end of the week loan certificates will be called for. The weekly statement of the associated banks shows an increase of over half a million in circulation, but, on the other hand, there was a decrease in deposits of over nine millions, in loans of nearly six millions, and in legal tenders and specie of nearly two and a half millions. Money on call ruled high, going up to 8 per cent. The stock market for the first part of the week still showed an upward tendency, but this disappeared toward the end of the week. Dealings were small, and the market was dull. Sales of stock at the close of Saturday as compared with that day of the week before showed a very slight average decline. Burlington closed at 58½, St. Paul at 63¾, Northern Pacific at 16, Western Union at 75⅛. Financiers have been puzzled about the meaning of the importation of gold. About $2,000,000 came this way last week. It is hard to see why this should occur under present trade conditions, but it has been welcomed as a hopeful sign. The London correspondent of the New York "Tribune" says:

> One theory advanced here is that Americans have begun to hoard gold in expectation of its going to a premium; but a better one, which is generally held, is that the Morgan syndicate has arranged for the withdrawal of gold from this side as a means of protecting the Treasury and maintaining the gold reserve until the Presidential election is over. Since shipments cannot be made at a profit under the present rates of exchange, this is regarded as an artificial and desperate attempt to keep the gold reserve up to the statutory limit, and as a new sign of the gravity of the currency situation in the United States.

On the other hand, "Bradstreet's" declares that there is absolutely no truth in this theory, and that the importations are natural, the result of a decline in exchange, and possibly of a small premium which it says has been offered in some quarters for gold not taken from the United States Treasury by means of legal tenders. There is little to record in the way of changes in general trade. All industries continue dull. Wheat exports are large, showing an increase over the previous week and the same week a year ago. The reports of gross railway earnings for the first half of the year show a slight increase (3 6-10 per cent. over a year ago). "Bradstreet's" reports 264 business failures for the week—six more than the week before, and 72 more than in the same week a year ago. There has been a slight decline in the price of silver.

American Petroleum in Germany

The "Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter" says: "Some interest was excited in the petroleum trade last week by an article cabled from Berlin to the effect that the German Government had again ordered that reports be submitted to it on the importation of petroleum, and inferring that the evident intent of the investigation was the introduction of a differential tariff. The item also assumed that the matter is revived with a view to breaking the monopoly of the Standard Oil Company. It is not quite clear what this means, but it is presumably intended to convey the idea that there is to be an increased measure of protection to the German refineries, and, in fact, we believe this will result in some measure from the new tariff which goes into effect in September. It does not appear, however, that it has been the intent of the Government to discriminate against American oils, which would clearly be the result of any legislation aimed at the Standard Oil Company, since whatever rates of duty or regulations affecting imports were adopted would necessarily bear equally upon all importers of American oils, whether they represented that company or the outside interests. Doubtless the Standard has, by its recent arrangement with the large distributing firms, greatly strengthened its position in Germany, and has identified itself more closely with that export outlet. Its policy in that respect has been apparent for several years past, and, in view of the vast importance of the export trade to the American refiners, as well as producers, is as natural as was the establishing of distributing depots in this country. The latest dispatches from Hamburg are to the effect that the firm of John & Co., of that city, announce the pooling of their petroleum business with that of Philipp Pots, of Mannheim, and the Passows, of Bremen. These firms will come to an agreement with the Deutsch-American Company regarding the prices of oil. To these facts is added the statement that 'part of the petroleum required by the pool will be bought from the Standard Oil Company.' It may easily be surmised from these facts, if they are entirely correct, that the Standard has formed an alliance which embraces all of the more important petroleum importing and distributing houses in Germany, and includes also the leading representatives of the German importers in this country."

Trolleys Crowding Out Horses

It is interesting to note the way in which electricity is displacing horses in the running of street-cars throughout the world. During the past year the number of street railroads in Europe has increased from 70 to 111, and the length of lines from 700 to 902 kilometers (a kilometer equals 3,250 feet), the power from 18,150 to 25,095, and the number of cars from 1,236 to 1,747. The following table shows the ratio in the different countries:

	Total in Kilometers.	Power.	Cars.
Germany	406.4	7,194	857
France	132.0	4,490	225
England	94.3	4,243	143
Austria-Hungary	71.0	1,940	157
Switzerland	47.0	1,550	86
Italy	39.7	1,890	84
Spain	29.0	600	26
Belgium	25.0	1,120	48
Ireland	13.0	440	25
Russia	10.0	540	32
Servia	10.0	200	11
Norway and Sweden	7.5	225	15
Bosnia	5.6	75	6
Roumania	5.5	140	15
Holland	3.2	320	14
Portugal	2.8	110	3

Transmitting Niagara's Power

Some interesting facts relating to the electric transmission of power are given in an article in the New York "Tribune." There are now in service in California three or four lines over which power is transmitted in the form of electricity for distances varying from twenty to thirty-five miles. The pressure under which the electricity is sent is from 10,000 to 12,000 volts. The amount thus conveyed is equivalent in each case to several thousand horse-power. The great plant at Niagara has thus far supplied current only to factories close at hand. Active steps are now being taken, however, to furnish other cities. The contract has been let within a few days for the construction of a line to Buffalo, fifteen miles away, over which eventually about 20,000 horse-power will be transmitted. This would require all of the output of four 5,000 horse-power dynamos. These machines are not all in place yet at the Falls. For this and other reasons only 5,000 horse-power will be delivered at first. At least 1,000 of this will be taken by the Buffalo Street Railway Company, and it is hoped that connections will be made for this purpose by or before November 1 this year. That particular customer pays $40 annually per horse-power, but is to have it for $36 if it takes more than the amount just mentioned.

Making the Dairy Pay

A correspondent of "The Ploughman" asks: "Is there any reason why dairymen should not make a net return of $50 from each milch cow? Let us see. We will suppose that the farmer has a good grass and hay farm with enough rough land to pasture the stock in summer. He has stocked his farm with ten first-rate butter cows. Everything he uses will come from the farm except grain. For the result I will quote from the experience of Andrew Wilson, of Bovina Center, N. Y., who had ten grade Jerseys of good but not extraordinary quality. He fed them $200 worth of grain, which, as with most farmers, was the only money outlay. He sold $15 worth of calves and $40 worth of pork made from the skim-milk. His 2,750 pounds of butter brought him $687.50 at 25 cents a pound. The average earnings per cow were $74.25. Deducting the $20 each for grain, there remains a cash return of $54.25 for each cow, or considerably over $500 for the herd. Another farmer in the same State kept nine grade Jerseys and sold 1,900 pounds of butter at 23½ cents a pound for $446.50; calves, $25; skim-milk, $37.50; milk, $6.50. Average earnings per cow, $56.92; grain, $6.15 per cow. Here the cash return is also about $50 per head, although it is evident that high feeding was not practiced. These are not given as examples of remarkable profits in dairying, but are meant to indicate what any smart, industrious farmer may expect if he keeps good cows and takes care of them."

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Inventions of Antiquity

"There is nothing new under the sun" is an axiom that is as true to-day as it was when uttered by King Solomon a thousand years before the birth of Christ. The above remark is suggested by reading catalogues of the British Museum and our own Smithsonian Institution, from which we learn that many, if not all, supposed modern inventions were thought out and applied centuries and scores of centuries ago. Examples are so numerous that we hardly know which to select for first illustration. Hat-pins with glass heads, lead pipes and burned clay tiles for conveying water, stamps for making pottery ware, safety-pins with a little coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other, were as well known in the Pompeii of two thousand years ago as they are in the St. Louis or Chicago of 1895. Razors with modern handles, telescopes, fish-hooks exactly like those of to-day, with their barbed points and flattened or loop-end shanks, were known and in general use in the Babylon of fifteen hundred years B.C. Thimbles, which are usually referred to as inventions of the Middle Ages, when they were called "thumb-bells," have been found in prehistoric mounds and graves of the Bronze Age. Not something that resembles thimbles, but real bronze articles of that character containing the customary indentations, so nicely done that it appears to be the work of machinery.

In the Smithsonian collection are a variety of combs, hair-pins, tweezers, strainers, door-hinges, locks, and kitchen utensils that are known to date back over twenty centuries. Lamps exactly like those used in colonial times were in use in Egypt four thousand years ago, and knives, hatchets, sickles, scythes, etc., were made then in exact resemblance to those used to-day. Bronze beads, awls, bodkins, needles, etc., were made and used by the men and women of the Bronze Age, which probably began five thousand years ago. The "nickel-in-the-slot" machine was used in ancient Egypt, the telephone in China a thousand years ago, and the magnetic telegraph in England and France nearly three hundred years ago.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The End of Old Money

The end of these old bills that have served their purpose so faithfully has a certain amount of pathos. If one is fortunate enough to be present when a committee of three officers of the Treasury send them to their destruction, a curious, almost indescribable sensation will creep over one. The destruction takes place in a room in the Treasury Building. There is a small table in the center of the room, and on this the bundled bills are piled in reckless confusion. Through two holes in the floor at the end of the table can be seen the large cylinders or macerators into which the bills are placed. They are about the size of locomotive boilers. A large funnel is inserted in one of the holes, and it connects with one of the macerators. The bills are then untied and thrown into the mouth of this funnel. It is amusing to see one of the committee take a stick when they become jammed and prod them through. When the last one is safely in, a mixture of lime and soda ash is placed in the macerator, a cover is clamped over the ventricle, and each member of the committee fastens it with a separate lock. Steam is then turned on, and the cylinders are set in motion. When the bills have been thoroughly macerated, the pulp is drawn off and taken to a paper-machine, where it is made into sheets of paper, and afterwards sold.

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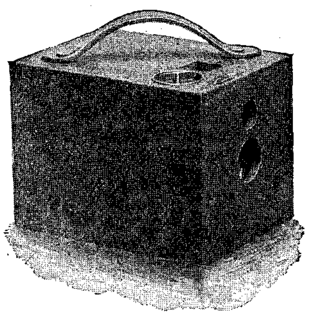

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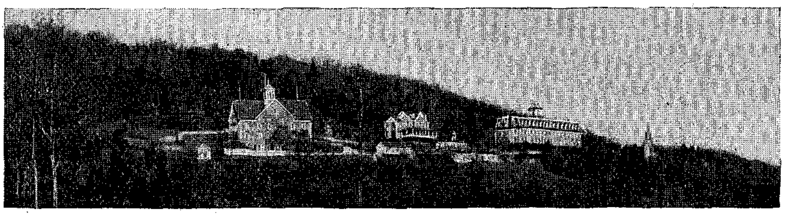

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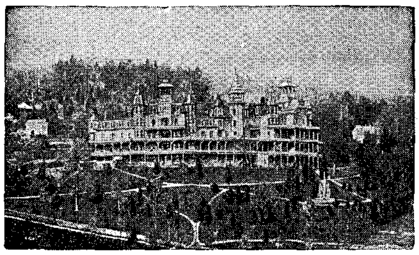

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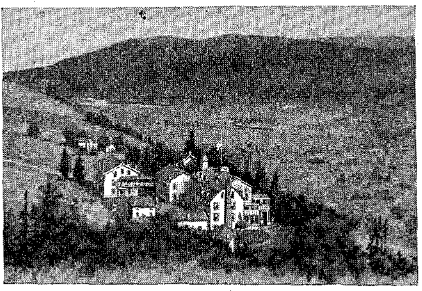

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Rooms will be drawn at 2 P.M.

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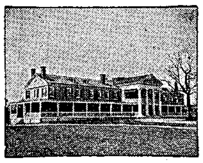

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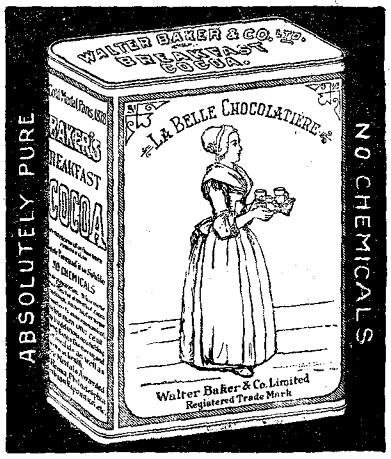

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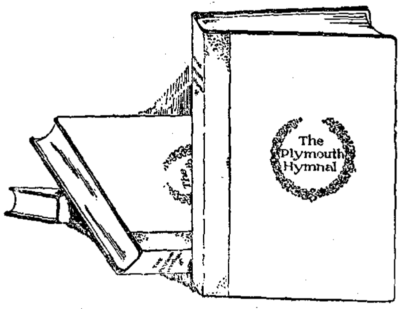

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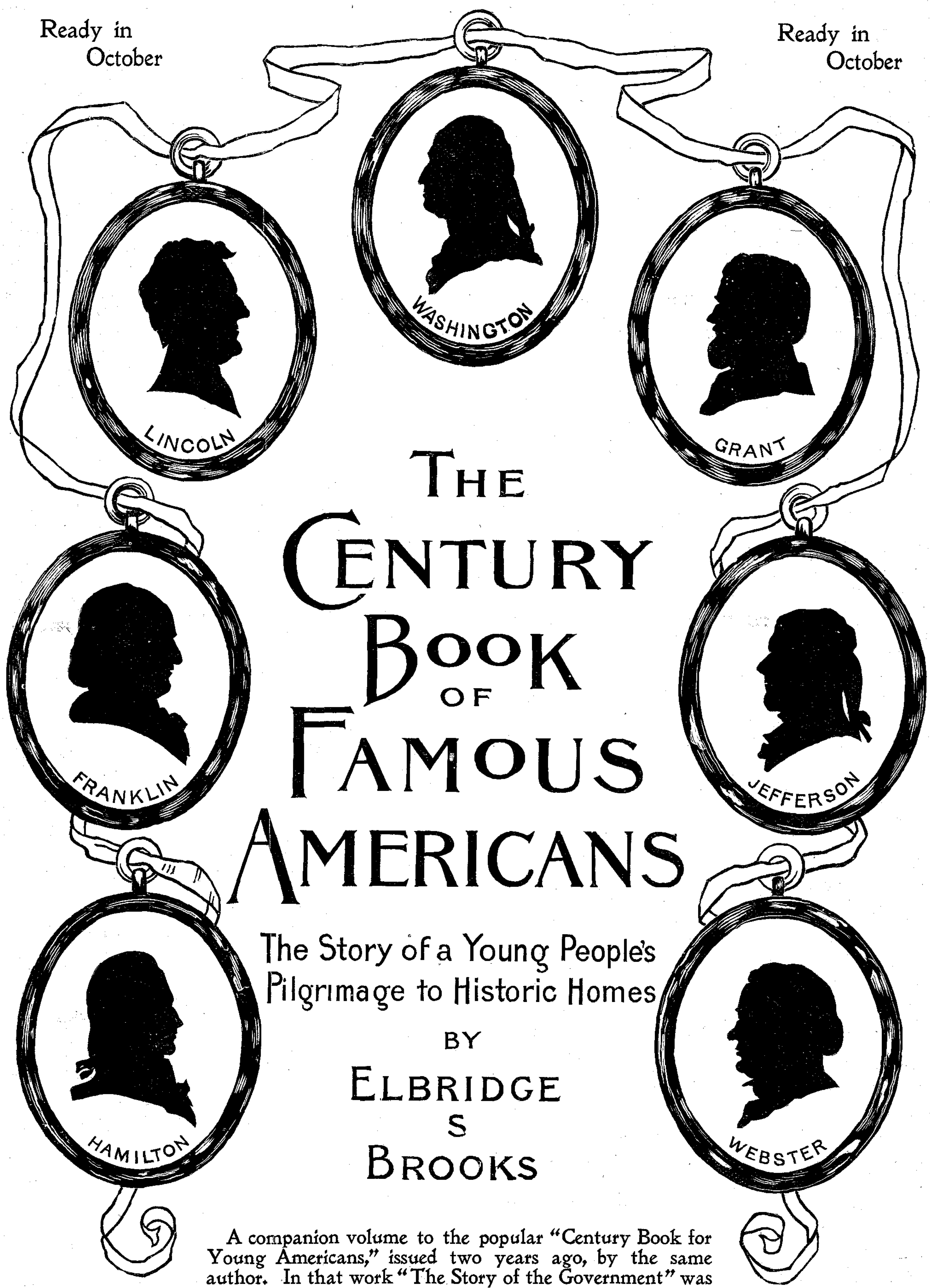

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